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Poet Lore

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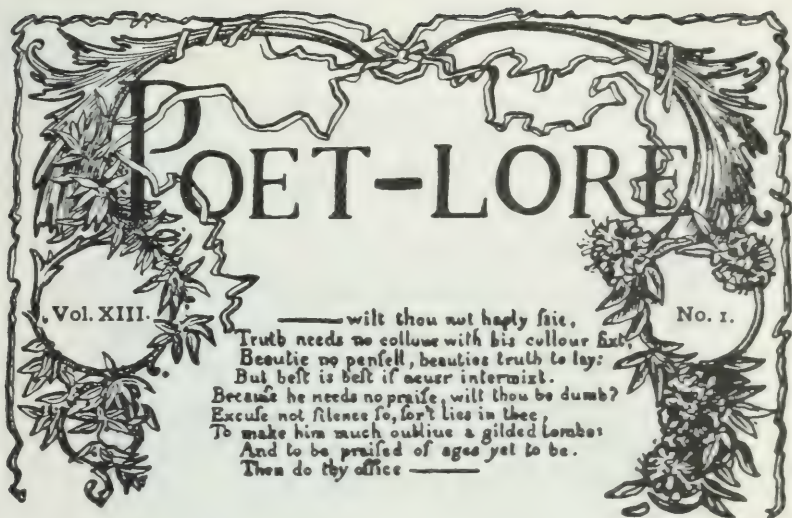
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THE CHARIOT OF FIRE.

A TALE IN VERSE.

INTRODUCTION.

TIME was when poets spun
The precious burden of the brain into
Cocoons of song wherein their souls might live ;
But now, like geometric spiders, nets
They weave to catch the iridescent flies
That buzz ephemeral opinions.
This tale was told by one who neither spun
Nor wove, but, like a bard-imago, passed
His life extracting nectar from all blooms
That blow upon the poison-weeds that mar
The sunlit garden of experience.

PART I. — THE SCREEN.

I KNEW a man some years ago, or, thought
I knew him, rather ; tagged him off as cold,
Hard, formal, — an avaricious man,

Self-centered, godless ; a modern market pirate
Fierce in pursuit of wealth.— Or, as many said,
A merchant prince, a genius in finance,
An eagle with an eye to find his prey
In all the lesser predatory fowl ;
With mighty wing to swoop and beat them down,
With beak and claw to rend their hearts to shreds
And gripe their golden plumage to his nest.

We paint our enemies to suit our spleens,
Our friends to match our hearts. I hated him
With all the baseness of my little soul,
But held my tongue because I ate his bread
And abode in his counting-house for hire.
Yes, I would still be hating him, had I
Not seen at last, as from a mountain-peak,
That lowering tempest-cloud, that looked so dark
When viewed below, glow white in the light of heaven.

I say a tempest-cloud, for so he was : —
And yet how little do we know ! For as
The mighty tempest darkens all the land
And seems to whistle with a fiendish glee,
When, through the roar and din, the groan and crash
Of some old oak that breaks beneath the wind
Is heard ; and we, made blind by terror, see
No more than wild destruction in it all :
Nor think that thus the forest glade is formed,
That thus the fountains and the rivers fill,
That thus the air is purified, and all
Our hope of future harvest made more bright : —
So moved he through the markets of the world ;
A gloomy terror unto many men,
A fiend that wrought much havoc in his path,
A demon of financial hurricane.

But, now he's gone, we know the good he did ; —
The wider way of commerce opened up,
The flowing wells of wealth he filled for us
In colleges and in infirmaries.

And thus it was I came to change my thought.—
It happened once that working late that night
He asked me home to dine. I made excuse ;
But he would have his way, a custom with him,
Laughed at my seeming bashfulnesss, said :
“ You need no other clothes ; I have no wife
To kiss me with her eyes across the board,
Or mark the absence of an evening coat ;
No daughter after dinner sings to lull
Me drowsy ; or, with intermittent glow,
Makes of her glances fire-flies of love.
Now, come along.” And buttoning up his coat
He passed the watchman with a nod, and I
Reluctantly went with him. I'm glad I did.

His home, severely plain without, seemed cold
And uninviting ; within, a glow of light
And warmth, a well-stocked treasury of art,
Made roses blossom on the thorny hedge
That marked the limits of our conversation.
In leading me from work to work, he dwelt
Upon the merit of each piece, but more
Upon the man who wrought it ; till the frames
Had ceased to be mere open windows ; whence
I looked upon the waste of Highland moors,
Or, peaceful, pastoral life of Normandy,
Or gaudy, sunlit land of Italy,
Or into Flemish inns, or Holland homes.
But as I gazed I saw beyond them all ;
I saw the world translated by the soul

Of man, the solvent for God crystallized
In nature. Long had I gazed and dreamed
Had not the dinner called me back to earth.

It was a dinner for a bachelor :
No curious dishes made to feed the pride
And starve the appetite ; no barbaric floods
Of wine of many brands for show and cost ;
But wholesome viands plainly cooked, and served
With fair abundance and variety.
Wine enough to tempt to hearty eating,
To aid the body to a good digestion,
And lift the soul upon its light aroma
To upland fields and gusts of flower perfume.

The dinner done, he led me to a room
He called his nest . " Here I grow my wings ;
My den 's down town, you know, and there I growl,
Snarl, bite ; rend the flesh and gnaw
The bones of weaker brutes in the fierce strife,
For mere or large existence, misnamed trade.
But here I chain the tiger in my soul,
Uncage the bird of paradise within,
Peck at the golden grains of heavenly truth,
And soar into a clearer atmosphere.
You smoke ? Cigar, or cigarette, or pipe ?
Well, have your way." He turned and filled a pipe
With Latakia and Virginia.

We sat before an open fire of wood,
And as I looked about the room I saw
No paintings on the walls, but everywhere
A wealth of well-bound books. He dimmed the light,
Saying he liked to watch the fire burn ;
And I, following with my eyes, beheld
The ceiling set with precious stones that caught

The flickering glare and twinkled like the stars.
I knew Orion with his belt and club ;
Aldeberan and Sirius,— the one
Asteriated ruby large and round,
The other star a diamond brilliant cut,
A stone of India blazing steely blue.
And here the Pleiades, and there the Twins,
And many other clusters shone as in
The firmament, unnumbered here because
I knew them not.

We sat there silent, thinking ;

He puffing at his pipe, and I revising
My misjudgment : Merely a leech is he ?
A groveling money-getter ? Fool of cent
Per cent ? Yet, can I doubt it ? No, I know ;
And yet —. He broke my train of thought, for then
He placed a screen between the fire and us
That let the light come through but not the heat.
At first the screen transparent was and clear ;
But as it warmed there grew a cloud about
The center of it that slowly took the form,
Through wondrous art and magic chemistry,
Of Guido's *Ecce Homo*. Then the screen,
Its sympathetic hues developing,
Grew black opaque ; save where the face of Christ
Glowed with the light of life, and lifted up
Its eyes in anguish to the stars and on
Beyond them.

Long we sat in silence ; there

Beneath the feeble light of mimic stars,
Before the glowing likeness of the Christ,
Until, the firelight burning low, the stars
Went out, the Christ-face faded from the screen,
And it regained its first transparency.

And then upon the hearth we saw no more
Than gray, thin ashes ; crumbling, pale and dim,
And here and there an ember dying out.

* * *

And on the morrow, in the counting-house,
We kept our usual places and our work ;
But when I lifted up my eyes, behold !
Upon the ground-glass of his inner room,
The fire-lit face of Christ ! and up above
The dusty ceiling glittered with the stars !

PART II.—THE SONGS.

AGAIN we sat within the star-lit room ;
And from the hearth, with crackle, hiss, and snap,
The burning wood leaped into long-tongued flames
That licked far up the flue and sang therein
A cheerful, deep-toned monody. For all
Without old Winter held high carnival : —
Trailed his white locks across the face of earth,
Roofed in the fishes, blanketed the grain,
And harped his icy music overhead
Upon metallic strings not strung for him
But strung for telegraph and telephone.
And we, at ease, laughed at the fierce old churl ;
For there we spent the labors of an oak
That through the summers of a century
Had garnered up the sunshine for our use,
And burning, squandered it most cheerfully.
We warmed our hearts with mellow cordial
Compounded of the spirit of the grape,
And aromatic herbs, and spicy fruits
That make the summer blossom in the blood
Our talk roamed wide on manners, men, and things,
On time and on eternity.

“ Oh ! true !

The world rolls on from darkness into light,
And from the light it sinks into the dark
Again, yet, ever waiting on the sun
Advancing in the Galaxy, has more
Of light and less of dark : — and we of earth
Move like the earth from darkness into light
To sink into the dark again ; and yet
From age to age gain more of light, and lose
A little of our prime obscurity.
So far, however, we are animal,
Not wholly light and spirit ; for in us
The god and brute are mixed unevenly,
And here a little more of brute, and there
A little more of deity.”

But I,

Uncertain what he meant, asked what he meant,
What sun we follow in what Galaxy.
Yet he, for answer, took the long way round :

“ But yesterday and we were savages
And shivered in the darkness of a cave ;
The sabre-toothèd tiger hunted us,
The lion and the bear pursued ; but now
We lengthen out the day with light, we melt
The wintry blast with borrowed summer heat,
We build our caves of marble and of brick,
And conquer nature and the lower man.
For as we rise the long rough hill of life
The foes we overcome the nobler are
And we grow stronger in the fight. But he
Who leads the van of progress far ahead
Must ever take as wounds what followers
May take as balm. For we never march
With wide-spread, even rank as on a plain ;

But like an army in a mountain-pass
 We forward press in squads and companies ;
 And some are in the vanguard, some, the rear,
 And those who straggle fall behind, and those
 Who fall are trampled under foot ; —and aye
 The orders are : ‘Close up the ranks. March on.’ ”

Again I asked what sun we follow in
 What Galaxy. And then he plainly said :
 “God is our Sun and Love His Galaxy ;
 And we, as blind men, grope into a patch
 Of warmth and feel He shines upon us, though
 We see Him not.”

And as he spoke he rose
 And touched a knob that set an organ fan
 In motion ; climbed the seat and played a prelude
 Deep as the music of some mighty river
 Flowing through caverns subterranean
 Out to the sunless depths of ancient ocean.
 The prelude done, with full, low voice he sang
 A song irregular, but flowing onward
 Like to a mountain torrent meeting boulders
 And rushing over them.

“O, mighty chorus of the Universe !
O, stars that sing through all Eternity !
What is your message to humanity ?
What wonderful prophecy do you rehearse
To us in our obscurity ?

Arcturus, Vega, Rigel, Sirius,
Aldeberan, Antares, and Altair !
Ye leaders of the starry rondo's air !
Convert your heavenly song, most glorious,
To music that our souls may hear.

*And thou, O, Sun ! with thine attendant train,
Who change their parts and sing now high, now low,
Translate the song and sing it here below
In warming accents flooding hill and plain ;
That we may feel it in thy glow.*

*For we are dull, and though we feel thy heat
Stir in our pulses many a varying tune,
And scent thy flower-songs of May and June ;
We cannot hear the grandly rhythmic beat
Of clustered stars and sun and moon."*

I asked him for another song ; and then
He placed his fingers on the upper keyboard,
Changed the stops, changed his voice too,
And sang in tenor tones this rippling song :

*" Can love live all the winter through ?"
Can love live ev'rywhere ?
Can love be love and yet be true ?
Can love live long with care ?
Or will he with the autumn fly
To find a warmer clime ?
Or will he droop, or will he die,
Or will he outlive time ?*

*Come, maiden, tell me what you know
And why you wear that ring ;
Will love live on through want and woe,
And cold that age will bring ?
Come widow, wrinkled, old and gray,
Come tell me all the truth ;
Did love go with you all the way,
Or die in early youth ?*

*O, lover ! love on here and now,
For you, if you will try,
Will find fulfilment in the vow,
And put the riddle by.
For heathen Cupid from each wing
Will moult all lighter down,
And glow into a brighter thing —
An Angel with a crown !”*

* * *

And on the morrow, in the counting-house,
We kept our usual places and our work ;
But through the hum and bustle of the day
I heard the throbbing of great organ-pipes,
To one clear tenor voice that sang and made
Me know what Sun moves in what Galaxy.

PART III. — THE MOUNDS.

THE winter melted into spring, the spring
Bloomed into early summer-tide ; and we,
Grown strong in mutual respect, thawed all
Our cold conventionalities and burst
The calyces of form into the buds
Of friendship. Fuller yet we blossomed out
Into a holy love of man for man ;
A father unto me was he, and I
To him a son. And through this time he let
His business pass to other men, and bought
Broad lands and fertile in the country round,
And blocks of renting houses in the town,
Placing his wealth where it would yield increase
From year to year, a growing income for
His charities.

And when the linden tree
Had flowered, and the days had curved their arms
Until their rosy fingers locked about

The snowy forehead of our ancient world,
He said: "I'd see the wide world once again
Before the confines of my day dissolve
Into the splendors of eternity."

Then out our vessel bore us, ever on
Above a wild of waters; day by day
A blot upon the sea that steamed and smoked
And left long streaming clouds behind, and night
By night a comet-head of flame before
An ever widening wake of paler glow.

Sometimes, the flight of gull and petrel charmed;
Sometimes, a basking shark would show his fin;
Sometimes, a monster whale would rise and spout;
And once a herd of playful dolphins rolled
Like puppies in a litter, till they saw
The fleeting ship pass by; then did they all
Set out to race with us, leap one wave
And dive into another — nose and nose —
Like horses in a steeplechase that take
One hedge and disappear behind the next.
And this they did with all the grace and ease
The splendid eagle shows, when, leaning on
The bosom of the wind, he circles wide
To soar into the sunny depths of sky.

One night we ran into a bank of fog;
But still the ship plowed on, unmindful of
The living freight she bore or that she might
Encounter; yet, her siren throat breathed out
The livelong night, harsh blasts of prayer for self
And menaces to lesser craft. But when
The morning came a wind had blown the mist
Away; and we were in an emerald sea,

With icebergs floating all around which caught
The bright light of the sun, and gleamed and shone
Until the sea looked like a grassy plain
With here a battlemented marble tower,
And there a crystal city on a hill
Where pinnacle and minaret and dome
All flashed and glittered in the golden sun.
And I was gladdened by the sight, but he
Grew sad and said : " The noblest cities men
Have built have melted into nothingness
Upon the sea of Time, or yet will melt,
As these fair cities of the ice dissolve
And mingling with the ocean are no more."

And on we sped through seas of summer calm,—
By day beneath the azure of a sky
That turned to gold and purple when the day
Declined, and in the night became a cloth
Of velvet bluish-black, whereon were spread
The Heavenly Lapidary's precious gems.
But as the day approached the night would pale
To frosted silver in the distant east,
Where golden streamers from the rising sun
Darted athwart the hollow dome above,
Enchasing grayish dawn like filigree
Of gold within a silver bowl. Until
We neared the British coast ; when, from the north
An icy blast blew color from the sky
And lashed the ocean into foaming white.

All day the ship was tossed and buffeted
By waves that beat upon her side and bow ;
Yet staggered on, and reeled, and sank, and rose,
And rolled, and pitched, as though her next wild plunge
Would drive her diving to the ocean bed.

And through the night the ringing clash and clang
Of overstrained machinery ; the whirr
Of racing engines, when, propeller in the air,
She coasted down the sloping side of one
Great wave and dashed into another.

We weathered out the storm ; and on the morn
Our boat scanned all the rhythmic ocean waves
That rose, titanic poetry, to sing
The passing glories of the wind.

Our port
Was quickly made ; and then for one short day
He left me, saying he would soon return
And we should make the circuit of the world.
He told me whither he would go alone,
But not his purpose in the trip ; and urged
That I remain to see the busier place.

But as the cable messages for him
Came thick and fast, I took the train and soon
Was in a quiet hamlet, quaint and old,
Where one sharp steeple pierced into the blue.
And up and down the village street I walked,
But found him not ; till wearied by the quest
I went into the ivy-covered church
And sat me down beside the cold, gray tombs
Of county magnates long deceased ; and bathed
My spirit in the blue and gold that streamed
Through pious windows builded long ago.
And having rested, rose and walked about
To see the mellowed sacred ornaments.
And there I saw upon the stained glass,
How righteous Abel had been killed by Cain,
How strong Elijah's work and mantle fell
Upon the shoulders of Elisha, when

The blazing chariot of fire, drawn on
By flaming, wingéd horses, bore him home.
And passing through the southern transept, saw
Upon the mullioned window, high above
The open door, how David wept because
His infant son was ill. Then through the door
I went into the churchyard, larger fane,
Where God's unpictured saints sleep on beneath
The nobler vaulting of the azure dome.
And there I saw before me him I sought
Beside a pair of rounded grassy mounds
That lay beneath the shadow of an elm.
One mound was long, and one was very short,
And on their simple monuments I read
That here a well-loved wife was laid, and there
A babe. So passing by I spoke no word,
But went my silent way. And as I went
My heart sang softly in my breast the song
He sang to me : —

*“ O, lover ! love on here and now,
For you, if you will try,
Will find fulfilment in the vow,
And put the riddle by.
For heathen Cupid from each wing
Will moult all lighter down,
And glow into a brighter thing—
An Angel with a crown.”*

* * *

And thence we traveled far and wide, and saw
The Pyramids and the Taj Mehal; and yet
No monument that marks mortality
Did touch my heart or make me feel its woe
Like one green memory in my soul, of him
Beside the mounds that sleep beneath the elm.

PART IV.—THE VISION.

HIMALAYAN heights of snow beyond the vale,
The bald head of the mount whereon we stood,
The dark, primeval forest down below,
The streams, huge silver serpents of the dale,—
All mellowed in the light an August moon
Poured slowly down. For we had climbed the range
At eventide to spend the milky night
Upon the summit of a mount that rose
Above the tree-line bare and bold ; and there
We waited through the night to see the dawn
Break on the morrow. Clouds hung low upon
The western gateway to the vale, and, now
And then, cloud-shadows flecked the fields of snow
Above us on the range beyond ; and all
Gave promise of a glorious dawn.

Below

The summit, 'neath an overhanging ledge,
A cheerful fire blazed ; and further down
The native bearers slept around another.
Silently we looked upon the mute
Contented beauty of the peaceful night,
Until, the thin air chilling us, we turned
Away from all the moon's cold splendor, and
Descended to the cave to warm ourselves.
And I, for all the wonders of the night
Had thrilled me through, and the parental care
He gave me fruited then, in gazing on
The fire did feel a new birth in my soul
And stammered out a few bald lines — the first
I ever chanted ; thus they ran :

*An acorn on an oak,
A sprout that from the ground looks up,
A tree that dances in the breeze*

*And prays unto the sun ;
A giant, firm despite the blast,
A smouldering ember on the earth,
Some ashes scattered by the wind ; —
And this is life.*

*I am not what I was,
Nor am I what in future I will be ;
And yet, 'tis I that was, 'tis I that am,
'Tis I that will in future be ; —
And this is all I know.*

And as I closed the last rough line he smiled,
And through his face a great joy beamed and shone
As when the sun breaks through a leaden cloud
And dances on the sea. "The work is done!"
He cried, "The man is found! For I had set
Myself to find a friendless man in whom
The wonder and the beauty of the world
Could wake a thrill. And one I thought I found
When weeping furtively before the face
Of Christ, you rose and left me saying not
A word; and you I hoped might be the one
I sought, when, listening to a simple song,
Your face betrayed emotions welling up
Beyond my conjuring. And now you know
The truth that always makes the world anew :
God clothes us in the purple of the dawn
And crowns us with this coronet of stars."

And as his voice went drifting in the night
I heard the rumbling of a distant storm.
But he, with heart o'erfull, heard nothing; laughed
The glad laugh of a man who conquers fate
And talked as I have never heard another;
Letting his powers of song, like radiant wings,

Beat rhythmically upon the upper air
Of thought until he soared into a realm
Beyond my ken. And when he ceased 'twas like
When rising music, from a source unknown,
Dissolves into the stillness of the night
And leaves the tingling brain to trace return
Of sweet, ecstatic melodies unsung.

The growing rattle of the coming storm
Beat time unto the melancholy song
The wind now sang. And as he spoke the light
Of distant lightnings lit his face as with
A glory. "I did not always tread the mill
That grinds the golden grist, for I was born
To great ambition and the love of all
Things beautiful; but time that whets one man
Will dull another, and so with me the slow
Revolving years did turn my slender edge
From noble purpose: — Mine are hopes deceased.

"For when my youth had taken on its bloom
And all the bird-songs of the spring-time trilled
Their carols in my heart, I met a maid
And loved her; for she was lovable and love
Was truth and holiness. Oh! she was like
The statue of a goddess carved of old
When Greece had climbed the very summit peak
Of art and poetry. As full of grace
In pose, as light and airy in her step
As if Athena's outward form in her
Had motion. Large in mind and heart was she;
And through her eyes there gleamed the pale blue light
Of chastity; and when she spoke, her words,
Like village bells that chime across a lea,
Rang sweetly low in mellow harmony
With thought.

“ So I loved her, and she loved me,
And we were married ; — married body, mind
And soul ; — and all the hopes I had she made
Her own ; and all my high ambitions were
Her own ; and all my love-thoughts were for her,
And all her thoughts for me.

“ Ah ! we were rich ! —
Abundant youth, persistent health, high hopes ;
Contentment, strength, the joyful love of man
And wife wedded in early purity. —
And we were happy ! she, sole mistress of
Our cottage ; I lord of my life and love.
And for our frugal needs I sold my strength
By laboring in a mill. At last a child
Was born to us, a chubby boy that had
His mother’s lovely face and all my bone
And brawn. And I, returning night by night
From grimy labor in the mill, beheld
The baby grow upon his mother’s breast
And heard her singing tender lullabies.

— “ In happy days we count no time, but time
Counts us. The babe grew large within our hearts,
And all our old ambitions for the race
Concentered ’round his life and grew more strong.

“ I cannot tell the rest at length : for when
The winter came the pinch of famine griped
Our native land ; the mill shut down ; my wife
And child were ill ; no coals upon the hearth ;
No bread to eat ; our clothing sold to pay
The rent ; and I, footsore from hunting work,
Become stark mad with hunger and despair,
Forgot my God, and lapsing into brute
Went forth one night to rob. —

“Let pass what happened. —
And with the gold I bought some bread and milk
And meat and cheese, and half a hod of coal;
And staggered home, for I was weak, and called
Within the dingy room: ‘Come, darling, come;
Cheer up, sweetheart, for here are coals and meat.
Rise, and I will feed you, dear, and then
The baby.’ But no answer came, and so
I thought she slept, and built upon the hearth
A little fire and set the milk to warm.
Then went into the sleeping-room to wake
My dear ones. Dead.

“I called to them; I rubbed their limbs; I bathed
Their ashen faces in my tears. I prayed —
And all the prayers became a blasphemy.
I cursed—and all my curses turned to prayer.
I raved about my wife and baby:

“ ‘Murderer?
Robber! Widowed! Childless! — Who made me sin?
Did God? — Did Devil? — Nay, there is no God
But Mammon! Fiend there’s none but He! The God
Of cities! God of Plenty, sleek and warm!
The God who would have kept my wife and babe!
The One who saves us from starvation pangs!
Preserver of the youth of women! Lord
Of complacent virtue’s formal decency!
Blessed Mammon! Thou shalt be my God!’ ”

He paused for breath; his face was sharpened, hard
Like adamant. Nearer growled the storm;
The clouds were piling thick around the moon;
And while he paused the mist enveloped us.

“ You know how wealth did come to me, and how
I hoarded it beyond my need, and how
I neither asked, nor gave to any one
More than fair quarter in the fight. But God
Forgave my foolish blasphemies, and made
My bitter heart grow mild and penitent.

“ And so I prayed that God would send a son
To me, right heir to all my nobler thoughts.
Thereafter you I found ; then I knew
That God had heard my prayer, and thanking Him
I took you with me—training you to sing
The battle song of life I could not sing
Because unworthy,— take up my frustrate hopes,
My great ambitions, bear them on and on,
And make the father fruitful in the son.”

The storm broke all around us ; lightnings blazed,
And flashed, and splintered on the rocks ; the boom
Of thunder rolled from hill to hill ; the wind
Howled dismally. Yet sheltered in the cave
I built the smoking fire until the glow
Made all the chaos out beyond as red
As blood. While I stood well within the cave,
He, with his white head bared, stood out beyond
And cast his shadow on the mist. He prayed.

But while he prayed a change was wrought in him :
For all the world turned into flame ; and all
The heavens flared with light ; and in the light
I saw a blaze much brighter than the glare
Of noonday ; and it came as though it were
A chariot of fire, and at the pole
Two wingéd horses all of fire ; and he

Grew wingéd to my eyes, and took the reins
And drove beyond the storm. But I fell down
And lay as dead within the rocky cave.

* * *

And when I waked, the peakéd mountain tops
And all the upland fields of virgin snow
Were blushing; for the sun, the wooer of the dale,
Had kissed their pallid brows. And far below
The storm-cloud rumbled in the vale. And there
Upon the ashes lay a crumbling form.
But when I looked beyond the sinking storm,
Behold! the sun appeared a chariot-wheel,
And flaming cloud-like horses drew it on,
And rising o'er the glittering car, the wings,
The widespread, golden, seraph wings, of him
Whose better nature burst his earth-born shell!

CONCLUSION.

This tale is but the winding-sheet of him
Who told it; no spice, no frankincense, no myrrh
Of mine is rashly added to embalm
His memory. I merely drape the folds,
The warp and woof are his; and he has passed
Away as he of whom he told did pass.
Yet had he lived he would have made a song
Mightier to stir. For as he died he called:

*"When will the lifeless five-foot alpen-stock,
Wherewith I climb, bud out like Aaron's rod
And blossom into living poetry?
When will the new-born epic roll along,
An ocean wave in stately majesty,
And breaking, dash upon the rock-bound coast
Of modern wrongs and human destiny?"*

James Edgar Smith.

MILA WHENDLE.*
AN "UNPLEASANT PLAY."

CHARACTERS.

AUGUSTUS WHENDLE.

DR. RICHARD WHENDLE, their son.

MARY WHENDLE, his wife.

FRANK ASHBY.

MILA WHENDLE, their daughter.

HANNAH, the maid.

ACT I.

The front room of a third-floor flat in a suburb of New York. Across the back of the room is a large book-case, with closely packed shelves. Above it are hung two curious looking swords, a tomahawk, and an antique dagger. Left, three windows that form a large bay; in the bay, a sofa. Right, a wide double door, hung with thick curtains. In the center of the room is a round library table, with books and papers heaped upon it. A leather chair, big and heavy, stands by one side of the table. Other lighter chairs. A lamp, with a green shade, is lighted.

WHENDLE is found seated in the leather chair. He is plainly dressed, being a man of more than middle age. His hair is just beginning to turn gray, and he wears glasses when he reads. At present, he is deeply interested in his paper. Opposite him, in a light rocking-chair, sits his wife, MRS. WHENDLE. She, too, is plainly but well dressed, her gown being of black *cr pe*. A bow of colored ribbon adorns the neck. She is rather thin, and carries herself well, looking several years younger than her husband. She is trying to read, but every few minutes she looks up absent-mindedly, and smiles to herself. After doing this once or twice, she puts her book down in her lap and sits dreaming.

Mrs. Whendle. What time is it, Mr. Whendle?

[He does not hear her. After a minute, she reaches across and touches his arm.]

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Mrs. Whendle. What time is it?

Whendle [*looking at his watch*]. Half-past eight. What time is he due?

Mrs. Whendle. He's due in the city at eight o'clock, but it will take him almost an hour to get out here. I hope the train will be on time.

Whendle. Yes. [*Takes up his paper again, but pauses before beginning to read.*] Where is Mila?

Mrs. Whendle. She's in her room.

Whendle. Hasn't she had her dinner?

Mrs. Whendle. No; she wouldn't stop even for that. When I knocked at her door, she called to me that she wasn't hungry and wanted to get through her chapter this evening. I hope she'll take time to dress before Richard comes.

Whendle [*looking a little worried*]. Mary, you oughtn't to let her do without her meals. It'll be the ruination of her health. Why didn't you have Betty take something in to her?

Mrs. Whendle. Because, my dear, it isn't safe to disturb Mila; it makes her cross. She says it interrupts her flow of thought. I don't like to call her from the hall, even.

Whendle. She takes it too hard. A body would think she had to earn her own living, instead of just having taken to literature for a diversion.

Mrs. Whendle. Of course; that's like Mila. But I think she wouldn't like to hear us say so.

Whendle. No, certainly, we could not say such a thing to her.

Mrs. Whendle [*after a pause*]. She's not of the confiding nature Richard is.

Whendle. No, she isn't. Does she ever say anything about marrying?

Mrs. Whendle. My! No. I suppose she hasn't met the right man yet. You know, though, that she was not a very great social success. She says herself that it was a waste of money to send her into society. She's not much like her mother, I'm afraid.

Whendle. How about young Chambers? Doesn't he ever drop in any more? He used to seem fond of Mila.

Mrs. Whendle. Well, that's all off. I don't know whether he ever went to the point of proposing to her or not. She must have done something to hold him off, for he certainly seemed to fancy her. But I'm only guessing, you know. Mila is rather reserved about talking to me.

Whendle. Yes, I know; and you her own mother, too. A body would think we were no more than strangers to her. She's always been that way, always was queer.

Mrs. Whendle. She has such queer notions, too. She asked me the other day if there'd ever been any insanity in the family.

Whendle [after looking around the room; softly]. Did you tell her?

Mrs. Whendle [leaving her chair and walking about the room without looking at her husband]. Tell her! Yes; I told her that my family was one of the oldest in Virginia, and she would be good enough not to cast any slurs on it. Why, didn't my father own more slaves than any man in the state?

Whendle. Oh! Then you didn't.

Mrs. Whendle [now back of him. Looks at him a moment, then goes up behind him. In a low voice]. Augustus Whendle, I married you on condition that you would never refer to that again. She was my grand-father's sister, and was never married; so of course there could be no question of inheritance.

Whendle. Oh, no! Of course not. [Steps are heard in the hall. WHENDLE hastily takes up his paper and begins to read. MRS. WHENDLE stands, hiding a guilty look with a smile. Enter MILA WHENDLE. She is tall and very thin, her face being remarkably serious and attractive, what is called a face full of character. She wears a light waist that is very becoming. With an expression of eager pleasure on her face, she stops in the door; but when she sees MRS. WHENDLE's smile, her manner becomes bored and forbidding. MRS. WHENDLE holds out her hand to her daughter, but MILA pretends not to notice it. Sighs and crosses to the sofa.]

Mrs. Whendle [pleasantly]. Oh, you have on your new waist, haven't you? You look lovely in it. I'm glad you decided to dress up for Richard. He deserves it, the precious boy! Won't it be good to have him at home again! I feel myself growing young again at the thought. As Brother Craig said last Sunday, innocent pleasure keeps away old age.

Mila [smiling to herself]. Yes, it will be good. I wonder if he has changed.

Mrs. Whendle. Of course he has; that is, he has improved. Richard never was a boy who would not be improved by studying abroad. But he won't be changed towards us.

Mila [going over to the table and handling the books idly]. Most people do change, you know. [MR. and MRS. WHENDLE exchange glances, then smile.]

Whendle [taking off his glasses and folding his paper]. That's pessimistic, little Mila. Maybe you are not well. You will have to get Richard to bring out his medicine case the first thing. It's a good thing to have a doctor always at hand.

Mrs. Whendle [sidling up to him]. Sh-h-h!

Mila [from the back of the room near the book-case]. Thank you, I think I do not need any medicine.

Mrs. Whendle [quickly]. Did you finish your chapter to-night?

Mila [examining one of the swords]. What made you think I needed medicine, father?

Whendle [getting up with an uneasy look at his wife]. Oh, I don't know; a fancy of mine. No more than a fancy.

[MILA laughs softly. A ring is heard in the hall and BETTY shouts down through the tube, "Hello! Yes, sir; walk right up, sir." MR. and MRS. WHENDLE face the door; MILA goes over and stares out of the window.]

Richard [running into the room]. Well, hello, people! How is everybody? [Embracing MRS. WHENDLE.] The same little mother I left two years ago. Not a day older, bless my heart! And with a new ribbon put on specially for her precious boy. And father! [Embracing MR. WHENDLE.] You're all right?

Whendle. Yes, yes, my boy ; time has been good to us.

Richard [*going towards MILA who has been watching him over her shoulder*]. Goodness, Mila ! [*Kisses her.*] You are pretty. You haven't been falling in love since your brother has been away, have you, you little sly one ? They say that makes a woman prettier.

Mila [*looking at him incredulously*]. H-m ! [*RICHARD turns to the door where, until now, FRANK ASHBY has stood unobserved, having followed RICHARD so far. ASHBY carries a satchel and a cloth pouch filled with papers.*]

Richard. Father and mother, this is Frank Ashby, a chum I found in Germany. He's a fine fellow, and you must like him. [*MR. and MRS. WHENDLE welcome him.*]

Richard [*turning to MILA*]. You two ought to like each other, Mila ; he writes poetry.

Ashby [*crossing to MILA and bowing over her hand*]. Is Miss Whendle one of the misunderstood great ones ? [*They sit down on the sofa.*]

Richard. No, she is not a poet ; but she's the next thing to it. She has taken to writing novels since I left. She hasn't finished one yet, has she. [*Turning to MRS. WHENDLE*] but I want to get back to my own little room. My ! I've remembered that since I've been away. Things haven't changed much in here, except a few more books. Mila reads as much as ever, I suppose ?

Mrs. Whendle [*following him out*]. No, she doesn't. It's funny, but she spends all her time writing. She works all day— [*Goes out. Their voices are heard in the next room. WHENDLE presently joins them.*]

Mila [*gets up from the sofa and wanders aimlessly about the room. Stops by the table*]. What kind of woman is she ?

Ashby. She ?

Mila. Yes ; the woman Richard is in love with.

Ashby [*astonished*]. But [*laughing*] he told me that he had not said a word about her to any of you. I suppose he gave himself away in his letters. Well, she's German.

Mila. Ah!

Ashby. Yes; a young girl of twenty, of an excellent family, and very much in love with Richard. It's a love match, pure and simple.

Mila. Oh! Then she has not studied medicine?

Ashby. Oh, no! Miss Heiden is one of those dainty little women who can do nothing but look pretty. She *can* do that, however.

Mila [*laughing*]. Oh, ho! Well; so that's over.

Ashby [*with a slight gleam of her meaning; apologetically*]. Of course it would have been better if he had chosen a woman who could have been a companion to him, have helped him in his work.

Mila [*looking at him from under her brows*]. And whom he could have helped in hers.

Ashby. Yes, a partnership, you know. I should think a man would want that before anything else; but you know Richard hasn't very new-fashioned ideas.

Mila [*with a shrug*]. New-fashioned? You've caught the word, have you? But every body has a different meaning for it. What do you mean by new-fashioned?

Ashby. Well, I'm not sure I can explain exactly. I should say, though, ideas that make a man secede from all the old-fashioned conventions about women and marriage and such things. *You* know what I mean.

Mila. Yes, I know. [*Goes to the book-case and comes down to front with one of the old swords.*] Does Richard still like to collect knives?

Ashby. Oh! So that was his hobby. I heard him say the other day that after a man fell in love, he forgot about trifling habits and fads that he used to consider important.

Mila. Yes, Richard used to collect knives. [*Meditatively.*] The fad meant more than I thought it did. I see it now. When he ran his finger along a sharp blade, the sensation gave him a sort of animal satisfaction, a feeling of mastership, power. Now he has a woman for that, he doesn't need the knives.

Ashby. But, Miss Whendle, Richard isn't like that towards Miss Heiden. He isn't dictatorial, ever.

Mila [*shrugging her shoulders*]. No?

Mila [*sits in the big chair and smiles at ASHBY*]. Mr. Ashby, I'm disappointed.

Ashby [*doubtfully*]. Not about your brother's engagement, I hope. I can assure you —

Mila [*sarcastically*]. Oh, no; certainly not. Not about that. [*MILA sits smiling to herself, playing with the sword. A pause.*]

Mila. Don't you think it would be pleasant, Mr. Ashby, nice, say, to be brought up by people whom you really belong to? Can you think what it would be like to have a *real* mother and father, somebody from whom you could get something besides food and bad diseases?

Ashby [*after a moment's silence, smiling sympathetically*]. Oh! that is a new thought. [*Crosses his hands behind him and walks about meditatively.*] But it's true, Miss Whendle, true as gospel. Most of us don't belong to our parents.

Mila [*with peculiar suggestiveness*]. Nor to our brothers and sisters.

Ashby. No? [*Slowly.*] No? not to them either. Such things are not ruled by mere physical accidents, are they? But, Miss Whendle, [*stopping by the table and smiling across at her*] oughtn't we to be thankful that we have been given a — well! — a way of telling who belongs to us?

Mila. You think we have been?

Ashby. Yes, we have been, Miss Whendle. [*Deliberately.*] It is love.

Mila [*laughing*]. The kind Richard has for his *fiancée*, I suppose.

Ashby. Well, no. I should say it was not just that kind.

Mila [*leaning over and looking steadily at him*]. No, Mr. Ashby, it is not. I believe I know more about it than you do. It is not, thank God, the kind of love that draws most men and women together. It is something else, something entirely dif-

ferent. [*As if to herself.*] It may exist between any two people of any age or sex, any two people who understand each other, who are honest.

Ashby [*with uncertainty*]. Oh! I don't know. You may be right. Poetically, you *are* right, but I should say it would hardly do to take out all question of sex. Most people wouldn't acknowledge that.

Mila. Most people! Most people don't acknowledge that there is anything wrong with our present institution of marriage. Most people are thrown into a nervous fit if you tell them that two people who belong to each other do not need a legal ceremony to complete a moral marriage.

Ashby [*doubtfully*]. Ah!

Mila [*scornfully*]. Oh, you are on the fence. I should think you would be convinced by looking at the marriages about you.

Ashby. You must give me time to think, you must indeed. It *sounds* true. But — but [*shaking his head*] I fear that with my interest centred in poetry, I have neglected other things.

Mila [*sarcastically*]. Yes, I understand. That's the snag most men are caught on.

Ashby. You don't like men?

Mila. I like people.

Ashby. Yes? That is the way I feel about women. [*Goes back to book-case.*] Has Richard collected all these books?

Mila. No, I have. Richard collected knives, you remember.

Ashby. You read, then, a great deal?

Mila. No, not any more. I have stopped reading, and begun to write. I couldn't find the things I wanted, in books.

Ashby. Not even in poetry?

Mila. I didn't try that — much. I read novels.

Ashby. Then you'll write novels?

Mila. Yes, or plays.

Ashby. You'll come back to books, after a while — after you're tired of writing.

Mila. Perhaps; at the same time Richard grows tired of —

[*shrugging her shoulders*] — and goes back to knives. It's all a way of passing time.

Ashby. Oh, Miss Whendle! I am afraid you don't understand pure beauty — poetry, the essence of life, or you wouldn't say that.

Mila. No, I'm afraid I don't. But I should like to. Maybe you could teach me?

Ashby. Oh, would you let me? I should love to do that. [*Brings his cloth pouch to the table and begins to untie the cord.*] Would you think me impertinent if I began with a few of my own verses?

Mila [*settling herself in her chair*]. Oh, no, not at all. That is quite what you should do, quite what I should do if some one wanted me to teach them to like novels — read one of my own.

Ashby [*dropping his papers on the table*]. Will you do that, Miss Whendle, will you? I should like so much to hear you read some of your own things. But I should never have asked you. I know how it makes one feel to have people gabble about work that is half-finished.

Mila. Do you? [*Sits up and holds out her hand to him.*] Then maybe we have something in common, after all. [*ASHBY takes her hand and starts to kiss it. Suddenly changes his mind and shakes hands with her. She smiles her appreciation of the relationship implied. Enter MR. and MRS. WHENDLE and RICHARD.*]

Richard [*coming over to the table*]. Well, Frank, so you've won the queen's favor. That's good. I knew you two would like each other. I've just been telling mother what a fine fellow you are. [*Slaps Ashby on the shoulder; laughs. MILA gets up and goes over to the window, where she stands with her back to the others.*]

Richard [*whispering to his mother*]. Shall I tell her now?

Mrs. Whendle [*also whispering*]. Yes, you'd better tell her at once. She might feel slighted if you didn't.

Whendle. Yes, tell her now. You do it, Mary. [*MRS. WHENDLE goes over to MILA, takes her hand and leads her to front. MILA stands indifferent, bored.*]

Mrs. Whendle. Mila, my dear, your brother has something he

wishes to tell you, something that should make us all very happy.
[MILA looks scornfully at Richard.]

Richard [*gushingly*]. Yes, little sister, you must wish me joy. I am very happy. Another great blessing has been given to me, and I want to tell you of it the first thing. I have found, in Germany, the sweetest little girl in the world who has promised to be Mrs. Richard Whendle.

Mila. Yes. H'm! Umphum. [*Looking at him critically while he continues to beam*] I think I preferred you when you liked knives.

Mrs. Whendle. Now, Mila, you mustn't spoil Richard's happiness by being jealous. Jealousy is a sin we must root out of our hearts, our dear pastor says.

Mila [*astonished*]. Jealous!

Richard [*sidling over to MRS. WHENDLE and slipping his arm around her. To MILA*]. Aren't you going to wish me happiness, Mila? Think how we've always loved each other! Surely you want me to be happy.

Mila [*softly*]. Did we love each other? We played together.

Richard [*argumentatively*]. Yes; and lived, read, thought, and talked together.

Mila. That was when you liked knives.

Richard [*angrily*]. What have the knives got to do with it? Why do you keep on referring to them? There never was a brother and sister who loved each other more than we did. Why, you used to say that I was the only person in the world who understood you.

Mila [*cheerfully*]. Yes. I was a fool, wasn't I? I thought you belonged to me.

Richard. Belonged to you?

Mila [*smiling*]. Yes. That's something I've learned since you left home. You see both of us have changed. You don't care for knives any more; I no longer like books — except the ones I write myself.

Whendle [*interrupting hastily*]. Now, I've thought of some-

thing. We want to have a long, beautiful evening, Richard's first evening at home, so we need something to amuse us. We shall just ask Mila to read some of her novel to us.

Mrs. Whendle. Yes, yes; let's do that. [*MILA shrugs her shoulders, looks resigned. ASHBY stands at her side.*]

Whendle. How many chapters have you finished, daughter; eight, did you say?

Mila [*absent-mindedly*]. Yes, father.

Mrs. Whendle. I must explain the plot to you and Mr. Ashby, Richard. It is going to be very strange, so queer that I am afraid our pastor will not approve of it, for he says we are like the things we think about. Mila hasn't told me much about it — she's bashful about talking of her work — but it is all to turn on a girl's crankiness. . She refuses to acknowledge her own flesh and blood parents, wont take anything from them, but goes off to work for herself. Now, did you ever! Her own parents, too!

Mila [*from the back of the room where ASHBY has followed her*]. Yes, Richard, a history of my own life.

Whendle [*crossly*]. That's what you say every time, Mila, and I don't understand what you mean. It doesn't sound respectful, I'm blessed if it does. *You're* not ashamed to acknowledge your parents, are you?

Mila. Not if I knew them, I shouldn't be.

Whendle. There! Again! Now, Mila, it is time for me to interpose. Your mother and I were married in church, and you are our legal offspring.

Mila. Moral, too?

Whendle. Yes; moral, too, of course. What makes a child legitimate if a proper marriage ceremony over its parents doesn't?

Mila. You wouldn't understand if I told you. But that doesn't.

Mrs. Whendle [*motioning to WHENDLE to keep quiet*]. Run along, Mila, and get the chapters. We are waiting.

Mila. Not to-night, I think, mother. I have [*laughing*] I have just caught a terrible headache, so if you'll excuse me, I'll —

yes, I'll go to my room. [*At the door she turns.*] Richard, when you like knives again, let me know, and maybe I'll like you again. [ASHBY holds the curtain back and lets MILA pass. Looks dreamily after her. Comes back to front.]

Ashby. Richard, your sister is wonderful, a genius.

Richard [*shrugging his shoulders*]. I'm glad you think so. [*Squeezing MRS. WHENDLE'S hand.*] But aren't you glad, little mother, that both of your children are not geniuses, that you have a son who is just a plain doctor? [MRS. WHENDLE takes his face between her hands, pulls his head down, and kisses him on the forehead. WHENDLE smiles sympathetically. ASHBY wanders about the room, his hands in his pockets, whistling.]

ACT II.

The same room. Sunday morning two weeks later. A church bell is heard in the distance. MRS. WHENDLE, wearing an out-of-door dress, hat and gloves, sits nervously on the edge of her chair. RICHARD, his hat in his hand, walks about the room.

Mrs. Whendle. Richard, go call your father. [RICHARD goes out. Returns after a moment.]

Richard. He'll be here presently, little mother, but we have plenty of time. We'll get there now long before service begins. [MRS. WHENDLE relaxes a little, but still frowns.]

Richard [*after a pause*]. Has Mila ever said anything to you about Dora?

Mrs. Whendle [*nervously*]. No, Richard, not a word.

Richard [*from the window*]. And I suppose you haven't mentioned Dora to her?

Mrs. Whendle. No, I haven't. I haven't dared. She doesn't seem to want to talk about your engagement, and she's not a girl whom you can make do things she doesn't want to.

Richard. Yes, I know.

Mrs. Whendle. Of course I knew she was peculiar, I might have been prepared for her to do something unexpected, but I never knew her to be jealous before.

Richard [after whistling a few bars]. You still think she's jealous, then ?

Mrs. Whendle [getting up with an antagonistic jerk]. Yes, of course. What else on earth could it be ?

Richard. Oh, I don't know. Maybe she thinks I'm not living up to my ideals.

Mrs. Whendle. Your ideals ? What are you talking about now ? That sounds like Mila.

Richard. Yes, I got most of my ideas and ideals, too, from Mila. Before I went away, she and I used to talk about marriage, love and such things a good deal. We decided that two people could not be really married without they understood each other perfectly, better than most people do.

Mrs. Whendle. Some more of Mila's talk, I see.

Richard. Yes, we argued it out that two people could not be real companions unless the wife had a profession, just as the husband had, lived her individual life, you know, kept the question of love and marriage outside that of support. Men and women should earn their own living, we said, and the marriage that was most apt to be a happy one was one where the the two people had the same profession. I remember I said I'd never marry a woman who had not studied medicine.

Mrs. Whendle [open-mouthed]. Well, Richard, I hope you have not said anything of that sort to Miss Heiden. What would she think of a woman whose son had such notions ?

Richard. Oh, no ; I haven't said anything about that to Dora. The fact is I had most forgot I ever believed it — till I saw Mila. She reminded me of it.

Mrs. Whendle [sarcastically]. She could do that ; she remembers it well enough, I dare say. She has stayed at home here and worked and sulked by herself, till her head's full of such nonsense.

Richard. You would have liked her to have more social talent, wouldn't you ?

Mrs. Whendle. I don't want to complain of the will of the Lord — our dear pastor warns us against that — but we are human

and I can't help wishing that there'd been more real companionship between Mila and me. My daughter ought to have been different from Mila.

Richard [as if to himself]. That's what she says about you.

Mrs. Whendle [stiffly]. Yes, it is quite like the forward young people of to-day to find fault with their parents.

Richard. But aren't you finding fault with her?

Mrs. Whendle. That's different. I'd like to know who has a better right to criticise a child than its own mother. But perhaps you, too, mean to imply that I am not what a mother should be.

Richard [going to her]. Forgive me, little mother; I meant nothing of the kind. What I do want to say is that I, as a physician, have noticed that Mila seems overstrained and nervous. We must all show consideration for sick folk, you know.

Mrs. Whendle [nervously]. You don't mean she's going to be ill?

Richard. No; not if she takes care of herself. She looks nervous, like a person who worried over little things and did too much mental work. If I didn't know better, I'd say she looked like a possible victim of hereditary insanity.

Mrs. Whendle [with fright]. Insanity! She hasn't said anything to you about that, has she?

Richard. Oh, no! And of course the thing is impossible. She might, however, have nervous prostration, and you know how troublesome that is.

Mrs. Whendle [walking about]. You have made me so nervous, Richard, that I'm afraid I can't enjoy the sermon.

Richard. Well, mother, there's no use exciting yourself over it. I merely meant to warn you, so that you wouldn't be harsh with Mila. I knew you wouldn't be unless she was too provoking. But now let us think of something more cheerful.

Mrs. Whendle. Yes, do. [A short silence.]

Richard. You'll be sure to like Dora, mother; she is just your kind of girl — pretty, has social talent, and knows all kinds of secrets about housekeeping — just such a woman as you are.

Mrs. Whendle [*cheerfully*]. Oh, I am so glad for you, dear Richard. But don't think — of course I grieve to mention it — but don't you think you'd better go back to Germany, get the matter all arranged, and marry Miss Heiden as soon as she will name the day? I've always looked forward to having a dear, lovely daughter-in-law.

Richard. What! Want to get rid of me already?

Mrs. Whendle [*caressing him*]. My precious boy knows better than that. But Richard, I — don't — well, Mila has such queer ideas, and you might —

Richard. Ha! Ha! Ha! So you're afraid Mila will persuade me not to marry Dora. Well, well, don't be uneasy. [*Seriously*]. Besides, we are pledged to each other.

Mrs. Whendle. Yes, I am foolish. I know your vow is sacred. You are not a man to break your word, are you?

Richard. I hope not, mother.

Whendle [*in a frock coat and high hat appears in the door*]. Who is it that has been waiting on me and is afraid she will not get to church in time for the first hymn? I can find nobody who is ready to go. [*MRS. WHENDLE and RICHARD join WHENDLE. They meet ASHBY, who is sauntering in.*]

Richard. We can't persuade you to come along?

Ashby. To church? No, thanks; I guess I'll stay here. I'm a little tired to-day.

Richard. Up again last night talking to your spirits, eh? Getting up inspiration? I thought I heard you. [*To MRS. WHENDLE.*] I didn't tell you, did I, mother, that Ashby is in direct communication with the higher powers? Ha! Ha! Ha! [*MRS. WHENDLE looks shocked and surprised.*]

Ashby [*hastily*]. Only a little trick I have, Mrs. Whendle, of calling the elements to my aid. Richard thinks I am a fool, but then he is a man of science.

Richard [*laughing*]. And Ashby's a poet. You'd better come along with us and try mother's way of communing with the supreme powers.

Ashby. Thanks, I believe not. It might spoil the charm.
[MR. and MRS. WHENDLE and RICHARD go out. ASHBY saunters into the room. Stops suddenly, takes out a note-book and scribbles. MILA enters.]

Ashby. Ah, Miss Whendle. Not working today?

Mila. No. Unfortunately my ancestors for a good many generations back have rested every seventh day, so it's in the blood. At least I'm obliged to rest so often.

Ashby. Mightn't that idea be a remnant of superstition?

Mila. I don't know. Perhaps.

[MILA walks over to the table and takes up a paper. A short pause.]

Ashby. You don't go to church with your family?

Mila [laughing]. No, I don't go to church.

Ashby. Richard does.

Mila [shrugging her shoulders]. Yes, since he has known Miss Heiden. She has proved a revolutionizing force.

Ashby. You think your brother's marriage will not be — well, that he will not be happy?

Mila. What do you mean? Contented? Probably, if he never wakes up; but that is rather a formidable "if," for he was awake once, and people who have once had their eyes open rarely have undisturbed sleep afterwards. They have bad dreams. Happy, though? A man who is not true to himself is not apt to be happy. But Richard's marriage may not be a worse tragedy than most marriages. Most men are openly bored with their wives.

Ashby [with conviction]. That is why you refused to congratulate him. I knew it.

Mila [sitting in the arm-chair by the table]. Yes? A blind man might have seen that.

Ashby. Your mother didn't.

Mila [with a shrug]. Her pastor had not given her a rule for a case like that.

Ashby [after watching her a minute]. You think Richard is not consistent?

Mila [turning and looking at him over the back of her chair]. You're not like yourself to-day. If I were to ask Richard if he believed in organic evolution now, he would have to write to Germany for his reply.

Ashby. Ah! [*Folds his arms and leans against the window, looks at her. Slowly*]. Miss Whendle, are you as strict with yourself as you are with others?

Mila [*sits perfectly still and stares out in front of her. In a low voice*]. Now you have put your finger on the weak spot. Nobody ever saw it before.

Ashby [*smiling*]. You must remember I am a poet. [*Comes over and crosses his arms on the back of her chair.*] *Mila*, [*she starts, but sinks back.*] I shall call you that now. [*Deliberately.*] *Mila*, do you know that you and I belong to each other?

Mila [*still staring before her, in a hollow voice*]. When did you find it out?

Ashby. I thought so the minute I saw you. I did not know it till a while ago.

Mila. When — when you asked me that?

Ashby. Yes. [*Unfolds his arms and lets one hand rest lightly on her hair.*] Little girl! [*MILA winces, but submits.*]

Ashby. *Mila*, when two people belong to each other, they should —?

Mila [*nervously*]. I know; I know it.

Ashby [*letting his hand slip across her cheek to her shoulder*]. Ah, I knew you would want to live up to your convictions! [*Crosses his arms again.*] *Mila*, before I came home from Germany, I bought from my brother a little hut he owned on a hill overlooking the Hudson. It is not very far away from the city, but it is difficult to get to, secluded and wild, an ideal place for a poet — for I have a theory that a poet should live with nature and not with men. There, no one could lack inspiration. I intend to go up there and live like a hermit for a year. I shall not come down to the city during that time, and we shall have no one come to us.

Mila. We?

Ashby. Yes.

Mila. But — but I don't like—I mean I prefer the city.

Ashby [*smiles, looking out over her head with a dreamy expression. Slowly and tensely*]. You prefer the city filled to the brim with people whose souls can not touch yours, people who applaud the old and sniff at the new, people who will say, when your book appears that your doctrines are immoral, people who goad you on to dishonesty—you prefer that to living off in a world of perfect understanding, alone with the one soul who can see to the very depths of your nature, prefer that to touching the border line of heaven through true companionship?

Mila [*breathlessly*]. You mean love?

Ashby. Love? I mean companionship, the perfect harmony between two people that makes them comrades, equal in work, mind and soul. You know the magic words, you have taught them to me — “belong to each other.” That is what you and I want. We have nothing to do with love.

Mila [*gets up quickly and gives him her hand*]. Yes — yes!
[*Enter WHENDLE, MRS. WHENDLE and RICHARD. MILA and ASHBY move away from each other.*]

Mrs. Whendle. I say it is just provoking to be disappointed in your Sunday morning sermon. Do you think Mila, after I got dressed and walked all the way to church, a good five blocks from here, there wasn't any sermon. The pastor was ill. It does look as if the Lord might spare him. Such a good man to be afflicted when a world full of evil creatures go free from all pain!

Whendle. Oh, well, Mary, it isn't worth worrying over. You enjoyed the songs and prayers, and got home an hour earlier than usual.

Mrs. Whendle. Songs and prayers, even the best of them, never satisfy my spiritual appetite. You know, Mr. Ashby, to me, doing without my Sunday's sermon is fatal to my week's happiness. I am the most spiritual minded person in the world, and I must have my spiritual food.

Ashby. Yes, Mrs. Whendle, that is the way with all of us.

We are all in need of special food — for our weaknesses, you know.

Mrs. Whendle [indignantly]. I hope you don't call religion a weakness.

Ashby [blandly]. Oh no, Mrs. Whendle, I shouldn't say that. It is, in fact, a necessary stage of development.

Mrs. Whendle. Oh!

Richard. Is that all it is, a stage?

Ashby. Yes; a necessary one, however — at least at present.

Mrs. Whendle. Of course, Richard. I see what Mr. Ashby means. He means what I do when I say that only good Christians inherit the kingdom of heaven. Religion in this world is the road to salvation in the next. That's what you mean, isn't it, Mr. Ashby?

Ashby [smiling]. Something like that.

Mila [from the back of the room]. Oh, you do?

Ashby. Yes, Mila, with a different meaning of the terms.

Mrs. Whendle and Richard [astonished]. "Mila!"

Ashby [formally]. Yes, Mrs. Whendle; I have the honor to approach you, and you, Mr. Whendle, with a request for your daughter's hand.

Mila. What nonsense! He means, mother, that I have promised to marry him.

Mrs. Whendle [astonished, seizing Whendle's arm]. That you have —

Whendle. — promised to marry him!

Mila. Yes, of course. Why shouldn't I?

Mrs. Whendle [doubtfully]. But why should you?

Mila [laughing]. Because — Oh, well, because of something he told me.

Richard [seriously]. Then you don't even pretend to love him?

Mila [still laughing]. Now you are thinking of Miss Heiden, aren't you?

Richard [sarcastically]. No; that minute I happened to be thinking of Ashby.

Mila. Oh, of Ashby! [*She turns away and kneels on the sofa. Looks out of the window.*]

Ashby. Of me? But you haven't wished me joy yet, Richard.

Richard. No. I will, though. [*Goes up and takes ASHBY's hand.*] I can at least wish you joy, Frank; and I do.

Mrs. Whendle [*nervously*]. Augustus, I must have a minute's peace in which to think. Come. Such startling news! [*They turn to the door.*]

Ashby [*following them quickly*]. You consent, Mrs. Whendle?

Mrs. Whendle. Yes, oh yes! I shouldn't dare refuse after Mila has consented.

Ashby [*bowing*]. You have made me very happy. [*MR. and MRS. WHENDLE go out.*]

Mila [*gaily, from the window*]. Richard, you can't imagine why Mr. Ashby and I have decided to marry, can you?

Richard. Frankly, I cannot.

Mila [*with a gesture at ASHBY*]. Perhaps he'll explain.

Richard [*stiffly*]. I should prefer to hear it from you.

Mila [*with a shrug*]. Very well, just as you like. It doesn't matter to us, does it, Mr. Ashby?

Ashby. Not in the least.

Mila. Well, we have decided that we belong to each other. We have a great deal in common, you know. We both write.

Richard [*with spirit*]. But you aren't going to marry just for that?

Mila [*turning sharply*]. What should one marry for?

Richard [*looking at her steadily, in a serious voice*]. I don't know, Mila. Perhaps neither one of us do.

Ashby [*laying a hand on RICHARD's shoulder*]. Don't be so pessimistic, old fellow. We may hope that you both do. You know marriages can not be made by a hard and fast rule.

Richard [*generously*]. True, Frank, I haven't the right to judge.

Mila [*hastily joining them*]. Nor have I. Give me your hand, Richard. Here is the best I can wish for us both. Better death than disillusion.

ACT III.

Study in ASHBY'S cottage on the Hudson. The room is small and plain, but has a rather artistic roughness about it, the rafters being unhidden and the walls showing the rough wood. In the centre of the back wall, a door into the hall stands open, showing part of the passage. Another door in the left wall, draped with curtains that are tied back, leads into a bedroom. Along the entire right side of the room is a book-case, above it large windows which stand half-open. A little to the left of the door in the back, is a long table, placed so that its narrow end is against the wall, under a sort of cabinet, with numerous shelves and drawers suitable for filing manuscripts. By the long sides of this table, stiff chairs are placed opposite each other. Another smaller table near the book-shelves. On this, a lamp, a few books, and a bowl of flowers. Near by is a low wooden settle. Other chairs about.

Fourteen months have passed since the last act. It is now late afternoon, and the shadows are lengthening. It gradually becomes dark.

ASHBY and MILA sit by the long table, opposite each other; before each a pile of loose papers. ASHBY wears a light smoking jacket, and looks in excellent health. But MILA seems even thinner than before, and much paler. ASHBY tilts his chair back and studies his manuscript. MILA writes a few words, looks up, frowns, twirls her pen, writes again. A clock in the hall strikes five. ASHBY immediately gathers up his papers, thrusts them into the cabinet and gets up, as he does so, turning over his chair.

Mila [throwing down her pen, getting up]. It won't go! It won't! It won't!

Ashby [rolling a cigarette]. Well, put it away till to-morrow.

Mila. What good would that do? Waiting isn't going to teach me anything.

Ashby [taking a match from the table and lighting his cigarette]. What's the trouble?

Mila. Oh, everything. I've forgot how people talk. The characters stand smirking at each other like mummies.

Ashby [*throwing himself on the settle*]. You ought to write poetry; then you wouldn't have that trouble.

Mila. Don't tell me what I ought to do, *now*. I know all about that. I've been a fool, that's all.

Ashby. Why? What have you done?

Mila [*walking about nervously*]. I tell you I've forgotten how people talk. [*With intensity and bitterness.*] I've lived here in this house until I feel as if the walls were crushing me. And I haven't been satisfied to get down to work by myself, but I must drag you into it. Every idea I've had, I've chased away by prating over it to you.

Ashby [*smiling*]. Then you don't think literary companionship is a success?

Mila [*goes to the book-case, rests her elbows on the edge of the case, and her face in her hands. Stares out of the window*]. Not unless you have more sense to begin with than I had.

Ashby [*goes to the work-table and begins to straighten out her papers*]. You're getting nervous, Mila. You need a rest.

Mila [*impatiently*]. Oh, don't treat me like a baby. Let the papers alone. I've got to finish sometime. [HANNAH *enters, bringing two letters to ASHBY.*]

Hannah. The mail, sir. [*Goes out. ASHBY stands by the table and opens one of the letters. Smiles to himself.*]

Ashby. Well, Mila, literary companionship has been a success for me, at any rate. They've accepted my poems.

Mila [*without interest*]. Have they? [*She sits down on a stool near the small table.*]

Ashby. Yes. [*Opens the other letter, reads, refolds it, puts it back in the envelope.*] Mila, did you hear the clock strike five? [MILA, *humming to herself, does not reply.*]

Ashby [*opening the letter again*]. You did. Well, with the last stroke, our year of seclusion was over. Now we shall allow ourselves a vacation. [MILA, *still humming, looks absorbed.*]

Ashby. With that idea in mind, I wrote a letter a few days ago to which this is the answer. [*Tapping the letter.*]

Mila [*half to herself*]. I believe that would do. [*Goes towards the table.*]

Ashby [*stepping in front of her*]. No, little girl, not any more work to-day. This is the beginning of our holiday. Listen to my news. My mother and father will be here to-morrow.

Mila [*slowly*]. Your mother and father! But —

Ashby. Yes; I kept it a secret until I was sure of it. I didn't want you to be disappointed. This letter says they will reach New York this evening and drive out here to-morrow,—to be here for several weeks.

Mila For several weeks! But I—I want to work, I tell you. I can't do it with them in the house.

Ashby. Oh well, my dear, you can put the work off.

Mila. But my work —

Ashby. I know what you are going to say, my dear, that your work is the most important thing in the world. You always begin your work with a capital "W." What you need to learn is how to relax, how to rest, to free your mind. Men are born knowing that; they don't break themselves down just because they can. That's a woman's trick.

Mila [*turning away from him*]. Emph-hum.

Ashby. Yes, it is. Now, I've not worked more than half as hard as you have, but you see I've had something accepted.

[*MILA looks steadily at him, a dark, hopeless look in her eyes. She is silent.*]

Ashby [*playfully*]. It does look as if you'd be forced to acknowledge that a man's brain is better than a woman's.

Mila [*with a quick laugh*]. Oh, ho! You think so, do you? [*Goes up close to ASHBY and whispers.*] But a woman can beat a man hating any day. It takes a heart for that. [*Turns away hastily.*]

Ashby [*staring at her; scorn and surprise in his voice*]. You're not going to bring that in, are you? You know our agreement was to be comrades; we left love out of the question.

Mila [*her back still to him*]. Yes, I remember. I am not

going to bring that in. [HANNAH enters, carrying a small box that is securely tied up. The paper around it is somewhat worn.]

Hannah [to Mila]. A package for Mrs. Ashby. John brought it with the mail, but left it in the bottom of the cart. He found it just now. [Goes out.]

Mila [examining the package]. From Germany. In Richard's hand-writing. I wonder if — it could be — [Shakes the box close to her ear. Excited.] Oh! Oh! It is; it is! I believe it is! [She turns her back on ASHBY and tears open the box. Laughs silently until her body shakes. Hides something in the folds of her skirt. Over her shoulder.] Frank. Ha! Ha! Ha! Guess. Ha! Ha! Guess what it is.

Ashby [looking at her curiously]. What is it? [She goes over close to him and reveals the point of a dagger. With a quick movement, she uncovers the weapon and brandishes it about ASHBY's face. Laughing hysterically.]

Mila. He's — he's gone to collecting knives again.

Ashby [quietly, after studying her a moment]. Here, Mila, [holds out his hand] give me the dagger. [She hastily puts it behind her, but he continues to hold out his hand and look at her, till she slowly yields the weapon to him. As he takes it, she notices a little fold of paper that has been run through on the blade. She snatches it off and unfolds it. ASHBY goes back to the cabinet and slips the dagger far back on one of the shelves. As he comes up to MILA, she hastily stuffs the note in her bosom.]

Mila [still excitedly]. Oh!

Ashby. A letter from Richard!

Mila. No, ha! ha! Only a word. Oh, by-the-way, Frank, would you mind calling Hannah for me? If we are to have guests to-morrow, I must make arrangements for them.

Ashby. Oh, I wouldn't go to any trouble for mother and father. They are homefolks.

Mila [impatiently]. Not any trouble, you know, but the necessary things. Beds, you know, and such things. Now, please do call Hannah.

[ASHBY goes out through the hall. As soon as he has left the room, MILA takes out the note. But ASHBY is gone only a minute. When she hears him coming back, she hides the note again.]

Ashby. I found her in the hall. [HANNAH has followed him in, and stands waiting respectfully before MILA.]

Mila [looking at her nervously]. Yes? I — Yes? What was it?

Hannah. You wish to give me my orders, madam.

Mila [with a puzzled look]. Yes. Oh, yes. Well, we are to have a great many guests to-morrow, and we must prepare for them. There will be twelve men —

Ashby [from the back of the room, astonished]. What?

Mila [hastily, feeling for the note]. Twelve months, I mean. Yes, twelve months. Ha! Ha! [HANNAH stares at her. With an effort MILA controls herself. Stiffly.] You may go now; I shall give my orders presently. [HANNAH looks at her a minute, then at ASHBY, and goes out.]

Ashby. What were you thinking of, Mila?

Mila [with self-composure again]. A fancy, my dear, a fancy; that was all. [Takes a flower from the bowl and nervously pulls it to pieces.] How long has it been since — since, Ha! Ha! we began to belong to each other?

Ashby. Just a year since we were married. Don't you remember?

Mila [annoyed]. But in months? Tell me how long it has been in months.

Ashby. A year, silly, twelve months.

Mila [smiling to herself]. Yes, twelve months.

Hannah [appearing in the hall-door]. Mr. Ashby, there is a carriage at the door. [Coming to the table and lighting the lamp.] And I'm blessed glad to see it, too. A whole year and not so much as a shadow to break the monotony. [ASHBY goes out.]

Mila. Oh, there are shadows enough, Hannah.

[HANNAH goes out. MILA hastily takes out the note and reads.]

"MILA, I was married two weeks before you were, twelve

months ago to-day. 'Better death than disillusion.' In the next world we shall know that for a true marriage there must be both love and companionship. Goodbye. I send a dagger. I have its duplicate. Perhaps next time, you and I shall be full brother and sister.

RICHARD."

[ASHBY *enters from the hall with* MRS. WHENDLE *leaning heavily on his arm. She is dressed in black, with a long mourning veil over her face. WHENDLE follows looking pale and worn.*]

Mila [*seeing only* ASHBY *and* MRS. WHENDLE. *Screams*]. Oh! Who is she?

Ashby [*gives* MRS. WHENDLE *a chair; goes hastily to* MILA]. Mila, dear, come. It is your mother.

Mila. Then Richard is — [*Screams*].

Mrs. Whendle [*throwing back her veil*]. Yes. [*Sobbing*]. Yes, Mila, Richard has gone from us. [*MILA runs to her mother, kneels, puts her face in* MRS. WHENDLE'S *lap and sobs.*]

Mila [*looking up, after a minute*]. But — he wasn't my brother, was he?

Mrs. Whendle. S-s-sh, Mila.

Mila [*sitting down on the floor, with a smile*]. Did they say what he did it with?

Whendle [*coming up to her*]. You know, then, that it was not a natural death.

Ashby. Not a natural death!

Whendle. No; he was found with a dagger stuck to the hilt in his heart.

Mila [*dreamily*]. A sharp little dagger! [*Crossing her hands over her heart.*] What a beautiful death! That almost makes me think he was my brother.

Whendle [*without noticing her remark*]. Two weeks ago to-day, and never a word to his own parents. Not even a line did her family write, till after the funeral was over.

Mrs. Whendle [*sobbing again*]. Buried so many miles from me, my precious boy! So far from his own mother.

Mila [*stares at her a moment; then, with a sudden change in*

her expression, gets up]. Come ; come, mother. Don't cry like that. Come, now, be good ; let me take you to your room. [*Leads MRS. WHENDLE out through the hall.*]

Ashby. What could have made him kill himself ? Anything wrong with his affairs ?

Whendle. Not that we knew of. But his letters have not come regularly of late.

Ashby. His domestic affairs running smoothly ?

Whendle. We don't know. He never spoke of any trouble.

Ashby. That was about it. He was too much in love with his wife.

Whendle. Too much in love ?

Ashby. Yes. You see how much more successful is Mila's and my union. We, of course, as you will remember, made no pretense to that fiery, unruly love that always makes people miserable. We sanely selected each other as companions who could work along together. Our life, you see, is ideal.

Whendle. Yes ? I'm afraid I don't understand such things very well. I'm old-fashioned, I suppose. *Poor Richard !* He had such a brilliant future before him.

Ashby. Yes, that's just what I'm saying. He should have chosen a wife who could have been a true companion for him, one who could have helped him in his work.

Whendle. That might have been better. We can't say. [*Suddenly, in a different voice.*] Has Mila been well lately ?

Ashby. Oh, yes, perfectly. A little blue about her writing is all.

Whendle. She looks nervous and over-worked.

Ashby. Yes, I have noticed that. She should rest more. A little over-worked, that is all.

Whendle. And you ?

Ashby [*brightly*]. Never was better in my life. I used to be nervous and fanciful before I was married, but now I'm in perfect health. Couldn't be better, in fact. I sleep like a top. And my work, just going fine !

Whendle. Ah?

Ashby. Yes, had a letter to-day from my publisher.

Whendle. Ah! Then you are cheerful.

Ashby. Oh, yes, sir, except for the sad news of Richard's death. That of course —

Whendle. Of course. I understand. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'll find Mary. I don't like to leave her.

Ashby [*with an indulgent smile*]. Oh, certainly. Go right up. You'll probably find her in the front room upstairs.

Whendle [*pausing at the hall door*]. Oh, Frank, I wish you'd try to persuade Mila to rest more than she does. She doesn't look very well. I'm a little uneasy about her.

Ashby. All right, Mr. Whendle. I'll see what I can do. But you don't need to be uneasy. She'll be all right after a few days. [*WHENDLE goes out. ASHBY lights a cigarette, walks about complacently for a few minutes, puffing the smoke in curls, then goes into the bed-room, right. MILA enters stealthily, sits by table and begins to write furiously. Reads to herself.*]

Mila [*very low and intense*]. Oh! Oh! Oh! It will do. It will. At last I've got a start. [*Writes again. ASHBY has overheard her voice, comes to the door, looks at her a moment, and saunters into the room.*]

Ashby. Better put that up, Mila.

Mila [*without looking up, holds up her hand*]. Don't speak to me; I'm busy.

Ashby [*walking about leisurely*]. Yes, I know. But I'm saying you'd better not work any more now. You're nervous, and you need a rest. [*Mila writes without replying.*]

Ashby. Do you hear me, Mila?

Mila [*looking up angrily*]. Don't interrupt me, I —

[*ASHBY looks at her steadily from under his drooping lids. Her voice fails her, her lips move silently.*]

Ashby [*quietly*]. Put it down, Mila.

Mila [*defiantly, keeping her eyes on the table*]. Why should I put it down? [*ASHBY goes over to the table and leans on his*

fingers, opposite her. With peculiar insistence in his voice, but quietly.]

Ashby. Put it down, Mila. [*MILA hesitates, but finally lays down her pen and looks up, resting her chin in her hands. With a harsh laugh.*]

Mila. Ha! Ha! Ha! It takes love and companionship both, doesn't it?

Ashby [*turns away with a shrug*]. Now, Mila, you must listen to me. That you don't know how to take care of yourself is plain. This sudden news of your brother's death has unstrung your nerves and made rest and relaxation, which you needed anyway, imperative. You must not try to write another word, now, for a week or so, till you get rested up.

Mila [*leaving the table, amiably*]. Yes?

Ashby. You see the wisdom of my advice, then, and I can trust you to do as I have asked?

Mila [*looking at him over her shoulder*]. Yes, certainly.

Ashby. Well, I'm glad that's settled. You want to keep yourself in shape now, more than ever. Richard's death, you know — Such things often run in families, you know.

Mila. Do they? I didn't know it.

Ashby. And it's such a senseless thing for a man to do, to stick a knife into himself.

Mila [*with sudden fury*]. It was a dagger in his heart.

Ashby [*brings up a chair and sits down. Smiling*]. The same thing. No woman is worth that, especially when there are a thousand other simpler ways of untying the marriage knot.

Mila. You think Dora was the cause of it?

Ashby. I rather think so.

Mila [*after a pause*]. But you said there were a thousand other ways. What are some of them?

Ashby. One way is to leave her.

Mila. Maybe Richard couldn't do that.

Ashby. Couldn't? Why?

Mila [*frowning*]. Well, maybe he loved her too much,

Ashby. Ha! Ha! That from you! But it shows how simple you are. Do you suppose that if he'd loved her he'd have killed himself?

Mila. He might have. I can imagine such a thing. But tell me another way Richard might have untied the knot.

Ashby [indifferently]. Oh, there are lots of ways. [*With a smile.*] If he'd been so terribly blood-thirsty, he might have killed her instead of himself.

Mila [with horror]. Have killed her! What for?

Ashby. For interfering with his work. You see she was bound to kill his future, his hopes, aspirations, etc., if he'd lived with her, so it wouldn't have been such a terrible crime after all.

Mila [watching him closely]. Nor a sin either?

Ashby. No. A man has no right to let a woman interfere with his work; and if he couldn't get rid of her any other way, he had that alternative left.

Mila. And it wouldn't have been wrong?

Ashby [with a peculiar smile]. Of course not. Haven't I heard you say a thousand times that a man had no right to let any body or thing interfere with his work? I'm merely giving you a specific example of your abstract proposition.

Mila. It sounds awful, though, doesn't it?

Ashby [laughing]. You are like most people, frightened when it comes to putting your doctrines into practice.

Mila [leaning over the back of the settle, looking dreamily before her]. Maybe I shouldn't be frightened. I am not sure. If you could do it the minute you thought of it, it wouldn't be hard, but [*shaking her head*] I don't believe I could deliberately plan such a thing.

Ashby [getting up with a yawn]. Don't try, is my advice.

Mila [dreamily]. Poor old Richard! [*Excitedly.*] She didn't have a right to make him do that, did she? His death ought to be avenged.

Ashby [watching her narrowly]. Well, Mila, don't worry over it now. You are all tired out, anyway. I tell you what [*brightly*]

why not go to bed right off, even if it is early, and get a long sleep. You'd feel better for it.

Mila [*putting her hand to her head, smiling*]. Sleep, sleep, sleep! I believe I will, Frank.

Ashby. Yes, do; go right along.

Mila [*stopping before the bed-room door*]. But dinner? Can you do without me?

Ashby. Oh yes, I can get on well enough. I'll tell Hannah to take something in to Mr. and Mrs. Whendle—they'd rather not be disturbed—and I'll have my dinner by myself.

Mila [*still hesitating*]. You are sure you won't miss me?

Ashby. That's all right. I'll be quiet when I come in, and won't disturb you.

Mila. Very well, Frank. Good night. [*Goes into the bed-room and unties the curtains.*]

Ashby [*calling to her*]. Oh, say, Mila, don't pay any attention to what I said about Richard. Of course you know I was joking.

Mila. Oh, were you? Well, I'll try to remember. Good night.

Ashby. Good night.

ACT IV.

Several hours later. The same room, with no light in it except the moonlight which comes through the open windows. The curtains over the bed-room door are slowly and cautiously lifted, and MILA glides into the room. She is bare-footed, and wears a dressing-robe over her gown. She goes to the small table, feels for a match, and lights a candle. Takes it to the work table, sits down, and begins to write furiously. After a few minutes, she misses something and hunts for it nervously in the heap of papers before her. Reaches to different parts of the table, but cannot find what she wants. Finally, she searches in the cabinet. Pulls out several bundles of papers, and slips her hand far back on one of the shelves. She snatches her hand out quickly. Smiles to herself, and again puts her hand cautiously in the shelf. Brings out the dagger from where ASHBY has hid it.

She leans against the table and plays with the weapon, her expression gradually changing from one of doubt and annoyance to one of triumph. She tips over to the bed-room door and listens. Goes back to the table and waits a few seconds. Then, putting down the dagger, she places a chair in the doorway, so that the curtains are lifted slightly. After carefully arranging this, she puts the candle in the chair, goes back for the dagger, and tip-toes into the bedroom. A moment later, there is a smothered groan, and a noise as of some one struggling. MILA comes back, her face brilliantly triumphant. Takes the candle to the writing table, puts the chair back in its place, and sits down at the table. Her lips move silently. She begins to write; but, after a few minutes, stops, reaches for the dagger, and lays the blade against her cheek. A little bloody line shows on her face. She twirls the dagger a moment, laughs silently, and goes back to her writing.

[The end.] N. H. Musselman.

POETIC INTERPRETATION OF NATURE.

IT is not without significance that there is no well established science of poetics. In the realm of matter men rear stable structures of thought, and even in the seeming unsubstantial domain of mind they build no fairy palaces; but no sooner have they broken ground in that enchanted region where the word, the thought, and the thing adjoin, than they lay aside their workman's jackets, reverently don their minstrel's robes, and would raise the walls with music and singing.

And perhaps here the harp is better than the derrick, or, not to build our figure to a Babel, perhaps only poetry can interpret poetry. Science is analytic. Out of facts it crushes their essence. It cares nothing for the form. But art must seize the thing as a whole and present it glowing with life. In a chemical analysis, the down on a peach plays little part, but to the poet, the painter, and the epicure — an artist, too, in his way — the down is to the peach

what health is to themselves. Science crushes truth between its *either . . . or*, as between an upper and a lower millstone, or beats it out relentlessly with the hammer of a *therefore* on the anvil of the eternal nature of things. But beauty can no more be crushed than sunlight. It flows between the coarse instruments of thought, and, though seeming lost, gleams in the distance tremulous, receding, Protean shaped, from earth, water, and air, and from the multifiform products of man.

If it is true of all forms of beauty that they defy analysis, how much more clearly is this seen to be true in poetry, where the material is neither rigid marble nor passive canvas, nor even complex vibrations of air, measurable in spite of their delicacy, but the *word*, elastic, unstable, capricious. Science also has to do with the word, but it tries to make of its word a fixed form with definite content. Science takes things with their infinite variety, their contradictions, motion, life, and transmutation, and forces them into procrustean categories, lopping and stretching and neatly labeling with words. But in spite of science and the dictionaries, things will writhe and protrude, the category, as thought, will contract and expand, and the word will shift. Here as in the ballad, although the kings "hae sworn John Barleycorn was dead," John Barleycorn gets up again. Nature is dynamic. She knows nothing of statics. Poetry, like nature, will have nothing to do with fixity. In her realm the word is a true logos, the vital process from matter to spirit and from spirit to matter. Make it an object of thought and it dilates and quivers with the life incarnate in the thing and glows with light from the incorporeal thought. Hence it is futile to try to reduce poetry to science. The concrete can not be defined by the abstract nor the whole by a part.

In the light of the foregoing, the account in this paper of the poetic interpretation of nature must be understood as an appreciation, not as an attempt to lay down laws or to fix limits between the true and the false in interpretation. If limits are fixed they will be subjective, or, if objective, they will be wide, and they will be tentative only, made to be broken through like walls of paste-

board. The poet acknowledges no limits outside himself. His art is as wide and as deep as life.

Poetry together with all other literature that would reach the heart rather than the head, may be divided from the object into the literature of *feeling*, toward which the writer's thought is directed, and that of *seeing*. For instance, when Goethe's Marguerite sings —

“ Meine Ruh ist hin,
 Mein Herz ist schwer :
 Ich finde sie nimmer
 Und nimmer mehr,”—

she makes no attempt to enter the heart through the avenues of the senses. She tells the feeling and we feel with her. How different in this —

“ Erle Douglas on his milke-white steed
 Most like a baron bold,
 Rode foremost of that company
 Whose armour shone like gold.”

This, too, takes the citadel, the heart ; but in a different way. It tells what the poet *sees*, and trusts to the fundamental likeness in men to have his account produce the same effect on us as it produced on him.

But the two are never unmixed. So far as we know, heart can reach heart only through the senses, and, on the other hand, the word has its root in feeling and can produce its effect only through feeling. Even in the ‘Spinning Song’ quoted above, the poet must depend on sensuous terms. *Hin*, if we concentrate our minds upon it, we visualize as place, and *schwer* we connect primarily only with matter. Besides, the poet puts the song in a sensuous framework. We know Marguerite, we know her room in all its sanctity ; so the poet prefaces the song with “ *Marguerite's chamber — Marguerite at the spinning-wheel alone.*” He even imitates by the movement of the verse the monotonous hum of the spinning-wheel ; only, however, to strengthen in us sympathy with the loneliness of the girl.

This Poetry of mood and emotion often passes into what is more obviously sensuous to explain itself. For instance :

“ My heart aches and a drowsy numbness pains
 My sense *as though of hemlock I had drunk*
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains.”

It borrows freely from nature, mingling in strange confusion insensate things with those endowed with will and passion :

“ Ah God, that sleep with flower-sweet finger-tips
 Would crush the fruit of death upon my lips ;
 Ah God, that death would crush the grapes of sleep
 And wring their juice upon me as it drips.”

And sometimes the poet to express his emotion adequately is compelled to assign attributes of personality, or even personality itself, to the inanimate, enriching and deepening the emotion by the reflected feeling.

“ There is no change of cheer for many days,
 But change of chimes high up in the air, that sways
Rung by the running fingers of the wind ;
 And singing sorrows heard on hidden ways.”

If we examine the poetry of *seeing* we will find that it too approximates the other class and thus tends to eliminate the distinction we have drawn. For instance the poet will use many words that are neither percepts nor his own elaborations of his percepts.

“ Lord Percy to the quarry went
 To view the *tender* deer.”

It is probable that the word *tender* is an epithet in process of hardening to the conventional word, and that the poet uses it as a linguistic inheritance ; although — and here the pliability of these distinctions appears — it may well be that the poet's visual conception of the deer was so distinct that it included this attribute, which he can name only from physical analogy. In language as elsewhere “ what we inherit from our ancestors we must earn anew if we would possess it.”

Thinly disguised in the character which he himself creates, the poet of the objective speaks his own feelings as directly as the Marguerite of the spinning song. "I shudder in recalling it," says Virgil by mouth of Æneas, as he tells of the horrible death of Laocoön. And in the 'Ballad of Chevy Chace,' although the old singer has told without a quiver of the death of many heroes, nevertheless when he relates with pathetic simplicity of Witherington that

" . . . when his legs were hewn in two
He knelt and fought on his knee,"

he must acknowledge speaking for himself —

" For Witherington my heart is woe,
That ever he slain should be."

Thus the distinction between the poetry of seeing and that of feeling, clear in the simpler lyric and the naive epic, is soon lost. Somewhat more permanent is the distinction implied in this classification, namely that between the poetry of self and of things, of subject and object, although here too the limits are not fixed, each is the complement of the other and necessarily leads to it. The poetry of self begins with the simple expression of personal moods, but the poet draws into the vortex of self wider and wider areas. Nature, men, history and society are brought into the mighty whirl, until all being is in motion. In the vortex of such a poet's soul nothing is stable. There is no view-point. All things are blended in mad gyration. His language is the voice of the tempest, and not of the court and the workshop.

Objective poetry comes as a gentle breeze blowing we know not whence, but mild and refreshing. As in the zephyrs there are suggestions of the foam and the far-off voices of the ocean, or of the uplands, sunlit and roofed with blue, so in these epics and dramas there are hints of the poet, a man mingling with men, but with a greatness as of the sea or the mountains. But near the parting of the winds — although behind them are the same sunlit mountains, or the same mysterious sea — they too grow violent.

What passion and despair, and what titanic endeavor in the dramas of Shakespeare, and, after long and loving study, not of isolated fragments but of the whole of his work, what a vision we have of the poet seeming veiled behind it. 'Othello,' 'Romeo and Juliet,' 'Lear' and 'Hamlet' are not fragments hurled from some extraneous force; they are the poet's own soul revealing itself in the only way a human soul can reveal itself—in its concrete complexity. The saying has gone out that we can not know Shakespeare, and it is so far true as his work is incomplete and as we with our narrow vision fail to encompass him. But in its inference that he is hidden by his work, it is false. The belief is fostered by those learned gentlemen who by exchanging commonplaces with a stranger profess to know him and who thereupon label him with a well turned phrase by which the gaping multitude may see "the very pulse of the machine."

Shakespeare will not allow himself to be contained in a word. For him they find no tag, unless by ingeniously begging the question, they call him the "myriad minded." But by this method of naming one prominent characteristic, they can know no man, for none can be bound by a phrase. The meanest soul has depths deeper than plummet of speech or action ever sounded.

There is another petty sense in which we can not know Shakespeare or any other objective poet. There are those who think that if they knew the height of his ruffles, and his feeling on the question of venison rare or well done, they would know him. It is true that these people would blush to be thought so near the line of common gossip as to know the style of their wives' bonnets or the menu of a club dinner, but that does not alter the matter. From Shakespeare we can not learn with certainty whether he limped, whether he was subject to toothache, and whether his love was black or fair; and to these people he and every other objective poet must always be unknown. But to you and me, who believe that knowing a thing is not a matter of enumerating these incidental circumstances, concerning it, nor even altogether of ability to tell genus and differentia, Shakespeare can be known in

the same way that a noble sincere friend of transcendent genius, with whom we walked and spoke daily, could be known.

Subjective poetry and objective, then, blend in the very qualities that give them their names. Seeing and feeling are complements; neither is pure. The Shaper of objective poetry, however he try to project his handiwork from himself, must, to use a phrase of Tennyson's impute himself into it. Further, wherever we begin in an account of poetic interpretation, the logic of the subject will take us around the circle. The word *seer*, which etymologically describes the poet of seeing, has followed the inexorable trend, and now it applies, not to one who sees the transient forms of things, external and separate, but to the subjective poet, who with the eyes of the spirit, sees the things that are eternal, or to the prophet, who sees the dim shapes of things to be.

It does matter, however where we enter this domain of interpretation. Both doors are open, but within the door of the poetry of self, the sights and sounds are strange and lest we become bewildered, we will enter by the other door. Not only is the way more familiar to us, but here we will find the giants among the sons of song, and those that wear the greenest bays, for it must be confessed that the world is partial to the men who see things without losing themselves in their visions, whether like Dante and Milton they behold the incorporeal things of the spirit and give them form, or, like Homer and Shakespeare they see the tangible things of earth, but bathed in the light of heaven. Ruskin voices the common sense of mankind when he says: "The more I think of it, I find this conclusion more impressed upon me — that the greatest thing a human soul ever does in this world is to see something, and tell what it saw in a plain way."

Our question then is "What is it to see a thing truly?" Of course to see implies more than to note down the form, size, color and texture of a thing, together with a perception of its external relation to surroundings more or less extended. If this were all, then we ought no longer to talk about "The light that never was

on sea or land," artists should trade their brushes for kodaks, and the man who would be a Poet should study the methods of the inventory maker and of the so-called realist.

Seeing includes the interpretation of the percept. To see, if it end with seeing, is nothing. Seeing is part of a process and gets its meaning from the whole. It ends only with complete comprehension of the object in its place as part of an ordered whole. If I see a daisy and jot down the number of petals, their color, size and form, with peculiarities ever so many, have I seen *it*? Have I not seen only its rigid part, the part that contains it, its form? Could not my Jersey cow see all this, or at least enough of it to tell daisies from clover tops? Must I not see along side of this congeries of sensations and blending with it, an ideal of beauty and truth, and even of goodness and use, formed of my vague feeling for these things and far above my definite knowing? I must see the daisy one with this ideal, yet separate, receiving from it its meaning. But in its absolute truth I cannot see the daisy. With Tennyson I must say:—

“ Little flower — but *if* I could understand
What you are root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.”

This view of the significance of seeing is not a poetic fancy. It has good psychological backing. The sensation as such is nothing but a shock. It obtains meaning to us by association with impressions of related things. It obtains full meaning by association with our whole mental life. It can obtain absolute truth only by association with all the facts and laws of the universe. If we could see anything in its absolute truth, we would see the universe as, says Emerson, the Omnipotent sees it, ordered, intelligent, one transparent law pervading all. He was not a vague idealist who said:—

Our hearing is not hearing
And our seeing is not sight.

But to say that perception alone is nothing, does not imply that

there can be true seeing without clear perception. It is as true—although it is not more true — that things are separate as that they are related. The very activity of the associative process may distort the vision. Who does not remember how at one time in his life there floated before him a presence ; how all forms and all faces were dimmed in the light of it ; how he saw men walking as shadows, and all business, all human interests away from its light became monotonous and void of perspective ? How insignificant a part of our seeing was the perception of the external form, but then how untrue was our seeing ! Its value to our lives we grant : it broadened and deepened the current and made us men. But nevertheless the vision was untrue, for, radiant as it was, were there not other radiances ? Was the object of our love really so much different from her neighbors ? The question we are willing to leave to a jury of lovers with no other counsel for defense than the poets — from whom, by the way, I have borrowed this argument. Did not also a spiritual radiance shine into my neighbor's life and did he in my radiance see anything other than an *ignis fatuus* ? We could not both see clearly. Did either of us see more truly than the man to whom daisies are as if they were not unless they grow in *his* meadow ? Radiance and purity and truth there were — all that we saw and more — but were there no beauty and spiritual worth in others ?

In our seeing, say the poets, to whom I have before made acknowledgment, nature fared better, for it took on new meaning to us. Every curve of the streamlet was pictured on our minds and every note of its ripple was clearer than before. But our image of nature, too, was distorted, for sometimes the ripple of the brooklet was *her* laughter and the glint of a sunbeam was the sparkle of *her* eyes.

What do we see in nature ? What should we see in it ? What does the poet see in it ? How does he reveal what he sees in it ? An account of poetic interpretation will be exhausted in an answer to these four questions ; and if a solution to the first also, with little shifting of equations, solves the other questions, we

must not be unduly surprised, for human nature is at bottom healthy, and the poet's art is not far removed from life. It is in our answer to the last question that we must take into account the elusive word.

But that we may clearly understand each other, one further observation is necessary before we proceed. We have stated the *limits* of seeing. We have found that it is nothing without accurate perception, and that it is nothing with only perception ; but we have scarcely hinted of its relativity. We see by what we have seen. Our passions, our interests all our previous experience and thought, tend to color every perception. It is the part of wise men to eliminate interest and individual feeling but as to our thoughts and experiences, they are of the flesh and blood of our perceptions and judgments. It is impossible that I should read — as much into my percept of a locomotive as the engineer does. Ulysses is "part of all that he has seen" and all that he has seen is part of him. The eye can "uncentury itself" in the sense of ridding itself of the accretion of temporary customs and prejudices, but it can not unhumanize itself and what is the mote of centuries to the beam of eons of years.

In view of this dependence of seeing, I purpose to treat as one the questions, "What do we see in nature?" and "What in nature interests us?" — afterwards, as consistently as may be, sifting from our true seeing of nature so much of the interest as we find temporary and individual.

What accounts for our delight in nature? Why do we take pleasure in the rustling of leaves and the lapsing of waves? They do not fulfill the known requirements of beauty so well as the ordinary performance on the piano, nor is anything of nature's workmanship, however inimitable in color, so perfect in form that an artist can not surpass it. This morning I thought I surprised Nature into revealing the secret of her charm upon us. She had hung a few loops of festooning with some sort of vine, over a harsh red bank by the roadside. "What forethought," I said, "to cover the bare places with such neat hangings of green." But it

was only an experiment, for here is the bank again, red and bare. She makes pretense of trying again, but only to tantalize. "But see!" I say, "surely she is in earnest at last for she is lining the bank with turf. There is softness and symmetry in this device, and good sense withal, for like a sensible workman she builds from below. It bids fair to be permanent." I have no sooner praised her than like a whimsical woman she takes away bank and all and tries some other caprice, whether downward slope, level greensward, or abutment of rock, does not now matter, for her game was too evident here. I have the secret of her charm. She is a coquette, and woos us by the witchery of her smiles. She promises music, sings a few strains, then breaks into laughter. She promises the severest type of unity in variety, — perhaps a design for your wall-paper or oil-cloth. She draws a few strokes, and while you are looking for the completion of your design, spoils it with meaningless lines, and, smiling, begins another. She is elusive. She gives us only enough rhythm to start our finger-tips to keeping time. Like a good teacher, she stimulates without satiating, appeals to our self-hood, hints, and lets us complete.

So I thought this morning, but to-night I saw the stars above the western mountains, and I had to confess that I had not mastered all the secret of her interest for us. And I have no doubt that if I go to the woods to-morrow, she will tell me, in her way, that I have not found even the secret of her charm of form and color. But although she disguise it under complexity, I shall mistrust her words, for I know one of her moods now. I know too that it is in this mood that she loves the classic poet. She attunes his ears to these snatches of harmony and his eyes she frees from the glamour of custom, that he may see her graces of form and color in their Ionic simplicity, distinct, so far as may be, from what civilization has added to them.

How much of this elusiveness in the attraction of nature for us is due to the intertwining of sense-impressions with associations of utility, as in the admiration of Ulysses for the "orderly, square beds of herbs," or the farmer's admiration for his billowy wheat-

fields, or more closely perhaps, associations with significant events in our lives? Even what seems most direct sense-pleasure is often in large part association. How much of the pleasure of forest scents and sounds is due to the upheaval of the strata of willed events and the uncovering of the still plastic emotions of childhood? Do I love the columbine only for its delicacy of form and its fragrance? Does there not enter into my appreciation of it a picture, or a remembered feeling perhaps, of clamberings over rocks and of exultant discovery? Then the sensuous impression of the flower was as nothing to the glory of activity in pursuit.

I wonder too whether not a little of the association is historical — not in the sense in which we sometimes manage to conjure up an interest in a forest from the fact that under its pines, the noble red man may have stalked his victim, or in a hill because on its summit is a hoof-print left by the horse of Mohammed, although I do not deny that these emotions may be legitimate. I would not speak lightly of the feeling that will crowd upon one who in his youth was set dreaming of the heroes and the great deeds of old Scotland, and to whom the memory of these was blended by the glamour of ballad and song with visions of her hills and misty valleys; I would not gainsay the sincerity of his emotions when in manhood he stands on the cleft peak of Eildon hill and sees the sunset gild the windings of the Tweed, or when under the tower of fair Melrose, he sees the moonlight fall through the east oriel upon the broken slab that marks the wizard's grave, while into the broken light and the deep shadows, and all the mystery seem to pulse the buried heart of the Bruce, I do not gainsay the sincerity of the pilgrim-feeling. When a man for whom the comings and goings, and all the external facts concerning the Man of Sorrows, by daily reflection through a long life, are woven into the tissue of his thinking, is permitted to walk the same paths the Saviour walked, to gaze from the same mountain sides, to stand by the same waters, I suppose there is little on earth to which to liken his emotions. Nevertheless these feelings are primarily concerned with events and men, not with nature, and the transference to

nature is too often made in deference to what we think we ought to do. Even Byron's spirited descriptions of historic places sometimes suggest emotions made to order ; and yet Byron compared to the typical tourist is candor itself. I know of nothing better calculated to make a thinking man lose faith in the reality of progress than to see whole bunches of tourists, Baedeker in hand, rush from place to place, trying in each to put on the emotions proper to the event of which the scene is the setting, making votive offerings of contorted faces, as it were, to appease the historical spirits haunting the place.

While in the foregoing meaning, historical association may be a factor in our love for nature, there is, as I have hinted, another sense, more vital although incomputable, in which association enters into our appreciation of nature. *Hereditary*, I should call the association instead of *historical*, for it has descended by inheritance — from the pioneers who chopped their cabins in the wilderness, from the mediæval hunting knights and robbers, or even from those remote arboreal ancestors of whom, not the scientist, but his opponent, makes so much — at any rate from ancestors to whom the forests were a very real part of life. Perhaps the feeling, if it could be isolated, would not be unrelated to a man's affection for the home of his childhood.

I wonder whether this power of association does not influence the city man too, whether the busy and manifold *Erdgeist* does not speak from the angular blocks of brick as truly as from the streams and forests, only in a little different language. The tall factory chimney too "dreams on all night without a stir . . . charmed by the earnest stars" and who knows that what we now call the unsightly fire-escape, by the time it is twined with remembered joys and sorrows as with ivies, will not also be beautiful? Still there is in beauty something apart from use, something abiding, that does not wait for smiles and tears to make it beautiful. This quality nature has and the utilitarian devices of men do not have ; but, just as this beauty in nature keeps us aloof from her, saying " Nature is

not for you, not to be seized, nor even to be gazed on too boldly," so these varied associations bring her close to us, leading us to speak familiarly of her and to fancy a companionship. But if nature has no further claims than those of association, the companionship can never be more than a play of fancy or even a matter of words — and we know it very well. We dignify her with attributes of life, and admit her to companionship on the same terms as the true hunter his gun, the fisherman his boat, and the farmer boy worthy of his calling his plow.

Nor do mere formal beauty, and association in the sense in which I have used the word, account for all of the elusive charm of nature. Go into a quiet forest. As the clanking of civilization dies on the ear, and its straight lines and angles, its stupefying recurrences and its glare fade from the retina, you say of the silence, "This is not life but death." Wait a moment. The forest is not dead but sleeping, and the serene swaying of the tree-tops is its dreamful breathing. And when your nerves are somewhat relaxed from their tension, when the stillness has soothed you out of your feverish strain of eye and ear, the forest gradually awakens. A light quiver from top to trunk, a weaving and radiating of sunbeams, a broader swing in sunlight and shadow, of the lithe hangings below — the forest is fully awake and its work has begun. Out of the heard silence there grows a whisper, a rustling, an occasional chattering and hammering, pleasing noises of business, but a business without haste and without fret. Sound everywhere, with an undertone of silence, and motion woven into mystical rest by the blended glow and gloom.

"Mere analogy," you say. "Fancy cheats our dreamer by giving motion for life." She does deceive him. This is the glamour by which in the childhood of the race she peopled the green forests with fauns and dryads, with gods pursuing and maidens hid. And in spite of our gray wisdom we are still pagans at heart. Pan is not dead. We look into the dripping cavern half expecting to find a nymph, and we are sure that as we entered we heard the last silvery echo of her laughter. What we call

reason rises against this trickery, and we hide our deep intuition in mysticism or disguise it as force and cause; but Nature is Proteus shaped. Stamp her and crush her as we will, she rises more elusive than ever, with the attraction of mystery added, until as her form fades and the accents of her voice are lost in the elements, she obtains a spiritual voice and form, and lures us resistlessly toward the unattainable.

Nor was this blending of form with spirit ever absent from the feeling of men. The Greek, says Ruskin, divested nature of mystery. He placed a very definite, unspiritualized dryad in the tree, leaving the tree a very real tree; but I wonder whether, after all has been said, the Greek differed essentially from us in this respect. The crude details of nature he could very accurately describe, but there was always a point beyond which his description was not accurate. The most subtle swaying in the farthest copsewood was the movement of the horns of a satyr, and the most nearly undistinguishable sound was the tread of his hoof. Form and spirit were blended as well as separated by the Greek by virtue of his being a man, for man is he that thinks, and thinking implies a recognition of both unity and separation of things.

Let us return to our forest. Its varied motion betrayed us into accrediting to it life and will. If we look beyond this little anteroom to the larger Nature we will find a thousand other analogies to self-conscious life. She is cyclic, and her rhythmic movements, from the ebb and flow of tides and the nightly rise and set of stars, to her yearly renewal of life, gazing into the eye of the sun — all give her the semblance of feeling and will.

In these coarse analogies we have not yet given a full account of our love for nature. She is still before us veiled and beckoning. We feel, deny it as we will, that the oak is our brother. Is it because the same combinations of elements that enter the oak and become leaf and twig, may form the glowing cheek and the brain cell, then, returning to its primal simplicity, be restored again to twig and leaf? Does man too enter into the circle of nature and does he feel this long-distant kinship? Is it because of the

pulse of life that throbs through all the mighty frame of Being until

“ Every clod feels the stir of its might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers
And groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers.”

Finally, is all this analogy? Perhaps so. It is not a great matter. Faith in immortality does not wait for scientific analysis. Here we have a faith more pervasive, blended with our earliest thinking, and coloring through it all our after thought. It is less obtrusive than our faith in an after-life, and it yields more easily to the abstract reason because the interests involved are less momentous. Nevertheless it enters into our appreciation of all beauty in nature and it makes us lovers of poetry.

Of the truth or falsity of this intuition I have thus far said nothing. I maintain only its universality in the dim region of the subconscious. The poet by the truth of his insight, flashes a light upon these formless feelings, and they stand out in consciousness in palpitating life. We say, “This I felt but I could not call it to being.”

But if we approach more closely to the mystery of nature and try to lift the veil, even the poets are dumb or chant in wild rhapsody. Can we be certain of this unity, or is this which seems to be the beating of the heart of nature only the throbbing of our own? And are *we* only these little bodies buttoned under our jackets?

To the oneness of all things, science bears witness. All her findings point to it. Every discovery binds together facts that were before in primordial homogeneity, gives them sinew, nerve, co-ordination — in a word, organizes them; or, more often, it takes groups of facts and binds them into higher unities of organic symmetry. In fact there should be no feud between the poet and the scientist. The poet completes the work of the scientist and gives it meaning, but both have set themselves the same task, the discovery of the meaning of human life and its destiny. The poet is

in advance of the scientist. He soars where the other must laboriously plod, but the scientist too is toiling toward the height from which, if he could reach it, he would see the universe one transparent law. He should not envy the poet his wings which at any rate are weak and do not bear him to the summit.

See how the poets approach the mystery of unity. Goethe sees —

“How each the Whole its substance gives !
Each in the other works and lives, . . .
Filling the All with ringing harmony,”

while the clear-sighted Emerson says —

“Myriads of forms
Live, robed with beauty, painted by the sun ;
Their dust, *pervaded by the nerves of God*,
Throbs with an overmastering energy.”

But have either of these poets come closer to the mystery than the venerable English scientist, Lord Kelvin, who said, not more than a year ago, words to this effect : “I believe that as to every physical motion in the cells of the brain there corresponds a mental product, so, to the manifold life and movements of nature there corresponds thought and will and feeling.” But even this is only a new aspect of an acknowledged fact. Its value lies in its emphasis upon the *closeness* of the union. It implies that mind and the physical manifestations in the nerves and brain cells are two sides of one process, related no less intimately than the sides of a sheet of paper and pervaded by law. In Nature we see the physical side, *movement*, and in *matter* we know the *law* and we necessarily think through law to *mind*. Nature then is the outside, the husk — or rather, the pulsing body — of spirit, and the hand of God is nearer to the swaying of the pine-tree than cold analysis will allow.

This immediacy of spirit the Hebrew prophet saw more clearly than we do. To him the law, which to us seems so solid, is a film. Or, rather, he sees so clearly the quivering spirit behind phenomena

that the law and the form are dissipated like mist. The earth trembles, the mountains are melted like wax, and the hills skip like roes ; nothing is solid to these enraptured prophets. Nevertheless they did not see truly, for form and law, too, are real. But I doubt not — for so great seems the destiny of the race — that to us the Poet will come who, sweeping the impertinences, time and space with their distinctions of small and great, beautiful and sublime, will make us see clearly, not nature's form like the Greek, not the law like the modern, not even like the Hebrew, her quivering spirit apart from the sternness of law and the clearness of form. Spirit, form, and law, as three in one, he will see ; and he will show how all things from the clod to man, in long continuous ascent, are struggling toward light and freedom. And if then we are startled to see that all this is only the all-embracing human soul, we will humbly reverence the infinite wealth that makes us joint owners of an estate so goodly.

We have gone far from our little woods again — and rightly so, for we cannot shut nature up in a ten-acre wood-lot. But let us once more return and see what further lessons it can teach us. Say what we will of the life of nature, it is not our life and it steals into our lives as repose. The intrusive fact of difference appears, not only the likeness. If nature and we are kin, we have grown far apart since we began to diverge in the dim days of the *myxomycetes* and *mycetozoa*. While we have been learning the doctrine of work she has learned the not less valuable doctrine of rest. For all our nervous activity and our gawking about by rail-road and bicycle, this oak with his roots firm in the ground seems to have an equivalent. He has repose for our unrest, content for our dissatisfaction, and we would gladly exchange. No college training will give us his poise, his power to stand unmoved, "four-square to all the winds" that blow. Generations of culture will not give it to us. While our ancestors were feverishly *doing*, his quietly rooted themselves in the primal repose of *being*. Ours made trial of their freedom and developed their personality ; his practised obedience and rested on necessity.

But after our feverish attempts and failures, we can go to this restful nature. Her calm mood soothes us like the hand of a loved one. Our tense nerves relax. Our eyes no longer strained, we see clearly the significant things of life. The past lies in broad perspective behind us ; the curtains of the future become as thin gauze through which we see dimly the shadowy forms of things to be. This is why the hermit spends his life in the forest, and why we, like Antaeus of the myth, feel new strength when our feet touch our mother the Earth. Goethe went often to the forest and whether the stars shone or the tempests beat, in his rocky caverns he was at peace. There, before him as before another Adam, Nature led the "ranks of the living," and there she lit up as in a cathedral aisle, "the silver forms of the ancestral world." And a greater than Goethe went to the wilderness to wrestle once for all with the meaning of life, and after a struggle of forty days he won from this same Nature the last secret of her majestic calm. . . . "And if God so clothe the grass of the field which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

But nature does not always calm us. Either we do not stay with her long enough or we are weaklings and lose her lesson when we get into the busy world again. We are inconstant ; the stars admonish us, and we are somewhat less fickle next day. We are growing kin to the fat weed rooted in Lethe wharf ; Nature beckons us from the serene blue above the dreamy mountains or from the changeless horizon of the sea. We say, "Let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die," and she points us to the rifted sunset clouds that stand like outer battlements of heaven when her inner gates are opened and the music-pinioned glories stream out. We stand before this beauty as before another Creation. Our lives are purified, refined, exalted.

But our passion for grasping and holding is strong. The splendor fades ; we cannot keep it. It has promised us wings, but we must still depend on our legs. We cannot follow the sunset and we must stand in the gathering darkness. We have seen

something better than our narrow routine, but we must go back to our shops and wash-tubs. We do not know that we can glorify the wash-tub; therefore we look on it as a very vulgar hindrance.

A higher reason there is for our dissatisfaction than this selfish desire to have and to keep. In what is merely pretty, our minds are occupied with details,—with the finite; in the sublime, variety is lost in unity, the part in the whole, the finite in the infinite; but in the beautiful, these are in perfect balance. From this balance and interplay comes the elusiveness of beauty. Instead of approximating ideals, seeming fixed as do phenomena in the utilitarian realm, and our own actions in the moral world, the beautiful creates a new ideal with each perception. Here the ideal and the real are one. This may be an abstruse way of saying two things: first, beauty is a concrete no more made up of a sum of its parts than water is made by a mixture of two parts of hydrogen to one of oxygen. Both need the vitalizing touch of something not found in an analysis of them; and second, while it is under the domination of the beautiful, the mind cannot use analytic reason.

From the inseparability of the real and the ideal in beauty it comes about that when our thoughts are directed to ourselves, we feel, because we have found here not substance but motion, a sense of transitoriness, of instability, of "fallings from us." But there comes too the feeling of far-away rest. The ideal is a fleeing ideal, but we feel that it must be approximating an unknown changeless reality. Nevertheless the result is dissatisfaction with the actual and longing for the unattainable. It was this spirit in the awakening Germanic mind, the result of the reaction of church ideals in ebullient peoples whose conceptions of life had been epic and of this world, that entered so largely into mediæval life flowing down into modern literature and art. It accounts for our love for shadowy outlines, for sunsets, far-away horizons, and all the devices of light and shade that point to the infinite.

This dissatisfaction is a confession of incompleteness. We have not fulfilled our destiny. We are timid and would turn back,

Our selfhood and the infinite riches of civilization we count as dross to the stability of the oak-tree, its acquiescence to law. We would sell our birthright for Nature's mess of pottage. Or we see this unity in the innocence of childhood or in its counterpart, the poise and definiteness of the Greek, or even in the Hindoo's infantile unlearning that "I am I."

Of the classic ideal we shall speak hereafter, but the notion that the child is the true prophet and the best seer is so often met that we must touch upon it here. So far does this feeling go that we ask of the child for an interpretation of nature. "How did we as children see it?" we say; "How do our children see it?" It may seem treason to poetic traditions to tread ruthlessly on a beautiful fancy; but truth, also, is beautiful. The child does not see so clearly as we do. A percept means much or little to us according as we have much or little in the mind to which to relate it. I flatter myself that I see the sunset more truly than my child of three years, who wishes to take home a cupful for her baby brother. It means more to me than to her because there is in my mind more that is universal and basic—because I color it less with what is individual and transient. Of laws and of unity the child has no conception. Of spiritual significance it sees nothing.

Of enjoyment, I do not speak. The child sees and is glad because of the newness, and because, on account of its buoyancy, a very little stimulus will delight it. Nor do I deny the formative value of these early impressions of nature. I have already recognized this in saying that the child's attribution of life to the inanimate, although it sinks below consciousness, permeates all its after thinking. I wonder whether all of us do not have some few scenes—a tree perhaps, a bend in the road, or some dark recess by the roadside—that recur to us with perennial freshness. These memories come to us with a radiance more bright, a calm more holy than any experience of life unless it be the light that accompanies and the peace that follows the awakening of the spirit. We stand breathless before the revelation and see again

things in their eternal youth and glory. And yet we must say of these impressions that their validity is subjective only.

How does it come about that these memories have such hold on us? In explanation let us hypothesize: It is spring. Days are epochs to child and nature. The boy has been indoors for several days. Now let the child with strengthened faculties, come upon a scene of the fuller beauty. Since seeing is a matter of discrimination—of putting the new over against the old—what wonder, when the change is so great within and without, that the scene is carried far into his soul, blending with all the experiences of his little life, intense because there is so little experience over which the impressions may be distributed, and, for the same reason, less true to the thing as it is, than our interpretation. But, because the child has so little with which to co-ordinate his sensation, the form of the thing seen stands out more distinctly than in the man's seeing. To the child things are separate. He is a Greek. But the little *ego* has not so clearly distinguished the *self* from the *not-self* as he will later when he becomes a banker or a grocery-man. He has felt the strange union of thing and self, and made a beginning in subjective poetry.

Remembering these beautiful visions, we think that we have gone astray. We would cast away our sin-flecked garment of years and toddle back to childhood. But we have not gone astray at all. Dissatisfied we are, and dissatisfaction is not happiness. But on the other hand innocence is not virtue. Pure and limpid as is childhood, the rich red wine of a noble womanhood is better. Go *back* to nature? Our nature is before us. Dante must go through the wall of flame, for Beatrice is beyond, and "no one farther goes if first the fire bite not." The joys of home are holy joys. The light that shines from the eyes of wife and child is the nearest thing we have on earth to the light of heaven. It is more beautiful than a sunset. And yet what is this light to the man who knows nothing of darkness, disappointment, bitterness, and strife?

The dialectic law is inexorable. Progress must be from unity through difference to a unity comprehending in it all that has pre-

ceded. The Buddhist is wrong in desiring abnegation of self. The Greek was wrong in developing individuality at the expense of universality. We moderns are weak in desiring to return to either the Hindoo or the Greek ideals. Harmony of an individualized self with the World-order, not absorption in it, is the true ideal. The discords must be blended with the concords in the full diapason of life.

This is the only reply to the saying of the far-seeing Goethe : "I call the classical healthy and the romantic sickly." Sick we are, but we would not destroy our bodies to get well. Dissatisfaction is the bitter cure for the sickness. Let it destroy the diseased tissue, leaving the vital functions free to build new.

Interpreted thus broadly, in the light of progress, it is evident that if life and art are interwoven, modern art with its sentimentalism and its feeling for the infinite, is of a higher class than the naive art which goes by the name *classical*. But men need not tremble for the Circle of the Select. I have no desire to rearrange the Parnassian seats ; therefore I hasten to limit the dictum by another : *art requires perfection*. The artist, if he would succeed, must not hitch his wagon to a star that will not draw his wagon. We determine the position of a work of art by a double standard, asking for the rank of the class to which it belongs ; and its rank in its class. 'The Course of Time' aims no lower than Milton and Dante. Its class is infinitely higher than that to which 'The Rape of the Lock' belongs. Nevertheless, as a work of art 'The Rape of the Lock' holds a higher place in literature than 'The Course of Time,' and as a poet, Pope than Pollok. But, on the other hand, 'Paradise Lost,' while it can not claim to be so perfect in its class as is Pope's "most exquisite specimen of filigree work ever invented," among mock heroics, transcends the latter as far as Pope's work transcends Pollok's.

This double standard of judgment is carried into ordinary life. The multitude admire, deny it as they will, wickedness cleverly done, more than actions with the best of motives clumsily executed. Thus it comes about that De Quincey can write of 'Murder as a

Fine Art.' Nor is this attitude, if rightly understood, to the discredit of human nature. Admiration comes of mixed motives. Originally it meant *to regard with wonder*, and, reflecting the attitude of the ancients, by whom, in accordance with their classical intuitions, the beautiful was separated from the good, it carried with it no moral approbation. Now it has come to require to be tinged with the element of approval. "We have matter enough to admire but would gladly have something to praise," says the classical Cicero, speaking of Cæsar. "True admiration is the highest praise," responds Bacon the modern. The fact is, *admiration* is an art word. It still, as with the ancients, implies an æsthetic judgment; but the æsthetic judgment has itself become interwoven with the moral in accordance with the unitizing tendency of mind. We still ask that, to win our admiration, a thing be approximately perfect in form. When, in the two actions mentioned above, the motives are under consideration we admire the motive of the clumsy action more than the other, because it is higher among motives, more beautiful, than the other. Further, if we appeal to the moral tribunal the not uncertain answer will be, "I detest the wicked man all the more because, refinement every inch from brow to boot-ends," he gilds his wickedness with a show of beauty.

Art is striving against the trend of the human mind when it tries to keep the beautiful separate from the good. Even the critic, the guardian of the temple of beauty, although he is careful to impress us with the fact that he is not a moral censor, says how often, "A good book of its kind, but why the kind?"

It would be interesting to pursue this seeming digression into something of coherence, but we have said enough I hope, to show that a moral element enters into art, but does not usurp it, that it should color judgments upon art but not discolor them, and here then is the relative position of the ancient and the modern. The modern with a higher ideal, does not come so near it as the classic. His ideal is the Infinite. His scope includes things as they are, in all their complexity. Recognizing the complexity of things and their interweaving, he is a romantic, feeling the dignity of man-

hood, the godlike power of mind, its flow into what is without, and its reflux into self, he is subjective; impressed with the beauty of things as they are,—with a faith that there is in things as they are, design, beauty, mind,—he is non-selective, a realist in the better sense. Often, however, his romanticism swings into quaintness, his subjectiveness to mysticism or sentimentalism, and his realism into materialistic filth, but always there are the tendencies named, that result from his changed view of life and from his growth.

It is no great matter whether a man work in romantic moulds or in classic, if only his material be worth pouring into any mould and he prepare it well for the casting. At any rate, volumes of argument on the relative value of the various kinds of poetry would not change the taste of a single reader—if indeed there were any reader for them. The man who is intolerant of obscurity will love the classical, while the man who likes to see in things their common bond will say of the classical what Coleridge said of Landor, the purest Greek of the last hundred years: “He seems wholly deficient in that modifying faculty, which compresses several units into one whole.” And, as before, the “vast majority” will say nothing about either and will read neither.

Even the names have their essential distinctions so covered by the secondary meanings gathered around them that it is unsafe to use them without previous definition. The word *classical*, by companionship with *objective*, has come to connote objectivity, although that an objective treatment need not be classical is shown by Shakespeare, at once the least classical and most objective of great poets. It was because of this indefinite connotation at the beginning of this essay, I hesitated to introduce the terms generally used in classifying literature, naming them instead, according as they deal with things seen or things felt, the poetry of seeing and the poetry of feeling, a classification which soon brought us to the time-worn distinctions. But whenever I have used the words *objective* and *subjective*, I have had in mind the attitude of the poet toward the external—toward his material and toward his reader,—while in using the words *classical* and *romantic*, I had in mind his

view of things in their relation to each other. The subjective poet identifies self with the external world, the objective poet holds himself aloof from his work. The subjective poet is impelled to expression. He is intent on that only. The objective poet has in mind the purpose of his work. He is intent on impressing. Both classes will see in nature all that our analysis brought out, but the objective poet, while dramatically he uses all, will give in the first person the form untinged with association, and uninfluenced by what we call "repose" in nature. In the unity beyond association, the objective passes into the subjective.

To which, the classical or the modern, is the world most indebted? The question can not be answered, nor is that which we think the vital qualities of either wanting from the other. There is beauty of form in the romantic as well as in the classical, in the wilderness as well as in the Ionic column; and the classical can not stop at formal beauty. Says Browning :

" If you get simple beauty and naught else,
You get about the best thing God invents ;
That's somewhat ; and you find the soul you've missed
Within yourself, when you return Him thanks."

As to the objective poet and the subjective, the question of precedence is equally useless, "nor is there any reason," says Browning in his essay on Shelley, "why these two modes of poetic faculty may not issue hereafter from the same poet in successive perfect works." He himself made the attempt to combine both phases, and that fact, although it seems to have been overlooked by his early critics, is a key to much that is characteristic of him. We want both kinds of poetry — and all kinds that are pure. The skylark, although he may "float and run like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun," of necessity, comes down from the clouds to his nest in the meadow and to his little ones. And we, when we are dizzied with the soaring of Shelley, are glad to touch the warm earth in the ballads and the old Germanic epics.

A text-book on astronomy, which, I believe, is still much used,

in the chapter devoted to the planets, enumerates among the distinguishing features of the earth, the fact that it affords a convenient point of observation for the astronomer. That is the truth of it. We must take our observations from the earth. We sing, "I'm but a stranger here," with a good deal of mental reservation, for, however it be on the Sabbath, on week days we feel quite at home on the earth. Thus too, we want the old clayey virtues in goodly proportion in our poetry. Then, occasionally, on a holiday of the soul, we let the subjective poet take us up in his chariot of fire. But these times, however short, are the times that make our lives. A moment of heaven is worth an age of earth.

Even the striving ones whose work, though of the truest metal, is marred in the making by their trembling hands, must not be excluded from the high community of the poets. I quote again from Browning, who seems to have thought much about the distinctions which we are considering. It is "The Faultless Painter" who speaks, although it might well be the objective poet, to his poor brother, the seer of visions of which he can tell but incoherently to the world.

"There burns a truer light of God in them,
In their vexed beating stuffed and stopped-up brain,
Heart, or whate'er else, than goes on to prompt
This low-pulsed forthright craftsman's hand of mine.
There works drop groundward, but themselves, I know,
Reach many a time a heaven that's shut to me,
Enter and take their place there sure enough,
Though they come back and cannot tell the world."

C. A. Binkley.

EARLY COLONIAL POETS.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN could not have had a very exalted idea of poets and poetry when he penned his own verses on 'Paper,' and were we to accept his opinion as authoritative and final we might not feel disposed to spend much time in the study of American literature. The practical printer and scientist could see but little value in poets. He relegated them all to the waste-paper basket.

"What are our poets, take them as they fall,
Good, bad, rich, poor, much-read, not read at all;
Them and their works in the same class you'll find:
They are the mere waste-paper of mankind."

In all national poetry there is doubtless much that is mere "waste paper," but however crude poetical productions may chance to be in any stage of a nation's history, they are, nevertheless, the living witnesses of a people's moral, religious, political, and literary status.

The early colonial poetry of America is quite generally distinguished by that weakness of style that would naturally characterize the poetical effusions of men and women inured to the physical toil and mental anxiety, occasioned by the rugged life of pioneer settlers in a new world. It reflects on the other hand the genius and mental capacity of the English colonists and their immediate descendants. It is living evidence, moreover, of considerable literary culture.

Our early colonial poetry was not written from the standpoint of the more recent poets. It had for its main object the depicting of the practical needs and every-day wants of an intensely practical people; the expression, in poetic garb, of the powerful religious and ethical stimulus that lay at the very foundation of the New England colonies. The natural result was that early American poetry was far from being imaginative.

Nearly all of our colonial poetry appeared as a direct outcome of the founding of the Plymouth colony, and it grew up and flourished mainly in New England. The southern colonies along the Atlantic sea-board did not begin to enter the literary arena much before the second half of the eighteenth century, whereas the New Englanders commenced their literary career within three years after the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, and the wave of American poetry beginning there did not cease to accumulate in power and beauty until American poets vied with their English contemporaries in polite literature.

The study of early American poetry is too much neglected. The poetry of the nineteenth century cannot be rightly understood and enjoyed without a general idea of that early literature from which it sprung, and from which it may be regarded as a natural development, for, when we reflect that down to the year 1829 there had been four hundred and fifty-three American poets, we can readily comprehend that, in the midst of much that is rude there must be a body of polite literature which betrays the mental and literary conditions of the period.

The first *native* American poet was Benjamin Thompson, called in the early New England annals the "learned school-master and physician," who was born in Quincy in the year 1640, and who produced his first poem, 'New England's Crisis' about the year 1675. But between him and the Pilgrim Fathers there were a number of versifiers, all of *English* birth, among whom clergymen predominated. First among these was the cultivated and scholarly Rev. Wm. Morrell, who wrote, in Latin hexameter verse, a general description of New England. Both the original Latin and the English translation may be found in the literary collection of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Thus at the very outset we meet with a poet whose latinity and versification are alike scholarly and serve to place him well forward in the arena of letters.

In 1639 an 'Almanak' and the 'Freeman's Oath' appeared, and in 1640 the first production which can bear the name of poetry was printed under the supervision of John Eliot. Thomas Welde,

and Richard Mather. This was the 'Bay Psalm-book,' the versification of which is in that uncouth style which may have suited the tastes of many of our forefathers. A brief extract from the eighty-seventh psalm affords us some idea of the mental labor required of the pious in "ye olden time" in reading religious poetry and the psalms of David :

"The rivers on of Babilon,
There when wee did sit down,
Yea even then wee mournèd when
Wee rememberèd Zion.

"Our harp wee did hang it amid,
Upon the willow tree,
Because there they that us away
Led in captivitee
Required of us a song"

Ann Bradstreet, wife of Governor Bradstreet, and daughter of Thomas Dudley, was a poet of no mean pretensions. Cultivated by contact with a polished circle in England, where she was born in 1612, she was able to furnish her generation with poetry which, while it must suffer the criticism due to all of our earliest American poetry, is still worthy of especial attention. Her inspiration among the poets was the Frenchman Du Bartas, whose popularity in New England was so great as to bring his fantastic and absurdly brilliant poem, 'Creation,' to its thirtieth edition. In the funeral eulogy pronounced over Mrs. Bradstreet by the Rev. John Norton, of Ipswich, occurs the following couplet in which the lady's name is the object of an amusing pun :

"Her breast was a brave pallace, *a broad street*,
Where all heroic, ample thought did meet."

For in colonial times it was thought to be one of the highest gifts of the poet, or indeed of any other person, to be able to play upon personal names, and a funeral service without such a sally was hardly acceptable to our staid ancestors. Ann Bradstreet was undoubtedly a brilliant woman, and her poetry was acceptable to the New England pioneer settlers to such a degree as to gain

for her the title of "mirror of her age, the glory of her sex." Among her writings are the 'Four Seasons of the Year,' 'Four Humours in Man's Constitution,' and 'Four Ages of Man': curious poetry in which fire and air, earth and water; choler and blood, melancholy and phlegm; childhood and youth, middle age and old age, each personified come forward consecutively in order to set forth their individual advantages. A poem on 'Contemplation' affords us a better insight than any other into Mrs. Bradstreet's poetic genius, and of this a brief quotation will suffice:

"O Time, the fatal wreck of mortal things,
That draws oblivion's curtains over kings.
Their sumptuous monuments, men know them not,
Their names without a record are forgot,
Their parts, their ports, their pomps all laid in dust,
Nor wit, nor gold, nor buildings 'scape time's dust:
But he whose name is graved in the white stone
Shall last and shine when all of these are gone."

The poem from which this is taken is one of very many stanzas whose object was, to show that man alone, of all created things, is *eternal*.

Mrs. Bradstreet's father, Governor Dudley, also wrote poetry, while Gov. Bradford (died 1657) composed in verse a 'Descriptive and Historical Account of New England.' He was a linguist but possessed very little poetic genius. Following came John Cotton, a Boston clergyman, who wrote commemorative lines in Greek letters on the leaves of his almanack; Ezekiel Rogers, of Rowley, who penned a brilliant epitaph to the memory of Hooker, the excellency of which deserved as great a reward, in Cotton Mather's opinion, as that which Virgil received for his verses on Marcellus in the 'Aeneid'; Peter Bulkley, minister at Concord, who wrote poetry in Latin in his seventy-sixth year; and Elijah Corlet, who also wrote Latin verse.

The mortality of prominent men and women in colonial days was wont to draw out poetry, and when John Cotton died in 1652, Benjamin Woodbridge composed a eulogy in verse. Woodbridge was the first graduate of Harvard College. We know but little

about his writings. Nathaniel Ward, the cobbler, Edward Johnson, author of 'Wonder-working Providence,' Jonathan Mitchel, minister of the church at Cambridge, John Wilson, the famous "anagrammatist," Thomas Shepherd (died 1677), of Charlestown, and Roger Williams, who wrote poems during his banishment from Plymouth colony — all these claim the crown of myrtle as poets honored in their own generation.

President Oakes, of Harvard college, was a poet of no mean pretensions. His elegy on the death of Thomas Shepherd is, perhaps, the best known of his poems. However lacking in taste our forefathers may have been in things literary, the writings of Oakes — chaste and somewhat classic — certainly captivated them, for they called him the "Lactantius of New England." A few lines taken from his elegy on Shepherd will give some notion of his diction : —

"His look commanded reverence and awe,
Though mild and amiable, not austere :
Well-humoured was he as I ever saw,
And ruled by love and wisdom more than fear.
The muses and the graces too conspired
To set forth this rare peace to be admired."

In our own day such poetry would not be penned by a poet of recognized genius, but in the early colonial times it was more the theme than the style that captivated the general reader. It is not until a much later epoch that much rhetorical adornment among American writers may be noticed, although one exception may be made in the case of John Rogers, president of Harvard. If any early poet adorned his productions with an attempt at elegant style it was he, witness these stanzas taken from his poem in honor of Mrs. Bradstreet : —

"Madam, twice through the Muses' grove I walked
Under your blissful bowers, I shrouding there,
It seemed with Nymphs of Helicon I talked,
For there those sweet-lipped sisters sporting were.
Apollo with his sacred lute sate by,
On high they made their heavenly sonnets flye —"

Peter Folger, the school-teacher of Nantucket, wrote a 'Looking-glass for the Times,' published in 1675. Folger's daughter was Benjamin Franklin's mother, and in Franklin's *Life*, written by himself, there appears a description of this poem. The poem has been lost as a complete literary production, and posterity must be content with a stray extract which appeared in an old literary publication and was copied in 'Kettel's Specimens of American Poetry' (Boston, 1829). Folger wrote the spontaneous sentiments of his heart, speaking of liberty of conscience in religious matters :—

The rulers in the country I
Do own them in the Lord !
And such as are for government
With them I do accord.
But that which I intend hereby
Is that they would keep bound,
And meddle not with God's worship
For which they have no ground.
And I am not alone herein,
The're many hundreds more
That have for many years ago,
Spoke much upon that score."

Perhaps Franklin was thinking of his grandfather's poetry when he wrote the scathing lines that consigned both poets and their product to the scrap-basket as the "waste-paper of mankind"! It would appear that nearly everybody in colonial days deemed versification to be the best means of presenting his religious, moral or political ideas to the public. Folger is a type of countless others of like calibre.

Among versifiers, those who were dignified with the common title of poet, and admired by their contemporaries were the Danforths, father and son, of Roxbury and Dorchester respectively, Nicholas Noyes, minister at Salem, Timothy Woodbridge, brother of the above-mentioned Benjamin, Samuel Sewall, chief justice of the Massachusetts supreme court : William Wetherell, of Scituate, Joseph Rowlandson, of Lancaster, Nathaniel Pitcher, and an Indian youth named Eleazer, who was a Harvard graduate and wrote

Greek and Latin verses. John Secomb, too, must be noticed, the wit of his generation, who composed the ballad 'Father Abdy's Will,' a popular but inferior poem which pleased many, among others Governor Belcher, who sent it to England, where it was first published in the *Gentlemen's Magazine* in 1732.

Benjamin Thompson, before mentioned as the first *native* American poet, author of 'New England's Crisis,' was correct in style and strong in his choice of a theme. 'New England's Crisis' is a poem called out by the excitement incident to King Philip's war, when only union and watchfulness on the part of the colonists could preserve to them the shores of New England. Those were the most exciting events that ever occurred in colonial history, even the women having been employed in building fortifications across Boston neck as an additional barrier against the painted and feathered warriors of the last great Indian leader. In 'New England's Crisis' he introduces his main topic by a vigorous onslaught upon the luxurious tendencies of his generation, from which we learn that the sober New Englander was beginning to rise out of the more primitive way of living to enjoy the fruits of prosperity and toil: —

"Deep-kirted doublets, puritanick capes,
Which now would render men like upright apes,
Was comlier wear, our wiser fathers thought,
Than the cast fashions from all Europe brought.
'Twas in those days an honest grace would hold
Till an hot pudding grew at heart a cold.
And men had better stomachs at religion
Than I to capon, turkey-cock or pigeon.

"New England's hour of passion is at hand,
No power except divine can it withstand.
Scarce had her glass of fifty years run out
But her old prosperous steeds turned about,
Tracking themselves back to their poor beginnings
To fear and fare upon their fruits of sinnings.
This is the prologue to thy future woe:
The epilogue no mortal yet can know".

Such is the spirit of the prologue to this remarkable poem: and this, together with the parts dealing with the battles of King Philip's war, Malbury's fate, the 'Town called Providence,' 'Lines on a Fortification at Boston,' 'Address of the Indian Chief to His Warriors,' all together make a literary treasure such as might hardly be expected so soon as the middle of the second half of the seventeenth century on American soil.

After Thompson there appeared on the literary horizon Cotton Mather, born in the year 1662, Roger Wolcott, who was born in 1679, Connecticut's first poet of any pretensions; Michael Wigglesworth; Benjamin Colman; and Jane Turell, the last a poet of pronounced literary powers and grace of diction, who was born in Boston at the close of the early colonial period, in the year 1708.

Cotton Mather was noted more for his zeal in the cause of American liberties and the preaching of the Puritanic gospel than he was for his poetic gifts. His poetry is nearly all of a religious tone, such as his lines on the death of his son and daughter, in memory of the Rev. John Wilson, and others of a similar strain. He lacked imagination to the last degree. His mind, ever fixed upon dogmas and Puritanic ethics, not to speak of the many political turmoils into which he was drawn, was not prone to acquire that poetic spirit so necessary in writers who would be loved and read.

Roger Wolcott of Connecticut, though quite as deficient as Cotton Mather in imagination excelled him in descriptive power. His poems appeared in the year 1725, the longest one being a 'Brief Account of the Agency of the Hon. John Winthrop in the Court of King Charles II., Anno Dom. 1662, etc.' It is composed of fifteen hundred lines and opens with a description of Winthrop at the English court:

"Rise up, quoth Charles, my liberal hand supplies
All needful help to every one that cries;
Nor shall I be illiberal to you:
But, prithee, Winthrop, please to let me know
By whom it was your place did first commence,
Your patriarchs that led your tribes from hence?"

theology than in the poetry of the old divines and other colonial writers. Benjamin Colman, a Boston preacher, was born in that city in 1767 and studied with Cotton Mather at Ezekiel Cheever's well-patronized school. He became successively pastor of the Brattle street church and president of Harvard. His most acceptable poem is 'Elijah's Translation,' suggested by the death of the Rev. Samuel Willard.

It may seem strange, but in the most homely poetry of the colonial epoch, the classic influence is most pronounced, as the opening lines of 'Elijah's Translation' bear witness,

"I sing the man, by heaven's peculiar grace,
The prince of prophets of the chosen race," etc.

Colman's mind must have drunk meekly at the well of Virgil's 'Aeneid' to have begun thus about a humble parson in a New England village! His taste is superior to others of his generation in some respects, and in his rhythm he happily is lacking in that poetic rudeness which mars nearly all the early colonial poetry.

Jane Turell, the Rev. John Adams and John Maylem may be said to close the line of early New England poets. Jane Turell lived only twenty-seven years, but she left some remarkable literary work. She, too, drank from the fountains of classic lore:

"O let me burn with Sappho's fire,
But not like her for faithless man expire.
And let me rival great Orinda's fame,
Or like sweet Philomena's be my name.
Go lead the way, my Muse, nor must you stop
Till we have gained Parnassus' shady top;
I'll then devote thee to fair Virtue's fame,
And so be worthy of a poet's name."

Thus does the poet appeal for inspiration to the Muse; and not in vain, for among all the early colonial versifiers she was the most musical and accomplished. Her Boston admirers treasured her poem on an 'Invitation to the Country,' in imitation of Horace:

"From the soft shades, and from the balmy sweets
 Of Medford's flowery vales, and green retreats,
 Your absent Delia to her father sends
 And prays to see him ere the summer ends.
 Now while the earth's with beauteous verdure dyed
 And Flora paints the meads in all her pride;
 While laden trees Pomona's bounty own,
 And Ceres' treasures do the fields adorn,
 From the thick smokes and noisy town, O come,
 And in these plains awhile forget your home."

Adams was a well-educated man, and wrote poetry of a religious nature, like many of his predecessors. He also translated from the classic poets, especially from Horace in the poem beginning: "Mæcenas, whose ennobled veins The blood of ancient monarchs stains."

Adams wrote but little. He can only be regarded as having been one of the many minor poets and versifiers who lived during the early colonial period; in fact, he was merely one of many polished gentlemen who wrote poetry for personal amusement.

John Maylem, a graduate of Harvard in the class of 1715, composed two poems of some worth, one on the 'Conquest of Louisburg' — the other on 'Gallic Perfidy,' both dealing with the French and Indian wars. He too called upon classic sources for poetic inspiration, and in his style Pope's influence can be discerned especially in his 'Conquest of Louisburg':

"Not to Ionian spring, Parnassus mount,
 Famed Helicon, nor Aganippe's fount,
 For fancied fire I aim the wonted flight,
 Nor yet explore Olympus' craggy height:
 But to the empyreal throne, for solid rhyme,
 Address the Universal Cause sublime"

For strength and descriptive power the 'Conquest of Louisburg' stands preëminent among colonial poems. In it the many heroes of that fierce struggle are painted with skill, and through them one gets some insight into the prevailing social, moral and political conditions of the New England colonies.

The American poets who appeared after Maylem must be classed as the later colonial writers. They were even less original than the earlier ones, although more polished.

A. Kingsley Glover.



SHAKESPEARE'S FIDELITY TO HISTORY.

HAKESPEARE'S fidelity to History is part of a wider field and more insoluble problem, the relation of the arts of expression to the concrete and remembered facts of individual experience. The precise subjective difference between the portrayal of these facts of nature in a work of art — using the term in its broadest significance — and the ordinary observation of the same facts by the individual is that the work of art awakes emotions and creates an inner experience which transcends the experience of the individual. "Instinctively" we are perpetually saying of our critical experience of some work of art which moves us, that is by an instinct apart from our own personal knowledge of life in our own lives, we recognize in the play, the painting and the statue, the universal and generalized truth of life as it stands and is understood not for one but for all. Our touchstone of a creative mind is, that its product, in whatever field it may work, accomplishes this. Our own confession and acceptance of a work of art is perpetually phrased in utterance which records not an addition to knowledge, but an awakening of the experience of reason and of the memories of the soul. For all and each of us, we come back from the well our fathers digged, sought for the daily need of daily toil and by which genius has given us of the waters of life to say, to friend and to neighbor, "Come see a man which told me all things whichever I did."

All art but deals with the open and visible world of sense. Yet our terminology perpetually speaks of its "revelations," of our "instinctive" apprehension of its teaching, of its portrayal being "more

true than nature itself." These familiar commonplaces of admiring utterance all reflect a common conviction that a work of art has taken us out of ourselves. Its effect and influence differ, we realize, not in kind, but in degree, from the influence and spirit of that which is not art. There is not one of us but has felt this swoon of reviving consciousness, face to face with the experience fresh struck by some work of art.

" A sunset's touch,
A fancy from a flower-bell, someone's death
A chorus ending from Euripides —
And that's enough for fifty hopes and fears
As old and new at once as nature's self."

These are none from the experience we know, and yet strike us as more true than all we know.

But this experience to which we confidently appeal, of how much of it are we ignorant, and how little of it do we owe to these lives so short and of which at best we know so little, whose birth-dark lies as far beyond our memory as its death-dark is beyond our human knowledge. Consciousness, we have all come to know, however little we have touched the new psychology, is but a mere island emerging from a sea of transmitted and unconscious experience. We inherit more than we are. We are because we inherit. The silent life of the race from which our babbling stretch of speech and art for a brief moment emerges, is the reality on which the moving shadows of our show of life for a moment play,

" — in a box whose Candle is the Sun
Round which we phantom figures come and go."

For ourselves, for our individual knowledge, experience, and emotion, these are but the brief concrete parts of a short and troubled life; but the precise reason why what we call genius in its use of the arts of expression uncovers more than any of the realities of daily life, is because it touches, awakens, recalls and reveals the subliminal consciousness unknown to us but for its message which we share with all humanity. How this power is

exerted we cannot tell. How this stimulus is applied which awakens that Ancient of days who sits within the inner temple of our being at the shrine of the race, occult, withheld, untrod, we cannot explain. But we all know that there are lines of verse, there are moments of the intenser life of the stage, there are paintings and bars of music which thrill and touch after a fashion inexplicable by their open meaning. These, it is our frequent phrase of them, partake of the universal consciousness. We are unaware that this description explains more than it describes, that we have unknowingly narrated the precise work and office of genius in all art. We look upon the quivering light of a Corot, and it stirs us not because we have seen such light through the gray willows by the river, or because Corot has so painted tree and river and light, for we are fain to see that no one of these three is the concrete fact as we have seen it, but all are so given that the memory and experience, the stored and hoarded sense and vision of past generations is touched, unlocked, revealed and awakened, and we are stirred because the artist has so presented his facts that he has quickened neural relations and reflexes, awakened, recorded, and transmitted by eyes long since closed, and lives whose brief shuttle long since wove its work in the woof of human existence. It is not what we see or what we have seen in our life that moves us in this picture but for a brief instant, the sunsets of primitive man, the light that first fell when the first basket-maker sought the pliant willow growing in the vale and in ordered row by the stream, the slow toil of unrewarded centuries and the beauty that returneth with the latter rain and better harvest of the race — these are all blended in that subliminal consciousness, "Like a snowfall on the river, A moment white, then melts forever," in that flowing tide of existence of which we are a part, from which we come and to which we return, and which itself comes from life's central source. This is what Goethe meant when he said to Eckermann, "there are no landscapes in nature such as Claude painted." This is what we mean when we speak of the greater works of genius as the "heritage of humanity" when we recognize that in that diviner

inspiration given, "That burns in Shakespeare's or in Milton's page, The pomp and prodigality of Heaven," there lives the true life of our race, its title-deeds to an immortal existence, "composed for dignity and high exploit," because in these pages our lives, that burn for a day, share lasting radiance of the race.

When Shakespeare turned to history, therefore, he sought it, as other artists must, to make the same use of its events and characters which the artist makes of his scene. It was his task, not to record, but so to use his material that it awoke the consciousness which lies deeper than our acquaintance with facts and our knowledge of dates. The precise facts of history bear the same relation to the real life of our race that the events and incidents of our daily lives bear to the verities of the simplest humblest lives. -

"There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins ;
Such harmony is in immortal souls ;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

This muddy vesture of history, Shakespeare removes, and removing sets before us the vision which touches the universal sense.

The open proof of this, his own unconscious consciousness that it was his task not to be faithful to history, but to himself and his mission is presented in his diverse use of his material. From three general sources he drew his historical plays; the Lives of Plutarch, early chronicles, and sundry familiar histories. The Lives in North's translation were themselves works of art. They were written by a man of an unique literary gift, who enjoyed access to great stores of original information lost to us. Plutarch composes his paired lives with an incomparable sense of proportion, a successful concision and a dramatic instinct for the significant, the effective and the interpretative incident. New in their field they survive for the reason already indicated because

they touch on the universal experience of men, and furnish general standards of comparison. Where Shakespeare has this historical material already cast in an art form, he retains whole speeches, sometimes transposing a long passage into blank verse. He brings on the stage, as in 'Antony and Cleopatra,' and in 'Julius Caesar,' characters scarcely needed in the action, and not at all demanded by his own plot, because they already appear in Plutarch, and round out an historical effect and picture. Having an art product for raw material, he instinctively follows its lines in his own production, retains its phraseology, its characters and its incidents, aware of their value for his own purposes as an artist. In his hands Antony, and Cleopatra, Coriolanus, and Julius Caesar cross the line which separates the histories of individuals in Plutarch's Lives from historical types, but so near is his great original to this line that little change is needed in raw material already in a shape where for every reader in seventeen centuries it stirs the subconsciousness of the universal character of the greater figures in human history. Where the historical record has not taken an art form, where it is mere annals, the record of fact or the links of legend, untouched by the capacity to set the incident in its relations to the deeper current,—there Shakespeare unhesitatingly makes the changes needed to touch the subliminal consciousness of his reader. For 'Cymbeline' he interweaves Hollingshed and Boccaccio; for 'Macbeth,' he dovetails two different parts of the Chronicle; to the Chronicle a fragment of Sidney's 'Arcadia,' and a name from Spenser are added for 'Lear.' We know the "Chronicle" to be a fable. In Shakespeare's time it was as much history as Plutarch, and its varying treatment enforces the lesson that Shakespeare's fidelity to history, as he knew it, turned altogether on the form in which he found the history, whether it had already been shaped in a form which stirs all men alike or was still in mere annals. Precisely the same differing treatment appears in the English cycle. These plays are divisible into the four written on the House of York, the three of Henry VI. and Richard III.; the four on the House of

Lancaster, Richard II., two of Henry IV. and Henry V.; King John of early English history and Henry Eighth of its last days, as Shakespeare knew it. As Shakespeare gained in his power to do his own proper work and office in using history as the scene and field to awake consciousness wider than that of any one race and period he wandered wider afield from the recorded fact. The first part of 'Henry VI.' closely follows the chronicles, the next two parts under Marlowe's influence show a wider detachment; but even in 'Richard III.' the thread of fact is held and no new characters are added. As he passes from the last of these plays in 1593, to 'Richard II.' in 1594, and 'King John,' 1595, there is a steady increase in the addition in the last of entirely new characters.

Three years later, his hand is free, comedy is added to history and the chronicle in 'Henry IV.' by the introduction bodily of Falstaff and the note of supreme and ideal heroism is struck in 'Henry V.' What 'Henry VIII.' would have been if he had completed it, instead of leaving so large a share to Fletcher, it is impossible to say, but near time and court reasons hampered the poet's hand, and may easily account for the unfinished state in which 'Henry VIII.' seems to have been turned over to his old players. Excluding this play, so much of whose internal history is problematical, Shakespeare's fidelity to history is in inverse proportion to his development. As fast as he grew able to use the annals of history to touch men with imaginings higher than history, he left its letter for the spirit which giveth it life. To Shakespeare, therefore, history was as much mere material to be molded at will as a tale of Boccaccio or the verse of Chaucer, where he found the suggestions of 'Troilus and Cressida.' Where his material was already history in art shape smelted in the ingots of Plutarch, he hammered it into shape with small change, the earlier chronicle he altered and pieced out at will, the series and course of English history, he changed in increasing freedom with increasing power. Exactly as landscape is never painted as the artist finds it, as the figure of the model is but the basis of the sculptor's work, so history for Shakespeare is the clay he fashions to some form which is

valueless as history, just as the individual and conscious experience is narrow and barren, but which does the higher work of awakening in the individual the historical consciousness of humanity.

Talcott Williams.



SANTAYANA ON ROBERT BROWNING: A PESSIMIST CRITICISM.

T is an interesting method of gaining a clear idea of the difference between two opposing attitudes of thought to view the exponent of one through the eyes of his opponent. An opportunity to institute such a comparison of pessimism and optimism is given us in a criticism of Robert Browning, that prince of optimists, by Professor George Santayana in his recent volume of essays entitled 'Poetry and Religion.'

That Professor Santayana is a pessimist is plain to every reader of his book. The fundamental difference between his attitude and that of Browning is that to Browning the universe is "my universe that feels and knows";* to Professor Santayana it is an "alien universe,"† in the face of which "a few thinkers, devout and rational by temperament, will know how to maintain their dignity of spirit," while "they ask no favor [of it] save the revelation of its laws."‡ It is "in the first place to be clearly recognized" "that the existence and well-being of man upon earth are, from the point of view of the universe, an indifferent incident."§ "Man is a product of laws which must also destroy him and which, as Spinoza would say, infinitely exceed him in their scope and power. His welfare is indifferent to the stars, but dependent on them."|| "That man is a dupe who does not begin by settling his accounts with Despair. There is no safety in lies;

* Epilogue to 'Dramatis Personæ.' † *Ibid.*, pp. 63-64. ‡ 'Poetry and Religion,' p. 245. § *Ibid.*, p. 248. || *Ibid.*, p. 91.

there is no safety even in 'postulates.' Let the worst of the truth appear, and when it has once seen the light, let it not be immediately wrapped up again in the swaddling clothes of an equivocal rhetoric. In such a disingenuous course there is both temerity and cowardice; temerity in throwing away the opportunity, always afforded by the recognition of fact, of cultivating the real faculties of human nature; cowardice in not being willing to face with patience and dignity the situation in which fate appears to have put us." *

Human action cannot affect an alien universe, and the "real faculty of human nature" left us to "cultivate" is, in Professor Santayana's opinion, reason. By the aid of understanding and imagination we may create an ideal world, "something permanent, something conceived by the intellect," more worthy of the title of reality than the natural world. † "The moulds of thought are imposed upon Nature, and the conviction of a definite truth arises together with the vision of a supreme perfection." ‡ In building this cosmos, we obtain a religion which "offers another world, almost as vast and solid as the real one, in which the soul may develop. In entering it we do not enter a sphere of arbitrary dreams, but a sphere of law where learning, experience, and happiness may be gained. There is more method, more reason, in such madness than in the sanity of most people." §

The fulfilment of life lies "in intelligence and thought. Growth is for the sake of the fruition of life, and the fruition of life consists in the pursuit and attainment of objects. The moral virtues belong to the pursuit, the intellectual to the attainment. Knowledge is the end of all endeavor, the justification and fulfilment of all growth. Intelligence is the clarification of love." ||

But even Professor Santayana realizes that "this rational conception establishes a dualism between the actual and the ideal against which the human mind easily rebels." ** A man cannot live solely in the contemplation of ideals; he *must* act. So a

* *Ibid.*, p. 248. † *Ibid.*, p. 243. ‡ *Ibid.*, p. 215. § *Ibid.*, p. 88. || *Ibid.*, p. 71. ** *Ibid.*, p. 72.

reconciliation is necessary between "the practical optimism natural to an active being, and the speculative pessimism inevitable to an intelligent one." * The best Professor Santayana can do for us in this regard is to offer us the method of reconciliation of Jean Lahor which he calls

"an admirable variation of that revolution of thought which is associated with the name of Kant. He [Jean Lahor] proposes to us as the work of human intelligence what is commonly believed to be the work of God. The universe, apart from us, is a chaos, but it may be made a cosmos by our efforts and in our own minds. The laws of events, apart from us, are inhuman and irrational, but in the sphere of human activity they may be dominated by reason. We are a part of the blind energy behind Nature, but by virtue of that energy we impose our purposes on the part of Nature which we constitute or control. We can turn from the stupefying contemplation of an alien universe to the building of our own house, knowing that, alien as it is, that universe has chanced to blow its energy also into our will and to allow itself to be partially dominated by our intelligence. Our mere existence and the modicum of success we have attained in society, science and art are the living proofs of this human power. The exercise of this power is the task appointed for us by the indomitable promptings of our own spirit, a task in which we need not labour without hope. For as the various plants and animals have found foothold and room to grow, maintaining for long periods the life congenial to them, so the human race may be able to achieve something like its perfection and its ideal, maintaining for an indefinite time all that it values, not by virtue of an alleged intentional protection of Providence, but by its own watchful art and exceptional good fortune. The ideal is itself a function of the reality and cannot therefore be altogether out of harmony with the conditions of its own birth and persistence. Civilization is precarious, but it may not be short-lived. Its inception is already a proof that there exists an equilibrium of forces which is favorable to its existence, and there is no reason to suppose this equilibrium to be less stable than that which keeps the planets revolving in their orbits. There is no impossibility, therefore, in the hope that the human will may have time to understand itself, and having understood itself, to realize the objects of its rational desire." †

* *Ibid.*, p. 246. † *Ibid.*, pp. 245-246.

No reader of Browning needs to be told that his attitude toward the universe is the direct opposite of the one we have been considering. As we have said, for him it is "my universe that feels and knows." There is a "correspondency of the universe to Deity, of the natural to the spiritual, and of the actual to the ideal." * God is not for him "an ideal, a pattern to which the world might or might not conform," † whose existence it is unnecessary to prove since "existence is something quite irrelevant to an ideal." ‡ No, he is

"the one force in the whole variation
Of visible nature — at work — do I doubt? —
From Thy first to our last, in perpetual creation" — §

possessed not only of power but of wisdom and love. He finds the proof of this in that subjectification of the universe which Professor Santayana says does not improve it. || The existence of power, wisdom, and love in man in varying degrees proves to Professor Santayana only the existence of an equilibrium of forces temporarily favorable to civilization. To Browning it is evidence that the universe is not alien but of the same nature as himself. That it is not always "amenable" and "docile" ** does not prove that no action of ours can affect it, but that it is affected only by those actions which are in conformity with our true, our ideal selves, and therefore in conformity with its nature.

Professor Santayana believes rationalization to be the whole duty of man because he believes that man exists only by the exercise of "watchful art" in defiance of an alien universe. It therefore behooves him to live in contemplation of his ideal world, which can never become actual; to act as little as possible and with due deliberation, making himself as sure as he can that his action is rational. Browning, believing the universe to be of the same nature and constitution as ourselves, believes that it is possible and therefore morally obligatory to actualize our ideals. It is not

* Essay on Shelley. † 'Poetry and Religion,' p. 66. ‡ Ibid., p. 72.
§ 'Fust and his Friends.' || 'Poetry and Religion,' p. 248. ** Ibid., p. 249.

then, as Professor Santayana claims, action for its own sake that Browning considers the chief duty of man, but action which is an attempt to embody an ideal. Thus Browning emphasizes the value of ideals as strongly as Professor Santayana does. But while Professor Santayana sees so clearly the limitations of action that for him the important consideration is that ideals be definite, consistent and rational, Browning sees so clearly the limitations of knowledge that the vaguest ideal, the blindest aspiration which "urges the human soul to love and achievement" * has worth in his eyes. He has such faith in the sympathy of the universe with human endeavor, in the "intentional protection of Providence" † that he believes men dare leap in the dark, dare follow impulse and love in "feeling after the universal order." The main thing is that they show their will to act, to try to realize their ideals.

Neither Browning nor Professor Santayana has any absolute criterion by which to judge the comparative moral and intellectual worth of varying ideals. Professor Santayana is satisfied if ideals are clear cut, logical, and consistent. Speaking of "theories about the highest good," he says, "There is nothing authoritative in those constructions of the intellect, nothing coercive except in so far as our own experience and reflection force us to accept them." ‡ "What is required for theoretic wholeness is not this or that system but some system. Its value is not the value of truth but that of victorious imagination." §

For Browning, on the other hand, the criterion of an ideal is the inspiration it gives to effort. Effort for any end, bad or good, is better than "the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin." || "He even finds a glimmer of hope for the criminal on the ground that he has been working out the truth of his nature." **

Professor Santayana lays stress on thought because that is all that is left us in an alien universe which cannot be affected by any

* 'Browning Study Programmes' by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke: 'General Introduction.' † 'Poetry and Religion,' p. 246.

‡ 'Ibid.,' p. 142. § 'Ibid.,' p. 164. || 'The Statue and the Bust.'

** 'Browning Study Programmes': 'Browning's Philosophy,' p. 604.

act of ours. Browning lays stress on action because in a universe of the same nature as ourselves, our action is of avail, and we can reach our goal of development, if we strive, "which means in man as good as reach the goal." *

We are not surprised that Professor Santayana, holding such views, calls Browning the "poet of barbarism." We may imagine from Browning's view of life that he would not only not deny the title, but glory in it. To Professor Santayana this precarious human existence in defiance of an alien universe is our only life. To him, therefore, finish and perfection are the important considerations. Our materials are all before us. Let us make the most finished product we can from them,

"create ideal characters, not possessed, perhaps, of every virtue accidentally needed in this world, but possessed of what is ideally better, of internal greatness and perfection. . . . Feeling is to be treated as raw material, for thought, and the destiny of emotion is to pass into objects which shall contain all its value while losing all its formlessness. This transformation of sense and emotion into objects agreeable to the intellect, into clear ideas and beautiful things, is the natural work of reason; when it has been accomplished very imperfectly, or not at all, we have a barbarous mind, a mind full of chaotic sensations, objectless passions, and undigested ideas. Such a mind Browning's was, to a degree remarkable in one with so rich a heritage of civilization." †

To Browning this life is "no goal but starting-point of man," ‡ who is entering on a long course of development under the guidance of a friendly universe. Perfection then is the last thing to be desired in this life, since it proves we have no capabilities for anything beyond. If we can express ourselves perfectly in this life, it is because we have little to express. Browning shows us what he thinks of Professor Santayana's "characters possessed of internal greatness and perfection" in 'Andrea del Sarto.' He possesses so much technical skill that he has earned the title of "The Faultless Painter," excelling in this respect Michelangelo and Rafael, but

* 'The Ring and the Book'; 'The Pope.' † 'Poetry and Religion,' pp. 192 and 198. ‡ 'The Ring and the Book'; 'The Pope.'

“ There burns a truer light of God in them,
In their vexed beating stuffed and stopped-up brain,
Heart, or whate’er else, than goes on to prompt
This low-pulsed forthright craftsman’s hand of mine.
Their works drop groundward, but themselves, I know,
Reach many a time a heaven that’s shut to me,
Enter and take their place there sure enough
Though they come back and cannot tell the world.”

“ Ah, but a man’s reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what’s a heaven for? All is silver-gray
Placid and perfect with my art ; the worse ! ”

“ Chaotic sensations, objectless passions, and undigested ideas ” may be the signs of greater wealth than the “ rich heritage ” of so young a “ civilization ” as our own. The world is still in the stage of barbarism. Nothing worthy of the name of civilization has yet been attained. But Browning believes that we strive “ Through the ambiguous Present to the goal of some all-reconciling Future.”* From this faith springs his “ contempt for rationality ” and “ carelessness about perfection,” “ in which barbarism always betrays itself.” †

We must take exception, however, to the other items of Professor Santayana’s catalogue of the elements of his barbarism. We have already seen that “ lust of life ” and “ admiration for mere force ” are not really characteristic of him. It is “ life ” for a purpose and “ force ” as accomplishing that purpose. It is untrue that “ Browning has no idea of an intelligible good which the phases of life might approach and with reference to which they might constitute a progress.” ‡ He would agree with Professor Santayana’s definition, “ A development means the unfolding of a definite nature, the gradual manifestation of a known idea.” § For Browning the nature to be unfolded, the idea to be manifested is the nature of the universe, our true nature, into harmony with

* ‘ Parleyings ’ ; ‘ With Gerard de Lairese.’ † ‘ Poetry and Religion,’ p. 206. ‡ *Ibid.*, p. 204. § *Ibid.*, p. 204.

which we must bring ourselves. The limitations of human knowledge do not permit this nature to be very "definite" or this idea clearly "known" to us. But they are "definite" and "known" to a universe who is in sympathy with our efforts to reach this goal, even though "wayward impulse" * is at times our only guide in "feeling after the universal order."

But because Browning does not think it necessary—or even right—to take "care to leave a finished life and a perfect character behind us," because he believes that "there is no account; we have an infinite credit," that "there is another life, a series of other lives," † he has no "dogged unwillingness to learn from experience," ‡ does not with "barbaric wilfulness" rebel against the "essential teachableness" of the soul. § The present life is not for him "a fair average of the whole series of 'adventures brave and new' which fall to each man's share." || In the very next line of this poem Rabbi ben Ezra says that as a result of what he has learned in this life he will be

"Fearless and unperplexed,
When I wage battle next,
What weapons to select, what armour to endue."

Browning believes that the feebleness and enforced quiet of old age are given us that we may gather up the lessons of our experience in this life in order to apply them in the life to come.

"So at the last shall come old age,
Decrepit as befits that stage;
How else wouldst thou retire apart
With the hoarded memories of thy heart,
And gather all to the very least
Of the fragments of life's earlier feast,
Let fall through eagerness to find
The crowning dainties yet behind?
Ponder on the entire past
Laid together thus at last,

* *Ibid.*, p. 207. † *Ibid.*, p. 202. ‡ *Ibid.*, p. 206. § *Ibid.*, p. 212.
|| *Ibid.*, p. 205.

When the twilight helps to fuse
The first fresh with the faded hues,
And the outline of the whole,
As round eve's shades their framework roll,
Grandly fronts for once thy soul."

(*'The Flight of the Duchess.'*)

Youth ended I shall try
My gain or loss thereby ;
Leave the fire ashes, what survives is gold ;
And I shall weigh the same,
Give life its praise or blame ;
Young, all lay in dispute, I shall know, being old.

As it was better youth
Should strive, through acts uncouth,
Toward making, than repose on aught found made ;
So, better, age, exempt
From strife, should know, than tempt
Further. Thou waitedst age : wait death nor be afraid !"
(*'Rabbi ben Ezra.'*)

Thus, as Professor Santayana concedes that some action is necessary and right, so Browning concedes the necessity and propriety of some measure of thought.

"God has conceded two sights to man,
One of men's whole work, time's completed plan."

Faint, dim, uncertain in detail, merely perhaps a hope, an ideal, this sight may be, but at any rate it is sufficient to inspire men to act upon

"The other, of the minute's work, man's first
Step to the plan's completeness ; what's dispersed
Save hope of that supreme step which, descried
Earliest, was meant still to remain untried
Only to give you heart to take your own
Step, and there stay — leaving the rest alone."

(*'Sordello.'*)

We see then that Browning equally with Professor Santayana

has a goal for life. Professor Santayana calls his, knowledge, Browning calls his, love, but when we consider them, they are only different aspects of the same ideal.

Professor Santayana says that Browning does not idealize love. It is hard to believe that a man who makes such a statement has ever read such poems as 'By the Fireside,' 'Dis Aliter Visum,' or 'Two in the Campagna.' Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke thus sum up Browning's teaching on the subject of love: * —

"The origin of the emotion of love as desire is psychical, and capable, therefore, of a never-ending tendency to impel and reveal the highest potency of each individual soul. The conditions under which it acts may be favorable or not, the outgoing love may be satisfied or not, by eliciting or enjoying love in return; in any case, the test is equally good to make a soul declare itself — 'to wit, by its fruit, the thing it does,' and thus, through living out its own life, to recruit both the general plan of the race and its own individual possibilities.

"The psychical value, of which the commonest instinct towards love, in any and every human creature, is capable, relates all men to each other, and, pointing out the implicit use of each to each, permits none to be scorned as having no part in the scheme, nor any to be denied the vision of some dim descried glory 'ever on before.' It constitutes a revelation to every man of the Infinite, incarnate within his own grasp and proof, — a miracle only to be felt, differing in this from any attempt to achieve the Absolute through act or deed or any product of effort outside oneself, one instant of human consciousness enabling the laying hold on eternity. . . .

"The most exalted ideal towards which the human soul aspires is that of divine love."

Love is our true nature and that of the universe, into harmony with which we are to bring ourselves.

"His philosophy, broadly speaking, may be described as based upon the revelation of divine love in every human being, through experience of love reaching out toward an object which shall completely satisfy aspiration. The partial manifestations of love include the feeling of gratitude awakened through the enjoyment

* 'Browning's Study Programmes': 'General Introduction.'

of benefits received, like that felt by Ferishtah, when he eats a cherry for breakfast ; the creative impulse, yearning to all-express itself in art ; love seeking its human complement ; and love seeking expression in service to humanity."

How does this differ from Professor Santayana's description of the idealization of love ?

"Thus the history of our loves is the record of our divine conversations, of our intercourse with heaven. It matters very little whether this history seems to us tragic or not. In one sense, all mortal loves are tragic because never is the creature we think we possess the true and final object of our love ; this love must ultimately pass beyond that particular apparition, which is itself continually passing away and shifting all its lines and colors. . . . But on the other hand the most unsuccessful passion cannot be a vain thing. More, perhaps, than if it had found an apparent satisfaction, it will reveal to us an object of infinite worth, and the flight of the soul, detached by it from the illusions of common life, will be more straight and steady toward the ultimate good. . . . The real masters of passion and imagination . . . began with that crude emotion with which Browning ends, [?] they lived it down, they exalted it by thought, they extracted the pure gold of it in a long purgation of discipline and suffering. The fierce paroxysm which for him is heaven [?] was for them the proof that heaven cannot be found on earth, that the value of experience is not in experience itself, but in the ideals which it reveals. The intense, voluminous emotion, the sudden, overwhelming self-surrender in which he rests [?] was for them the starting-point of a life of rational worship, of an austere and impersonal religion, by which the fire of love, kindled for a moment by the sight of some creature, was put, as it were, into a censer, to burn incense before every image of the Highest Good. Thus love ceased to be a passion and became the energy of contemplation ; it diffused over the universe, natural and ideal, that light of tenderness and that faculty of worship which the passion of love is often first to quicken in a man's breast."

If this is how the "real masters of passion and imagination" regard love, does not Browning deserve the title ?

But because Browning believes that ideals may become actual, and that mankind is only at the beginning of its long course of development, the goal of which is this rationalized love, he has

sympathy with even the blindest, most ignorant effort toward it by the lowest creature. Therefore his "method is to penetrate by sympathy rather than to portray by intelligence" which Professor Santayana considers "vulgar." We may imagine that Browning would not disdain this epithet any more than that of "barbarian" — Browning, who in early life took for his mistress his race, that "sad, dishevelled ghost," coveting

"no wreath, only a lip's unrest
To quiet, surcharged eyelids to be pressed
Dry of their tears upon my bosom." ('Sordello,' iii.)

He would not wish to present characters to us not "in order to enlarge our capacities of passion, nor in order to justify themselves as processes of redemption; they are there, clothed in poetry and imbedded in plot, to entertain us with their imaginable feelings and their interesting errors. The poet, without being especially a philosopher, stands by virtue of his superlative genius on the plane of universal reason, far above the passionate experience which he overlooks and on which he reflects; and he raises us for the moment to his own level, to send us back again, if not better endowed for practical life, at least not unacquainted with speculation."* Browning's aim is not to acquaint us with speculation, but rather to teach us the lesson Paracelsus finally learned, to make love wise in us

"To trace love's faint beginnings in mankind,
To know even hate is but a mask of love's,
To see a good in evil and a hope
In ill-success; to sympathize, be proud
Of their half-reasons, faint aspirings, dim
Struggles for truth, their poorest fallacies,
Their prejudice and fears and cares and doubts;
All with a touch of nobleness, despite
Their error, upward-tending all though weak,
Like plants in mines which never saw the sun,
But dream of him, and guess where he may be,
And do their best to climb and get to him."
('Paracelsus.')

* 'Poetry and Religion,' p. 193.

As Professor Santayana truly observes, his art is the counterpart of his temper and thought,* and is to be defended on the same grounds.

We see then that with Professor Santayana ideals take the place of action; with Browning they replace knowledge. But while Professor Santayana recognizes that ideals cannot wholly replace action, Browning at times does not seem to realize that ideals cannot wholly fulfil the functions of thought. The general trend of his teaching is that

“Aspiration — a reaching on and upwards — is the primal energy underneath that law which we call progress. Through aspirations, ideals, — social, religious, artistic — are formed; and through it ideals perish, as it breaks away from them to seek more complete realization of truth. . . . Moral failure, resulting in evil; intellectual failure, resulting in ignorance, are simply the necessary means for the further development of the soul, and the continuance of the law of progress.”†

But he never reconciles with this view his belief that there can be no ultimate failure for any human soul. Even on his premise, that we are sufficiently akin to nature to impress our will upon her, not every effort of ours can be effective, but only those which express ideals in conformity with our true nature and that of the universe. These ideals can be realized to their fullest extent, while those that do not conform to these conditions must ultimately destroy themselves by the very effort to realize themselves.

It is conceivable that “ignorance that sins is safe,”‡ provided it learns “by the means of [the resulting] evil that good is best,”§ that “it’s wiser being good than bad.”|| But Browning does not believe that all sin is the result of invincible ignorance. In ‘The Statue and the Bust,’ though the lady meditates flight to save her soul, the Duke resolves

“Dear or cheap
As the cost of this cup of bliss may prove
To body or soul, I will drain it deep.”

* *Poetry and Religion*, p. 207. † ‘*Browning Study Programmes*’: ‘General Introduction.’ ‡ ‘*A Camel Driver*.’ § ‘*Old Pictures in Florence*.’ || ‘*Apparent Failure*.’

The moral of this poem very clearly is that a bad act is better than no act at all. This life is to test our willingness to act, regardless of the morality of the end.

“Life is probation and the earth no goal
 But starting-point of man ; compel him strive,
 Which means, in man, as good as reach the goal,—
 Why institute that race, his life, at all?”
 (‘The Ring and the Book.’)

It might be conceived that if only one proves to be ready to act, a further life will teach him to act rightly. But if he shows no glimmer of willingness to be taught by experience here, the quality of teachableness cannot be developed from his nature, only imparted to it. This is not development, but creation of a new personality. In ‘Apparent Failure’ Browning goes a step further, and declares his belief that all men will be saved regardless of any test, even that of action. Sin is punished by the moral loss it brings in this life. “That I call Hell—why further punishment?”* But again it may be objected, How is this moral loss to be repaired without re-creating the individual?

We see then, what might have been inferred *a priori*, that a truly reasonable view of the means to be taken by man to reach his goal of development, lies between the two extremes of thought represented by Professor Santayana and Browning. There is practical agreement in their view of the goal, whether it be ideal or actual, whether we emphasize the element of love and call it the energizing of contemplation,† or that of knowledge and call it the “clarification of love.”‡ But each emphasizes one method of reaching the goal to the exclusion of its necessary complement. Though we believe the universe to be utterly alien, we must yet maintain our precarious existence in defiance of it, and though we believe it to be akin to our true nature, yet we can maintain our existence only as we approach harmony with that true nature.

In either case, then, we must act, and in either case we must

* ‘A Camel Driver.’ † ‘Poetry and Religion’, p. 198. ‡ *Ibid.*, p. 71.

bring thought to bear on our action. The limitations of knowledge make it impossible for us to defer action until we have complete assurance that our action is rationally right. The limitations of action make it impossible for us to accomplish anything without correcting wayward impulse by careful thought. "There is no duty of obeying conscience until we have taken pains to have an instructed conscience," but even if we take the greatest pains, we can never be sure our conscience is sufficiently instructed; we must still risk something. Whether we can take that risk hopefully or fearfully each must decide for himself.

Helen Dryer Woodard.

SCHOOL OF LITERATURE.

SHAKESPEARE'S 'MACBETH': STUDY PROGRAMME.

ACT I. — FORTUNE TEMPTS.

Topic. — Macbeth's "Day of Success."

Hints for Study of this Topic: — Are there any surprises in 'Macbeth'? — that is, is any event so sudden that the idea of it is not introduced to foreshadow the actual fact?

Examine Act I. in the light of this query, noticing what the main line of the action is, and how it is led up to in anticipation.

Sc. i., in stage-setting alone — the "desert place," the "thunder and lightning" — is at once significant of the nature of the play. The general atmospheric impression produced makes cosmic nature itself a sympathetic image of the tragedy in general, and in particular of the pending battle about which the witches are talking, and of some vaguely felt issue hanging upon it for the man whom the witches are proposing to meet when the battle is decided. The whole scene is like a prologue bearing in it the seeds of the action to follow, and suggesting broadly, also, the influence of environment and occasion on man, especially upon the man named — the hero of the drama — Macbeth.

In this little scene the Third Witch says the definite things. She declares that the battle will be decided at sun-set. She names

Macbeth as the one upon whom their agreement to meet centres. Is this an indication of some intention to give individual character to the witches? It may be held in mind for comparison with their later appearances to see whether it is borne out or not. Is it, rather, simply a dramatic device for bringing out effectively the tell-tale points?

Sc. ii. is taken up with news of the battle which sc. i. has already told us is in dispute. The news brought by the first messenger, the Serjeant, is incomplete: the mind is only half relieved by his report from the desperate state of struggling equilibrium which he paints with the turgid metaphors of a strong man straining every nerve to tell his exciting story, before he dies of the bloody gashes he has received but is ignoring.

It takes a second messenger, Ross, to complete the account of the revolt; and the breathlessness which marks the scene, quieted down with the surety of the success of the king's arms over the rebellion and invasion, is shifted to the second subject of suspense and interest, already singled out by the witches—to the man “disdaining fortune,”—brave Macbeth.

The event of this scene—the victory—is thus both foreshadowed and left hanging in doubt from the first, and from Macbeth's relation to it comes a foreboding, also awakened by the witch scene, that new treason may grow.

The rendez-vous of the witches with Macbeth promised in the first scene is left to be taken up. All that was sinister in that appointment to meet him on the heath after the fate of the battle was decided, is developed in scene iii.

As regards the witches alone, it may be noticed that here again the third witch seems to be the one most intent upon Macbeth. To her is given the climax in their greeting of him. She hails him with the title that makes him start. By the strange effect of that greeting upon him this scene is made ominous of an event to grow out of the only actual fact made known in the scene—namely the announcement to Macbeth of his accession to the place of the Thane of Cawdor. Even this is not a new fact in

itself, but only as to its announcement to Macbeth. As a fact accomplished it belongs to the preceding scene.

What is the new event, then, of this scene which constitutes a fresh step in the plot and overshadows Act II.? Is it external or psychological?

Contrast the effect of Ross's announcement on Banquo and Macbeth. What light do their remarks throw on the situation?

What are the events of scene iv.? Is there nothing new externally except the announcement of the king that he bequeaths his crown to his eldest son? But this announcement brings out an inner eventfulness of far more importance. Macbeth's preconceived ambition that he has been brooding over and that the witches have newly roused, is suddenly revealed in its worst aspect by this set-back. The clash of the king's announcement with his secretly cherished designs is like a glare of lightning to see him by at the instant when his mind is leaping to attain his heart's desire, at any cost, despite any obstacle. Of course, as the kinsman of the king and a powerful noble he might have acceded to the throne of Scotland (which was not then necessarily hereditary) without violence, if the king had not thus declared his intention to secure his son's succession. By this declaration, Macbeth's mind is driven to the general idea of foul play. But does it lead him to any immediate definite plan of action?

Is there any indication in this scene that the king's next announcement of his intention to honor Macbeth by becoming his guest at Inverness is seized upon by Macbeth as convenient for his ambitious purpose? Should the actor of the part here show by implication that he is alive to it? Or must he be careful lest he overact here? Ought he to make this scene forebode the next, but without anticipating it so far as to interfere with the effectiveness of Lady Macbeth's first appearance?

In sc. v. the king's visit to Inverness is brought out in all the horrible significance of its fitness to tempt and serve Macbeth's ambition. But it is brought out through the effect of the announcement on Lady Macbeth. Macbeth himself seems to have been so

preoccupied with the apparent check to his ambition when Duncan announced Malcolm as his heir that his mind failed to seize the "nearest way" to the end he was even then driven to avow to himself. Was he less quick-witted and adroit than Lady Macbeth, although by no means dependent on her for evil aims and suggestions?

Is the measure of his dependence upon her shown in scenes iv. and v. to be the debt of a bad intention upon intuition and mental grasp of the situation, *i. e.*, on both insight and executive plan for the enterprise that will consummate the bad deed he intends?

What does scene v. accomplish? Is any altogether fresh fact brought to light? Is Lady Macbeth herself its great event? The scene summarizes all that has gone before, but unfolds its implications and points the drift of the action already in movement; and it apparently does this, by making us see the whole sharply and definitely through Lady Macbeth's sensitive response to Macbeth's desires and her pitilessly clear logic upon the convenient opportunity which events have shaped to suit them. Show in detail how the scene is made vividly ominous of the deed now breathlessly looming ahead of them.

Scenes vi. and vii. take on swiftly the necessary intervening action of small happenings — the king's arrival, the banquetting time, the details of the plan for the night. Macbeth's half-hearted withdrawal from his resolution is dextrously bound up with the arrangement of these details. He has not seen how to do safely and effectively what he wants done on that night, and he requires Lady Macbeth to screw him up again, not merely by heartening him, but by showing him a feasible plausible method. Does it make him any the less responsible for the plot? Does his executive weakness tempt her and elicit all her power for evil quite as much as her executive ability leads him on?

How does the influence of the two on each other intensify the impression here of headlong action?

The faltering at the crucial moment of Macbeth as the instrument of the impending deed acts like a cold wind on the fire of

Lady Macbeth's directing force to make it glow more fierily and powerfully. Her spiritual energy and practical ability in this way soon reacts upon Macbeth, who adds such body and momentum to their plot that as the scene closes the imagination of the audience or the reader rushes on irresistibly toward the foreshadowed murder.

Sum up the actual events of Act I., on the one side; and, on the other, the subjective events, so to speak, and contrast their influence on the plot and their bearing on each other.

ACT II. — THE DEED.

Topic. — Fitness of Time and Place.

Hints: — From Banquo's remarks to Fleance at the opening of this act, do you get the impression that he already suspects that Macbeth will use violent means to bring about the fulfilment of the witches' prophesy? Is he more afraid of what he may be tempted to do himself to help on the prophesy in his own behalf, or is he already fearful lest he and his son might also become the victims of Macbeth's ambition? Are his remarks to Macbeth about the king perfectly ingenuous or is he trying Macbeth in order to discover if possible his intentions toward the king. Are Macbeth's replies made only with the intention of putting Banquo off the scent, or does he also intend to throw out a bribe to Banquo and insure his silence upon whatever may happen, when he promises "honor" to Banquo if he shall "cleave" to his "consent"?

Would the audience be fooled by Macbeth in this scene if it were not in the secret? How has it been put in the secret? Since it is in the secret as to the intentions of Macbeth, what purpose does this scene and the dagger speech serve, unless it be to reveal the characters of the actors by hints and previsions of what is going on within their minds? Does the fascination of this short scene depend largely upon the fact that it would be possible to interpret in more than one way the inner workings of these two men's minds? The dagger speech besides revealing Macbeth's mood tells the audience that the deed is about to be accomplished. What arrangements had Macbeth and Lady Macbeth made to

insure its successful accomplishment as implied in the talk and action though not indicated directly?

In the scene (ii.) following the murder do you get the impression that it is physical revulsion rather than moral horror at his deed that unnerves Macbeth? Does Lady Macbeth's strength appear in this scene to be due entirely to her greater heartlessness, or to a determination to counteract the effects of her husband's weakness, and so save the day for him?

Does the scene with the porter serve the double purpose of relieving the tense strain upon the nerves of the audience, and of reminding them that the little petty events of life go on in their dull and even tenor while dark and terrible deeds are being accomplished? Or is it chiefly effective as a means for bringing home to the two guilty ones the fact that henceforth they will be outcast from that world which breaks in upon their crime so carelessly, yet so full of the latent power of retribution which will one day be their undoing? By the end of this act has the consummation of the deed produced any moral effects for better or worse upon either Macbeth or Lady Macbeth? Or do we find them simply following a blind human impulse to save themselves from detection? Which of them overacts the most and why?

While the moral action of the play may be said to be in poise (scene iii.) in Macbeth and Lady Macbeth with their ambition attained, the counter forces at once begin to make themselves apparent.

Point out what these are in scenes iii. and iv. If Malcolm and Donalbain had not fled would the murder of Duncan have accomplished anything? Are there good and sufficient reasons why they should flee? Do they or any one else show suspicion of Macbeth? Is there anything to show that either Macbeth or Lady Macbeth had thought of the complications that might arise through Malcolm and Donalbain? — or that they had thought of the possibility that suspicion would point to them? In point of fact did not circumstances to which they had given no thought help them in the attainment of their end just as much as their own deed? Is this a

weakness in the construction of the plot, or is it supremely true to life? Is a criminal likely to take in all the aspects of the deed he commits?

ACT III. — FATE CHALLENGED.

Topic. — The "Barren Sceptre."

Hints: — The consequences of the deed done in Act II. begin to unfold significantly in Act III. The first consequence shown is the effect upon Macbeth's mind when established as king, of the witches' prophecy concerning Banquo's descendants.

His hostile intention toward Banquo and Fleance appears darkly, although significantly, first in sc. i., openly in sc. ii., and the result of his ill will is tersely, indeed spectacularly presented in sc. iii.; while the remaining scenes are again devoted to the consequences of this new deed. And these consequences are first shown in action, as before, on Macbeth's mind in sc. iv., and then, sc. v., in reflex influence on the trend of fate itself as represented by the witches, and finally in sc. vi., upon his subjects, as represented by the talk of Lenox about the flight of Fleance, the similar flight of Malcolm and Donalbain, and finally in the talk about Macduff as of one through whose daring fresh evil or good are portended. These scenes foreshadow all that follows in fact or in anticipation throughout the action of Act IV. as regards Macbeth, and the witches, and Macduff's family; they also darkly suggest Macduff's possible revenge.

Is the reflex action of Macbeth's deeds on fate itself, *i. e.*, his proposition to call fate into the lists, to circumvent prophecy and control destiny in his own interest, the important event of Act III.; or is its most important event Banquo's murder? If the actual fact of the murder and the attempt to kill Fleance has a less fundamental bearing on the progress of the action than the determination of Macbeth's mind against them, is it to be concluded that Shakespeare virtually makes Macbeth's soul the real stage of the action, and so in this play closely approaches the method characteristic of the so-called "modern" psychological drama?

It might be argued that while Banquo's murder was not so impor-

tant to the action here, as Macbeth's attempt to circumvent fate by murdering him and Fleance, the escape of Fleance was the external fact of central importance. But it must be noticed that this fact is dramatically ineffective. Nothing comes of it, Fleance is not heard of again, he bears no witness against Macbeth and no vengeance comes through him. His escape is made a symbol instead of an instrument of Macbeth's failure to control fate by external means. And the main line of movement in the play is therefore the launching of Macbeth in the act into the full stream of the struggle between himself and the powers of fate which he has challenged.

Fate, on her side, in the person of Hecate, accepts the challenge in sc. v., where she appears as the commander of the witches and as one who has the power to lead their external jugglery with Macbeth into supernatural and prophetic realms of influence.

ACT IV. — FATE DECEIVES.

Topic. — Taking a Bond of Fate.

Hints: — The act opens with the witch scene that has already been prepared for in the third act by Hecate. The appearance of the witches here may be compared with that in the first act as being far more gruesome and suggestive of evil. Then, they appeared simply as the announcers of Fate; now, they are joined by Hecate, who not only knows the course of fate, but is also an active force for evil and takes delight in misleading Macbeth with dissembling visions, scaring him with baneful prophesies, and leading him on in his path of evil.

Was not Macbeth on his first meeting with the witches a free agent, still able in spite of his ambitious aims to choose the right course? Now he has by his own actions sold himself to evil, and evil in the semblance of Hecate can lead him whither she will for his own utter undoing. Are the witches just as actively on the side of evil as Hecate, but without her controlling power?

At the beginning of this act, then, we see the result of Macbeth's helping on his fate by evil means, namely, his fate has

become one with evil, and just as when fate was favorable to him, he worked to bring about its prophesies, now that it prophesies things unfavorable, he determines to defy it. Does the scene of the witches brewing the broth in the cauldron serve as a vivid symbol of the gathering powers of evil which will finally be the undoing of Macbeth?

How are Macbeth's actions influenced by his last meeting with the witches? Does it show lack of wisdom on his part so openly to avow his intention of putting Macduff's wife and children to the sword, or does he imagine he will be considered justified because of Macduff's defection, or is he determined to cow every one into subjection by openly showing his hand as a tyrant, or is he simply rendered reckless by the double dealing of fate which assures him at the same time of personal security and yet warns him of Macduff?

Does the scene in which Macduff's wife and children are murdered have any bearing upon the development of the dramatic motive? Observe that in it Macbeth's cruelty is presented in its most intensive form. Compare the three murder scenes, showing how the first is done out of sight of the audience, while the feelings of Macbeth before and after are shown very intimately to the audience. In the second one, the murder is shown directly, but the victims come upon the scene only momentarily and then disappear, while the feelings of Macbeth, though indicated, are not shown so intimately. In the third, the cruelty of the murder is emphasized through the audience being put in sympathy with the victims by a pathetic domestic scene, while the murderers appear simply as slaughterers. Of Macbeth's feelings, we see nothing; that is, Macbeth has been moved entirely without the range of the sympathy of the audience, and the victims have been brought within its range. The cruelty of the murder is still more emphasized by the fact that the victims are not in any way directly dangerous to Macbeth.

How can Macduff's leaving his wife and children unprotected be explained? Is it simply demanded by the exigencies of the

plot, or are there good and sufficient actual reasons why it was necessary for him to take this step?

In scene iii., the forces of retribution begin to gather strength. Is anything gained by the doubts cast upon Macduff both by his wife and Malcolm? Do they simply emphasize the extent of Macbeth's cruelty and machinations: first, by showing that Macduff's only possible hope was in fleeing to England for help, not only for Scotland but for the protection of his home, which he could no longer defend single handed; second, by showing what plots Macbeth had laid in order to get Malcolm into his power?

Does the entrance of the doctor in this scene, and his talk about the cures effected by the pious Edward serve any purpose whatever in the plot?

Taken as a whole may this scene be said to represent the quiet gathering of the forces that are to overwhelm Macbeth, its slow movement like the sullen pause which precedes the outbreak of a storm, while, to carry the simile farther, the news of the murder of Macduff's wife and children, is the lightning flash that lets loose the storm in all its fury.

ACT V.—FATE CONQUERS.

Topic.—The "Bloody Head."

Hints:—Act V. brings home to Macbeth and his "partner of greatness" the triumph of the fate they themselves have given its power over them. This triumph is portrayed as asserting itself first over Lady Macbeth, secretly, through its effect upon her mind.

Sc. i. shows how she has miscalculated her own strength to act ruthlessly. She is revealed in the sleep-walking scene as one of that class of believers in evil whose error is most of all against human nature. The heart and head she thought could be bent upon any design by her own will rebel through their own soundness and delicacy. Is it likely, judging by this scene alone, that her final death by suicide is the end Shakespeare meant for her as the most characteristic and artistic consummation of her part?

Is the announcement of her death "by self and violent hands"

in the last scene of the play foreshadowed in this? What line of this scene gives the hint?

Does the drama show that her heart and her head have been equally distressed in secret, by the violence she has done her capacity for goodness? That is, does she reach the condition in which this scene unveils her, through her head,— by seeing, finally, how endless are the consequences of a violent deed, entailing ever new risks and chances of ruin for the sake of security in power? Or do you think, that she has reached remorse through her squeamish heart which has not been able to share in blood without an irresistible shrinking and physical horror that has swallowed up her command of her own consciousness?

What light do the speeches which Shakespeare gives the "Gentlewoman" in her talk with the Doctor in this scene, throw upon Lady Macbeth's character? Are they meant to reflect the view of normal womanhood? And is Lady Macbeth meant to appear by contrast with such a type, or as essentially of the same type?

Is the anguish and death of Lady Macbeth necessary to the plot externally, either through its influence upon Macbeth or upon his subjects by acquainting them with the foul play and rousing rebellion? Or, is it necessary to the plot, internally, — as an element contributing to the consummation of destiny and retribution?

Scene ii. shows the powers of fate about to centre externally upon Macbeth and force a hard-fought retribution by actual deeds. Does scene iii. show that Macbeth is in any respect privately open, as Lady Macbeth was open, through a misgiving heart to the impending triumph of fate over him? Is any such feeling of insecurity positive enough — external enough — to conquer his soul? His obduracy may be a sign of his obtuseness or of his superstitious faith in the oracle. Which is it?

What effect is produced by the representation of Macbeth in scene iii. as being so irritated by the Doctor's answer to his question if medicine can help a "mind diseased"? Why is he so sensitive to the force of the Doctor's reply — that to such sorrows

the patient must minister to himself? Does it suggest that Macbeth is cut by a haunting suspicion he wishes not to entertain — that his deliverance from his heart-sickness cannot be won by external aid?

Does Macbeth's talk with the messenger as to the English force reveal his grosser fears, his talk with the Doctor about Lady Macbeth, his finer ones?

Scene iv. brings one stage nearer the outward instruments fate is using, — Malcolm, Macduff, and the English army. How does this scene identify the advance of the army with the prophecy?

Scene v. is made to show through its exposition of Macbeth's alternately benumbed and desperate moods, both the imminence of his defeat and the stings of his own forebodings of the evil due him. Does he show his weakness most by his apathy or by his violence?

The last shreds of the mask Fate has worn in order to lure him on are cast aside in scenes vi. and vii. What is the bearing of the lines — "Why should I play the Roman fool and die on mine own sword?" Did he virtually, in an inner sense, die finally as a result of his own sword's thrust against another? In murdering Duncan, did he as good as kill himself, if he only knew it? Would suicide have shown that his conscience had power over him to accuse him of killing another in order to gain an advantage for himself? Did Lady Macbeth's show that her's had such power?

Is either his suicide, or Macduff's success in killing him, dramatically called for by the construction of the play? Which best suits it, and why?

Is the bringing in upon the stage of Macbeth's "bloody head" a necessary incident of the close of the play, because it fulfills the oracle, or because it is a fitting end of Macbeth's story and a perfect sequel in its likeness and contrast with the end of his "partner of greatness"?

Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke.

AMERICAN POETRY OF THE PAST YEAR.

AFTER browsing in pastures old for many months "sucking the sweets" upon which the poets of the past have laid their enchantments of eternal bloom, one returns again with renewed interest to the poets of the present.

There is a sort of peaceful satisfaction in reading poets whose claim as poets is settled beyond a peradventure. You can wax critical over any thing you in your humbleness may disapprove of, quite sure that your railing will not touch the high serenity of their fame; and from these peaceful delights you come back with freshened mind and high spirits to the difficult job of recognizing poets at first hand. Considering how many egregious mistakes have been made in the past on this score, it behooves the contemporary reviewer not to try any dogmatic judgments, but merely to record personal impressions, leaving to the slowly accumulating opinion of many minds the final verdict.

As I read through the volumes of verse that have collected while I have been off on a holiday with the old poets, I find myself receiving distinct and pleasurable sensations of so many varying kinds that it seems to me as if American poets were never in a better way to make the Muse of American poetry distinguished than they are today.

Not for a long time have I had such intense pleasure as has been mine in reading Josephine Preston Peabody's last volume of verse, entitled 'Fortune and Men's Eyes.' It is an understood thing that the lovers of poetry are constantly on the lookout for the coming great American poet, and if there is the slightest indication of power in any fresh aspirant for poetical fame, hope springs up that here at last is the poetical Messiah. It is too soon yet to greet Miss Peabody as the *long-expected one*, but such a poem as 'The Wingless Joy' reveals a strength and originality which readers of poetry should welcome with joyful acclaim.

It is striking both in form and subject-matter. She has used

the dramatic monologue, become so familiar to us in its most consummate development in Robert Browning's poetry, yet she has escaped the snare of imitation, and produced an effect all her own through the perfect moulding of thought to forms of expression and blank-verse rhythms that vary with the moods as clouds change with the moods of the wind, so inevitable do they seem.

It is only the true poet who can at one and the same time impress you with originality and inevitableness, who can surprise and delight you with unexpected terms of expression, new symbols, strange metaphors, and yet convince you of their spontaneity.

The story told in the poem is of tragic interest and the philosophy of life implied brings out a new harmonic in the prevailing undertone of thought incident to these latest of days — a sort of Pagan optimism, in fact, which regards the wreck of human happiness as justifiable if only Art wins thereby a triumph, is able in the face of human suffering to descry God as the world artist, who creates beauty and misery for artistic ends, and instead of being plunged into despair by the spectacle exclaims *Amen* when the overlord says with the indifference of Caliban's God "It is good."

There is a splendor of bravery in such an attitude that thrills the artistic soul if it does not exactly satisfy religious cravings. No amount of talk can bring home the beauty of a poem, neither can a few lines quoted. The extracts following are meant to serve merely as an earnest of what the reader will find — this, for example: —

"Unto the happiest life, the gods allow
But once that rapture tiptoe in mid-heaven !
And yet she is so sweetly made of earth,
The earth of rain-pure April — and her lips
Are parted with a human sweet amaze
To feel the sudden immortality
Of flame go singing, singing in her veins,
' Kin with the rose-tree and the wakened brook,
Made to make glad, behold I gladden You,
And all things lean to me ! I cannot die.' "

or this —

“Wingless, you see. She has no other home.
She loves her once; the single soul of her
Knows but the glory of one day and night.
She may not come and go, — nor hide, nor range;
Nor find her any refuge in the stars.
She walks the earth with lovely earthly feet,
And when earth fails her she can only die.”

and this final wonderful stanza —

“‘I made this Woman here
Of fairness from the clay of trodden Springs.
Look you, lost June is in her. You can see
In her young hands the selfsame primal glow
That flushes in My gardens of the world.
And I have given her the miracle,
The beating heart within, the holy Fire.
So, full of breath. . . . Live, suffer, — shine, and die.
Fairer than petals, go the way of them. . . .
I made and I have broken. It is good.’ ”

A Childe Roland sort of dauntlessness is the prevailing tone in many of Miss Peabody's poems rising sometimes to joyousness which annihilates defeat; in such the poet triumphs over any evils that may befall with the determination to live not as a Prometheus, enduring misery, but as a free spirit rising above defeat to renewed joy.

This spirit vibrates in the beautiful poems ‘I Shall Arise,’ ‘The Violin Withheld,’ ‘The Litany of the Living,’ and others.

Among a group of songs at the end of the volume ‘The Stay-at-Home,’ especially, takes hold of the fancy. It tells about a poor little spinning-maid who has never had her longing gratified to go to the fair and see Harlequin and Columbine and Pierrot. The rhythm of the spinning wheel is suggested and the little maid's mood given with charming simplicity and naturalness. And this reminds me of the fact that Miss Peabody is equally at home in subjective and in dramatic work. Though it is more than probable that her own philosophy of life is one of joy, she can catch the mood of sorrow as in the strangely fascinating verses ‘In the Silence.’ And here is one neither sorry nor glad but simply

lovely, reflecting the mood of the poet waiting for the touch of inspiration. It is called 'The Hearer.'

" I listen ; and I listen ; and surmise.
 I listen to all musics that may be ;
 And to the shapes and faces that my eyes
 See.

" I listen for the strains of daily fate
 To merge into some large assuréd Song ;
 Yea ! though belief, and hope, and hunger wait
 . . . Long.

" And more than all, I listen to the deep
 Of Silences that fold it all around,
 Petal on petal, to the heart asleep,
 Sound.

" Yet am I dumb ; until She blow the breath—
 Here on my forehead—of a spherál spring ;
 And Her eyes veil ; and the near silence saith,
 ' Sing ! ' "

Pleasant it would be to linger longer among these poems forming the latter half of the volume, but it is time to say something about the play that opens it, 'Fortune and Men's Eyes.' Perhaps to call it a play is rather ambitious for it has only the dimensions of one scene, and therefore represents simply a dramatic episode. It is, however, capitally done as far as it goes, and makes one hope for a full grown play next time.

The poet has chosen for her theme the story of Shakespeare's Sonnets as interpreted by certain of the Shakespearian critics according to whom the man celebrated in the Sonnets is Lord Herbert and the woman Mary Fytton.

She has seized the strands of the complex situation and concentrated them in one powerful scene, wherein the characters of the three principal actors are clearly revealed.

In Shakespeare we seem almost to see alive before us the man we all somehow feel that we know behind the plays. Exquisitely sensitive in his nature, loving truth and honor, of unbounded

charity, and attracting all to him by his cheerful sympathy. The anguish and suffering of such a soul when friend and the one beloved have both deceived him is strongly portrayed. One is made, too, to feel the fascination of Mistress Fytton and understand why two such men as Lord Herbert and Shakespeare could love her, and even to feel more sorry than indignant at this faithless Mary, for it is plain, nature and conditions made her what she was rather than any wilful desire on her part to be wicked.

The central incidents of the scene are put in a setting that makes vivid the boisterous life of the time. The minor characters are well sketched, and the action all through moves with such smoothness and naturalness that the reader feels he has actually met some new and entertaining persons who will henceforth be of the company of his friends. There is the Bear-ward. He grumbles at the "players" who have affected the attendance at bear-baitings, but gets some consolation out of the fact that the Queen, in order to give bear-baiting a chance, has forbidden plays on Thursday. When he is launching his invectives against players in general, he makes an exception in favor of Shakespeare, and, after he has come to grief through the escape of the bear and the subsequent uproar, proposes that they try their fortunes together in America. He thinks that their combined wits might accomplish all things. Then there is the ballad-monger who has such a delightful lot of Elizabethan ballads to sell that you long to fall in with him next time you go down-town and buy him out. Then there is the nice little tap boy, who goes to sleep with his head against Shakespeare's knee, and others equally human.

Add to all this human interest the fact that the language has a fascinating antique flavor about it, and you will have some idea of the dramatic and poetic charm of this brilliant bit of work.

Turning from this little volume which is tingling with new life from cover to cover, one may have one's classical instincts ministered unto by Lloyd Mifflin, who in his 'Echoes of Greek Idyls' reproduced so perfectly the atmosphere of Bion and Moschus, by his well chosen diction and musical rhythm. He makes with his

Sonnets "The Fields of Dawn" an appeal very similar to that made by the Idyls. One rejoices in the rare turns of expression, the Pagan admiration of nature, which does not use it as a text for sermonizing or psychologizing, but simply after the manner of the ancient Jehovah, sees that it is good, and with the artist's mastery of form makes us see that it is good — or in the language of art — beautiful. Mr. Mifflin is fully alive to every thing nature has to offer — color, sound, perfume and form, and to read these sonnets is to get a perfect picture of the sense impressions possible to one who has eyes to see and ears to hear the wonders that nature has prepared for them that love her.

A delicate human touch is added in the last sonnet of the series in which the poet grieves for the absence of the comrade who has been implicit all through the sonnets in the plural pronoun *we*. Thus by implication it is subtly suggested that nature does not reveal the whole secret of her charm to any but those who have sympathetic companionship in its appreciation. Following this sonnet-series is a group of later sonnets, showing on the whole the same felicity in expression, but stronger and more varied in mood and thought.

In 'Last Songs from Vagabondia,' there are many good things, as was to be expected. One naturally turns to Hovey's poems first, eager to see these last bequeathments of his; and in reading them a sense of the great loss American poetry has sustained in his death is poignantly brought home.

'Day and Night,' 'From the Cliff' and 'Sea Sonnets' strike the high serious note so characteristic of Hovey's work, and haunt one with the rich sonorous music he knew so well how to make. There are passages in the first poem mentioned reminiscent of Whitman and they are not only the most strikingly beautiful, but they are interesting as illustrating the fact that upon a basis of form such as Whitman's, may be reared a harmony as subtle and exquisite as any producible from old rhythmical forms. Hovey does not make the fatal mistake of directly imitating Whitman in form; he rather uses basic principles of form similar to those of

Whitman's and evolves rhythms with a freedom of their own. Besides the few serious pieces among which is a poem on 'Peace' showing the poet's opinion of the age's prevailing commercialism, there are some graceful lyrics, of which this may stand as a sample :

" Why did I kiss you sweet?
Nor you nor I can say
You might have said some commonplace,
I might have turned away.

" No thought was in our hearts
Of what we were to be.
Fate sent a madness on our souls
And swept us out to sea.

" Fate, between breath and breath,
Has made the world anew,
And the bare skies of yesterday
Are all aflame with you."

A few clever bits in the nature of *vers de société* the best of which is 'Her Valentine,' complete this all too slim last sheaf.

Bliss Carman's contributions are for the most part marked by the dainty symbolism characteristic of him, though he, too, has some verses in the lighter vein of *vers de société*.

Among the first 'The Deserted Inn' is a good example :

" I came to a deserted inn,
Standing apart, alone ;
A place where human joy had been,
And only winds made moan.

" I entered by the spacious hall,
With not a soul to see ;
The echo of my own footfall
Was ghostly there to me.

" I came upon a sudden door,
Which gave me no reply ;
The more I questioned it, the more
A questioner was I.

“ I lingered by the mouldy stair,
And by the dusty sill ;
And when my faint heart said ‘ Beware ! ’
The silence said ‘ Be still ! ’

“ From room to room I caught the stir
Of garments vanishing, —
The stillness trying to demur,
When one has ceased to sing.

“ Like shadows of the clouds which make
The loveliness of noon,
The thing I could not overtake
Was but an instant gone.

“ ’Twas summer when I reached the inn ;
The apples were in bloom ;
Before I left, the snow drove in,
The frost was like a doom.

“ At last I came upon the book
Where visitors of yore
Had writ their names, ere joy forsook
The House of Rest-no-More.

“ Poor fellow-travelers, beset
With hungers not of earth !
Did you, too, tarry here in debt
For things of perished worth ?

“ Did something lure you like a strain
Of music wild and vast,
Only to freeze your blood again
With jeers when you had passed ?

“ Did visions of a fairer thing
Than God has ever made
Fleet through your doorways in the spring,
And would not be delayed ?

" Did beauty in a half-made song,
A smile of mystery,
Departing, leave you here to long
For what could never be,—

" And thenceforth you were friends of peace,
Acquainted with unrest,
Whom no perfection could release
From the unworldly guest?

" I heard a sound of women's tears,
More desolate than the sea,
Sigh through the chambers of the years
Unto eternity.

" And then beyond the fathom of sense
I knew as the dead know,
My lost ideal had journeyed thence
Unnumbered years ago.

" And from that dwelling of the night,
With the gray dusk astir,
I waited for the first gold light
To let me forth to Her."

Of those in lighter vein 'A Spring Feeling' reflects a mood most of us have had, though some of us would distinguish between the things that truly are new and fresh and the inconsequent twaddle about them, and have the strength of mind to be sick at the twaddle and be glad of any new gifts the gods may shower upon us. Even the "new woman" he is sick of cannot quarrel with him since he is equally sick of himself:

" I'm sick of seeing my own name
Tagged to some paltry line,
While this old *corpus* without shame
Sits down to meat and wine."

'A Staccato to O Le Lupe' is an exceedingly clever parody of Browning's 'A Toccata of Galuppi's.' As always happens with

a good parody, the imitation reflects perforce much of the charm of the original ; if this were not so, parodies would be odious. A parody such as this only makes one appreciate the true art of the original more while smiling at the humor of its sham art.

In a slim booklet Frederic Ridgely Torrence has published one poem of a hundred quatrains which he calls 'The House of A Hundred Lights.' It suggests the 'Rubâiyât' in form and tone, and while stanza by stanza it is very well done, as a whole it is somewhat incoherent, the hundred lights producing an effect of "darkness visible" rather than one of illumination.

He is one of the laughing philosophers, who is determined to laugh though he hasn't any particular reason for his faith, as the closing stanza illustrates : —

" In this rough field of earthly life
I have reaped cause for tears enough
Yet after all, I think I've gleaned,
My modicum of laughing stuff.

His highest reach of philosophy is the old Cartesian basis of belief in doubt.

" Though the sky reel and Day dissolve,
And though a myriad suns fade out,
One thing of Earth seems permanent
And founded on Belief : 'tis — Doubt."

Love poetry pure and simple, with genuine emotional aspiration is rare in these days of overdeveloped egoism. People love themselves and love to be loved rather more than they love to love.

George Edward Woodberry's volume 'Wild Eden' is refreshing on this account, for he has sung out the old theme with a singleness of heart that recalls the days of the troubadours. It is love unrequited, too, but like a man the poet decides not to let himself be beguiled by the ways of the world into a less noble life as a means of drowning his sorrow, but to overcome the bitterness that is his and labor for the good of humanity. Much of the poetry is daintily imaginative. 'Wild Eden' is in the poet's fancy the land

where love has not entered, the land inhabited by the cold fair one, whose heart could not be reached even by so melting a lyric as the following : —

“Come down, my love from Eden,
For there all things decay,
Since in his youthful bosom
Love bore the seed away ;
Now leave the loveless garden,
And I will be thy guide
To that world where thy love
Shall never leave thy side.

“Come, love ; in that new country
The rose shall be thy part,
And many a darling blossom
Shall press against thy heart ;
In a lily whiter, sweeter
Love shall treasure up thy gold ;
Lily and rose together
Thou to thy breast shall fold.

“Come, love ; my heart is burning
To reach unto thy hand ;
Come, love ; my soul is yearning
For that mystical new land ;
Now where thy eyes are bending
Mayst thou thy lover see
Midway the height ascending
That leadeth up to thee.”

This lyric shows a chivalrous self-restraint befitting the address of the lover to his lady, but in the poem ‘He Ate the Laurel and Is Mad,’ the ecstasy of the lover in his newly awakened passion has full expression. The poem ends with this fine climax : —

“I shall go singing over-seas :
‘The million years of the planet’s increase,
All pangs of death, all cries of birth,
Are clasped at one by the heart of earth.’

“ I shall go singing by tower and town :
‘ The thousand cities of men that crown
Empire slow-rising from horde and clan
Are clasped at one by the heart of man.’

“ I shall go singing by flower and brier :
‘ The multitudinous stars of fire,
And man made infinite under the sod,
Are clasped at one by the heart of God.’

“ I shall go singing up ice and snow :
‘ Blow soon, dread angel, greatly blow,
Break up, ye gulfs, beneath, above,
Peal, time’s last music,—“ love, love, love ” ! ’

“ And wheresoever my feet shall rest,
The place shall be named of the lovers’ guest ;
And where in the night I journey on,
The place shall be called of the lover gone ;
My life shall be as a sweet song sung,
My death as a knell by maidens rung,
Lightly singing, ‘ Somewhere, somewhere,
There is one to make thy whole life sweet,
Making all beautiful things complete
With the fairest of things found fair ! ’
And before the silence wholly fall,
Faintly shall soft echoes call,
Syllabbling some heavenly air,
As if my spirit lingered there —
‘ Found fair — found fair — found fair ! ’ ”

Dramatic poems are more in evidence than usual this year. In four I have seen, the thought and treatment are sufficiently varied to stand for several schools of literary art, from the heavy historical to the most mysteriously symbolical. The first is represented by ‘The Heart of David the Psalmist King,’ a long, very long poem in blank verse giving scenes in the life of David. The divisions of David’s life are settled according to the star ascendant in his heart at the time, thus the four books are headed respectively

‘David and Michal,’ ‘David and Abigail,’ ‘David and Bathsheba,’ ‘David and Abishag.’ The author has succeeded in putting a good deal of life into his dialogues, but on the whole the reverent soul might have preferred to have this ancient Don Juan’s love episodes continue veiled in the scant records of the Bible narrative. When he is brought before us as in this poem with all the realities of human emotion emphasized, there is not even left the comfort of explaining him in part as a solar myth. One good thing, however, is made manifest, namely, that the patriarchal form of marriage was decidedly “a failure,” bringing in its train more annoyance, trouble and final misery than any being of the present could bear up under for a moment. Love that is an “ever fixed mark” like honesty is the best policy, and much to be pitied are those who through their own or others’ lacks fail to find it. The poem might be used as a tract against the practices of the Latter-day Saints.

The symbolistic school is represented by Leonard Moore’s play ‘The Ghost of Rosalys,’ by far the most original and entertaining of the four poems. The framework of it reminds one in some subtle way of Hauptmann’s ‘*Sunken Bell*’ though externally it is quite different. The author has succeeded, moreover, in combining the actual and symbolical in the manner of Ibsen, so that the story and plot are interesting first for themselves, then for their larger significance. In fine, its kinship to the modern school of drama is evident, while it is sufficiently organic to stand as an individual genus of the species, and not at all as an imitation of any of the writers in this school. The dialogue is rapid and lively, being in rhymed verse except at the end where Lucifer and an Angel converse upon the destiny of man in fine blank verse.

The scene of the play is laid in France. The hero is an idealist in sympathy with the aims of the scientist, the religionist, the poet, and the doctor—helping all of them with his wealth until he himself becomes bankrupt. All the characters in the drama are more or less of egoists, thinking only of their own point of view and anxious only for the furtherance of their own ends. Even the hero whose sympathies are broad forgets the special sympathy due to his

wife while following his various hobbies, and she, to make up for his neglect, leads a gay existence at the chateau, thus hastening the race toward ruin. At this point, two more egoists come upon the scene, the Jew who has gone security for them, and to whom all their property will go to liquidate their debt ; and a cousin of the lady's who loves her and offers to pay the debt for that reason. The lady's true nobility here comes out and she refuses to accept the release offered by her cousin. In the meantime, however, the husband has received from his mother all her immensely valuable jewels, he returns with them and is about to satisfy the demands of the Jew with these, but his wife, seeing that his mind is still more on his friends, the scientist and the poet, etc., than on her, talks to him in a way that makes him realize his neglect of her, and they go off together thinking only of each other and leaving the jewels unprotected. This gives a gypsy woman, who has designs upon the hero which she intends to accomplish by means of her daughter, a chance to steal them. The shock of their loss and the ruin it will entail kills Rosalys.

After this the influences of earth symbolized in Madelon, the gypsy woman's daughter, and the influences of the spirit symbolized in Rosalys' ghost struggle within the soul of Joyeux. For a time the earthly influences conquer him, more as fate than through his own will, and at the end the spirit triumphs. Yet the judging angel dooms him to another trial of life in order that he may become the perfect mate of Rosalys.

“Thou shalt live, but not to-day :
Thou the trial must essay
Once again — the ocean oar
Once again to reach the shore.
This my sentence—Thou must go
Back into the ceaseless flow :
Fiery dust and starry stir
Must try again your character,
'Till freed and perfect thou mayst be
Immortal in eternity.”

The passages at the end between the Angel and Lucifer, who

represent respectively blind law and all-seeing spirit, are profound in thought as well as being excellent poetry. There are many subtle philosophical and social implications in the play, which I have not here touched upon, and fresh ones will come out at every reading.

The play as a whole might be called a complete apotheosis of modern social conditions and thought with the suggestion of a solution to the problem of existence in line with the last-born of scientific dogmas — namely — that there is a guiding and willing power in the universe manifesting itself in every step of the evolutionary process, and that no such thing as blind law exists. The theme is a splendid one, and Mr. Moore has presented it with complete comprehension and vital poetic force.

William Vaughn Moody has essayed in his 'Masque of Judgement' a mystical drama embodying the problem of evil as its theme, and clothed in symbolism borrowed from Revelations. His conception of God is a combination of the anthropomorphic jealous God of the Hebrews and the modern monistic, philosophical conception — resulting in a God who creates evil out of his own nature and is immanent in it ; then is so full of wrath at his own production that he decides to destroy the beings in which it manifests itself unless they give up their will to the divine will. The Angel Raphael is the spirit of the future who cannot accept eternal bliss for himself at such a cost to humanity. His sympathies are all with the damned, and he is joined by Uriel and the seven little sister spirits of the lamps about the throne. They do not seem to have power to do more than sympathize, but the Worm that never dies,— again God's own emanation — proceeds against heaven, and brings the eternal bliss there established to naught.

If the problem can be said to have any solution in this poem it is the rather hopeless one of the persistence of evil — not that good may evolve, but simply as a force which once having come into existence cannot be annihilated, hence woe and death will be the portion of souls to all eternity. This appears to be the outcome unless the optimistic can read into these final lines any interpretation of hope :

Uriel. The spirits fugitive from Heaven's brink
Put off their substance of ethereal fire
And mourn phantasmal on the phantom Alps.

Fourth Lamp. Mourne, sisters ! for our light is fading too.
Thou of the topaz heart, thou of the Jade,
And thou sweet trembling opal — ye are grown
Grey things, and aged as God's sorrowing eyes.

First Lamp. My wick burns blue and dim.

Second Lamp. My oil is spent.

Raphael. The moon smoulders ; and naked from their seats
The stars arise with lifted hands, and wait."

So much for the philosophy ! As poetry it impresses me as being somewhat labored and at times meaningless in its symbolism. Yet there can be no question that the poem reflects a mind richly endowed both with thought and imagination. A little more artistic abandon, and it would be a great poem of its class.

Mrs. Fields has in the story of Orpheus and Eurydice chosen a good theme for her masque, and has given an original and interesting interpretation of the myth as may be best shown by quoting the argument of the play :

"Orpheus, mourning for Eurydice, refuses to accept what life still offers him. The gods, wearied, at last permit him to seek her. He finds Hades full of shapes indicating human woe. His heart is moved, and he tries to comfort with his lyre the souls of the lost. Suddenly Eurydice appears, having left her happier seats, drawn hither by his notes. Orpheus, beholding her, forgets his suffering companions. She, having passed into higher conditions, is now only moved by the love which allies itself to highest good. He strives to draw her back into the bright air of Thrace ; her heart still longs to succor the shapes he threatens to abandon ; in vain he draws her onward to the fragrant fields ; he turns to recall to her their former joy ; gently, while he gazes upon her, she recedes from his grasp ; then slowly, without violence, fades out of his arms forever. He arouses himself as from a dream ; he is in Thrace, alone, at his house door, in the glory of the dawn. The day advances ; pleasure seekers spread their insidious snares about

him; finally he suffers himself to be led whither they will; gradually they close around him, working his destruction and death.

The Muses, in memory of his divine gift of song, restore his broken lyre and bear his body with funeral pomp to Olympus."

Poetically the poem does not quite fulfil the promise of the theme, being rather bald in expression and lacking in those subtler harmonies which good rhythm and rhyme alone cannot give.

It seems a curious thing that in these days when there is so much social ferment there should be so little expression in poetry of the social ideals which are beginning to take hold of the heart of humanity. It may be because social ideals are not sufficiently near and individual to inspire the muse; that only after they begin to show in the development and conflict of character do they become a really interesting theme for art.

Occasionally some voice raises itself for the cause of liberty and freedom. Among those who have sung this cause from the individualistic point of view is V. de Cleyre, whose verses 'The Worm Turns' should be noted. She has given her poems the perhaps needed personal note by making some person or incident the central point in each one, thus vitalizing her expression of a social ideal.

At times her verse is crude, but it has a fire of conviction and a force of expression truly stirring. The individualistic or philosophical-anarchistic point of view does not as a whole appeal to my understanding, but the emotion which resents a grievous wrong and expresses it, as in the following poem, calls for my sympathy as for the sympathy of all.

The poem is 'To the Czar,' on a woman, a political prisoner, being flogged to death in Siberia:

"How many drops must gather to the skies
Before the cloud-burst comes, we may not know;
How hot the fires in under hells must glow
Ere the volcano's scalding lavas rise,
Can none say; but all wot the hour is sure!
Who dreams of vengeance has but to endure!
He may not say how many blows must fall,

How many lives be broken on the wheel,
 How many corpses stiffen 'neath the pall,
 How many martyrs fix the blood-red seal;
 But certain is the harvest time of Hate!
 And when weak moans, by an indignant world
 Re-echoed, to a throne are backward hurled,
 Who listens hears the mutterings of Fate!"

In 'America and Other Poems' Bertrand Shadwell has collected a number of verses, not remarkable as poetry, but full of the right sentiment against war and the present policy of the Anglo-Saxon races.

A new (fourth) edition of Richard Watson Gilder's 'Five Books of Song' reminds one pleasantly of the charming work of this gifted poet, and also of the happy fact that a good poet is more and more commanding an audience.

In spite of the fact that Science has, for some time, been pointing her bony finger at poetry, it is quite evident that poetry has no intention of giving up the ghost, but that gathering up Science's hard facts will show forth their wonder, as Science will not condescend to do, and make them pulse with the joy of life.

H. A. C.

(Fortune and Men's Eyes. New Poems with a Play, by Josephine Preston Peabody. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 1900. \$1.50.—The Fields of Dawn and Later Sonnets, by Lloyd Mifflin. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1900. \$1.00.—Last Songs from Vagabondia. Bliss Carman, Richard Hovey. Designs by Tom B. Meteyard. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 1901. \$1.00.—The House of a Hundred Lights, by Frederic Ridgely Torrence. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 1900. \$1.00.—Wild Eden, by George Edward Woodberry. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1899.—Heart of David the Psalmist King, Augustus George Heaton. Washington: The Neale Co. 1900.—Ghost of Rosalys, a Play, by Charles Leonard Moore. Philadelphia: Printed for the Author at Times Printing House. 1900.—The Masque of Judgment, by William Vaughn Moody. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 1900. \$1.50.—Orpheus, a Masque, Mrs. Fields. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1900. \$1.00.—The Worm Turns, by V. De Cleyre. Philadelphia: Innes & Sons, 1900.—America and other Poems, by Bertrand Shadwell. Chicago: R. R. Donnelly & Sons Co. 1899.—Five Books of Song by Richard Watson Gilder. Fourth Edition. New York: The Century Co. 1900.)

THE VARIORUM EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE.

It may sometimes flash upon one when he has been off on a patrol through the ages, on the backs, as it were, of successive editors of Shakespeare — such as Dr. Furness whips up tamely at one's beck, by the score, on every page of his masterly Variorum Edition — how humorously disconcerting to the editors would have been the sudden apparition of a ghost from the future, in the shape of a modern mind active before its hour was ripe and possessed with that spontaneous new way of looking at an old subject which is the surest sign of a fresh era.

If, in the midst of the gradually evolving Shakespeare recension some one editor at a dash had proposed that the text of the first of the folios was, after all, mainly corrupt in external rather than essential matters, and, as the closest representative, as a whole of Shakespeare, ought, under the circumstances, to be left on the page intact, conjecture and correction being relegated to a strictly subordinate place, — how “tolerable and not to be endured” would that have looked to a Hanmer or a Warburton! How it would have broken into the cumulative chain of results which constitute the Shakespearian editorial tradition!

They each confidently believed — these successive early editors — that what seemed good and judicious to them would be what Shakespeare meant and clowns and printers and earlier editors had prevented him from printing. So with a bold and naïve patience they went on printing their own texts from each preceding edition, the first of these, Rowe's, apparently, having been printed from a copy of a copy of a copy, — that is, from the fourth folio which was printed from the third, which was printed from the second, which was printed from the first, which fortunately chanced to be the earliest extant text for the greater part of the Plays, — and each editor in succession accounted it probable if not reasonably certain that with his text Shakespeare was at last “restored.”

Even when a more agnostical temper toward the equivalence of

their own and Shakespeare's judgment and outlook, bespoke, strange to say, a still greater reverence for the poet, they kept on pulling the cart in front of the horse by going back to the earlier texts from the latest text as a base of operations, instead of taking the earlier texts as a basis and going forward historically from that to the newer ones for further comparison.

Not until very lately have editors of any scholarship refrained from making their "own" text. Hence the unending complexity of minutiae in Shakespeare study; and, hence, therefore, in its turn, the learned ignorance which has begotten many queer theories.

The just past century of Shakespeare editing has thus been largely devoted to the exploitation of the vein of textual emendation very roughly staked off by the earliest editors, Rowe and his successor, Pope, well opened up by Theobald, the third editor, and laboriously mined by Capell — all in the eighteenth century. That century bequeathed to the nineteenth its text-making impetus yet left it little more of a task, in that line, than disinterested discussion, fairer adjudgment, and adjustment of work blocked out; and exhaustion of the last of the ore in that lead has been virtually effected within the present generation by the Cambridge editors.

The Time-spirit succeeding at last in awakening the consciousness of the modern editor to the passing of the text-making habit, has awakened him, also, to the consciousness that the archæological, historic, and artistic illustration of customs, phrases, meanings, and sources of literary influence is more important; is really due to the initiative of the nineteenth century; and constitutes the distinctive glory of its Shakespearianship.

The Furness Variorum bears witness to this trend of the centuries, and is in every sense of the phrase an epoch-marking edition. It has recorded the past fully, collecting the outcome more broadly, with a more democratic spirit toward differing views than ever before shown, and it has marshalled the students of Shakespeare the way that they were unconsciously going.

The editor who has shown so sensitively and faithfully whither

the clouds of homage from the huge Shakespearian censer were shifting when blown abroad over the earth by the great breath of the ages, ought to be himself acknowledged by the general public not only as the sophisticated heir of the wealth of the old editorial tradition, but as an originator of a fresh editorial outlook.

The very unassumingness of his first volume was itself portentous of "a sea-change" in editorship. He determined to make no new text, at first intended to adopt the Cambridge text, but, in fact, in his first volume, 'Romeo and Juliet' started with an eclectic text. He resolved to keep his own views in the background and if, fortunately, he has latterly broken this rash resolution, he has certainly never obtruded them. Holding simply that it was time for a new garnering from the fields of other men's labors, he proposed to bind the sheaves left unharvested since the Boswell-Malone Variorum of 1821. He was driven by his catholic regard for unregarded editors of ability, and by his scholarly instinct for thoroughness, to adopt in his second volume a plan reaching beyond such limitation as he had set himself in taking the Variorum of 1821 as a point of departure. In his third and fourth plays his tendency to recur to the folio text, to prefer an unmodernized form was marked. In his fifth play he met the demands of his historically based design by adopting the first folio text, pre-eminently the fittest for such an edition. He harnessed the horse, at last, in its sensible position in front of the cart, letting the main text draw the long burthen of later texts, and thus quietly bringing about the editorial reform which one imagines would have so comically disconcerted a Hammer or a Warburton had it loomed up ghostlike before them ere its hour was come.

Dr. Furness's originality as an editor is marked, we think, by his thorough adoption, thus in text and method of the historical way of regarding Shakespeare, which is, we believe, the distinctive glory of nineteenth century Shakespearianism. The scholarly thoroughness, exactitude, and judiciousness of his work have grown so unquestioned with the appearance of each new

volume that now upon the issue of the eleventh play, they need no re-assertion here; but the epoch marking quality of this great American edition, shown above all in the quiet independence and originality of outlook which have distinguished its design, have not yet been too often pointed out and appreciated. Nor has it often been noticed, we think, how significant it is that while the successive Furness Variorum volumes have more and more admirably fulfilled the requirements of that modern method we have ventured to designate as the historical method, in the illumination on all sides of the poet's standpoint, as to language, customs, literary material, etc., yet these volumes have all handled freely, but distinctly without adopting, the conclusions of a method that has been for some time much more of a pet with Shakespearians than the historical method. And that is the biographical method.

The Variorum Editor has been a most impartial and patient but ever imperturbable St. Thomas upon conclusions affected by such rainbow matters as "Dark Ladyes" and "Onlie Begetters," "Theatre Wars" and Court episodes, periods of personal despondency and buoyancy, *et cetera*, so far as these are made expository in any way of the Plays, or alleged to prove facts or dates otherwise uncertain. His treatment of all such personalia, is by proposing to accept only that which will bear the scrutiny of unbiassed good sense, and will add no new element of superfluous uncertainty to slur the glorious certainty which we have — the Plays. In a word he avoids doing in biographical details what almost everybody sees the wisdom now of avoiding in textual details, but which the early Shakespeare Editors did not see any more than theoretic Shakespeare Biographers in general now see. He constantly refrains from piecing out with the personal equation wherever the trail is broken. He deliberately fails to assume that what seems to you equal to Shakespeare and what was Shakespeare are equal to the same thing and equal to each other.

The relation between even a modern writer's life and his work is a slippery thing to get hold of. It is twice slippery when the work is essentially objective, dramatic; but a hundredfold slip-

perier when the genius involved is the supremely dramatic genius of centuries and when the facts of the mundane side of its life are fragmentary.

The biographical tendency seems to be about worked out now, in default of such fresh facts as are apparently beyond reach forever; and however plausible or pleasant it may be to believe what one likes as to the poet's life, it must be admitted that its proved details do not make up an interesting whole, and that if they be forced to cohere by the ingenuity of anybody, that person has simply added new sources of error, if applied to the explication of the text. Rather mystery than error, says Dr. Furness, again speaking with the voice of the brave agnostic in the interest of the higher truth, the deeper certainty.

Browning was one of the few in the past generation who were substantially in accord with Dr. Furness about Shakespeare, the Man. As the last strong exponent of the English dramatic bent, however differentiated by time and special culture, Browning's insight should have peculiar value.

Nor are signs lacking — notably in the temper of Mr. Sidney Lee's recent book on Shakespeare — that the course of the Variorum Editor in regard to the biographical tendency of the time is that which the Shakespearianship of the new century will accept. By expert knowledge Dr. Furness is himself, moreover, qualified to be the strongest witness of the conclusion likely to prevail.

Meanwhile the year that counts among its books published an issue of a play of Shakespeare in the Furness Variorum edition is distinguished by that token in the eyes of the judicious reader of Shakespeare.

It is not merely that each fresh Variorum collects and blends a thousand scattered rays of light, radiating originally from Shakespeare or from life, and turns them back along the pathway toward him, making a library of comment point out the master-book anew. Valuable as this is, it is not this synthetic service merely, which so deserves the distinction it receives; it is, also, the incidental clearing away of editorial rubbish. Since the proper work

of an editor of a great world poet is to disencumber him as well as to illustrate him, like a house-keeper who sets her stores in order, preserving the collected valuables concerning the play is scarcely more important than cleaning out the antedated and the valueless. This is a labor-saving service to Shakespeare and Shakespearians especially needed, now, when the weight of the lore of the ages is heavy about the neck, and not always is it as clearly understood and appreciated as it might be. Instead of leading the more callow reader to trundle back anew over the ground so expertly explored, it should make him realize that this service has been done for him far better and with an infinitely richer equipment than he can ever command; it should be accepted as excusing him from wasting time henceforth on winnowing the winnowed; it should be thankfully hailed as securing for him a fresh point of departure for new and nearer enjoyment of that wealth of Shakespeare from which some troublesome encumbrances the past had left have been cleared away by a public benefactor.

The last issue of this edition — ‘*Much Ado*’ — is a crowning example of the mature facility and the humorous equipoise with which the Variorum Editor has pursued his plan as regards what we have here considered to be its characteristic features — the adoption of the historical method and the dismissal of the biographical. It gives, as usual now, the first folio text, all variations therefrom, with the comment defending them, combines explanations offered from various sources on a thousand curious points; and, in the appendix, collects selected criticism from German, French and English writers; accounts of the acting and costuming of the play; and prints in full the novel of *Bandello*, the part of the ‘*Orlando*’ and the scenes from *Ayrer’s ‘Schoene Phaenicia’* which have been held to be sources of the plot of ‘*Much Ado*.’

In the ‘*Preface*’ the main contentions as to the text and date of the play are admirably unfolded, and the crumples made in it, by ingenious theories of the biographical semi-certain sort are smoothed away with a happy quizzicalness of which the following quotation is an example: —

“ This ‘ probable ’ transportation of Shakespeare into Germany and Italy incites me to say that profound as are my veneration and gratitude to Shakespeare as a poet, they are deeper to him as a man. With that prophetic glance, vouchsafed only to the heaven-descended, he foresaw the inexhaustible flood of imaginings which would be set abroad to account for any prolonged obscurity enveloping his life. Clearly, with this end in view, he evaded all public notice for seven long years. From 1585, when his twin children were baptised (common decency must assume that he was present at that ceremony), until 1592, we know absolutely nothing of him. For one momentary flash, in 1587, when the terms of a mortgage given by his father, had to be adjusted, we may possibly catch a glimpse of him ; but for all the rest a Cimmerian midnight holds him. And what a priceless boon ! What an unobstructed field wherein to prove that he so devoted himself to the study of every trade, profession, pursuit, and accomplishment that he became that master of them all, which his plays clearly show him to have been. It was during these seven silent years, while holding horses at the doors of theatres for his daily bread, that he became, if we are to believe each critic and commentator, a thorough master of law and practice down to the minutest quillet ; a thorough master of medicine, with the most searching knowledge of the virtue of every herb, mineral, or medicament, including treatment of the insane and an anticipation of Harvey’s circulation of the blood ; he became skilled in veterinary medicine and was familiar with every disease that can afflict a horse ; he learned the art of war, and served a campaign in the field ; he became such an adept in music that long afterward he indicated prodigies and eclipses by solmisation ; he went to sea and acquired an absolute mastery of a ship in a furious tempest, and made only one slight mistake, long years afterward, in the number of a ship’s glasses ; he studied botany and knew every flower by name ; horticulture, and knew every fruit ; arboriculture, and knew the quality and value of all timber ; that he practised archery daily, who can doubt ? and when not hawking, or fishing, he was fencing ; he became familiar with astronomy and at home in astrology ; he learned ornithology through and through, from young scamels on the rock to the wren of little quill ; a passionate huntsman, he was also a pigeon-fancier, and from long observation discovered that doves would defend their nest, and that pigeons lacked gall ; he was a printer and not only set up books, but bound them afterward ; as we have just seen he was a strolling actor in Germany, and travelled in Italy, noting

the tide at Venice and the evening mass at Verona; he got his Bible by heart, including the Apocrypha; he read every translation of every classic author then published, and every original in Greek, Latin, Italian, and French (of course he learned German while strolling) and, finally, he read through the whole of English literature, from Chaucer down to every play or poem written by his contemporaries, and as he read he took voluminous notes (sly dog!) of every unusual word, phrase, or idea to palm it off afterward as his own!

“My own private conviction is that he mastered cuneiform; visited America; and remained quite a while here, — greatly to his intellectual advantage.”
C. P.

(A new Variorum edition of Shakespeare. Edited by Horace Howard Furness. Vol. XII. *Much Ado About Nothing*. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1899.)



SELECT BOOK NOTES.

—INTEREST recently revived in the life and work of Theodore Parker was augmented this fall by a biography from the pen of John White Chadwick. The book is a careful and judicious piece of writing, more condensed than the existing lives of Parker by Weiss and Frothingham, and thus more attainable to the present day reader. It gives, nevertheless, an adequate account of the outward and inward history of the man: his creed and his life's exemplification of it, with its relation to the Unitarian controversies which wrung the Boston of his time: his share in the Abolitionist movement: and finally, the man himself, his zeal for knowledge, his immense bodily activity, his rash and headlong energy, his spiritual strength. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$2.00.)

—WHAT shall be said of a novel that achieves such anterior fame as the demand for one hundred and fifty thousand copies before its publication? One is tempted to make ‘The Master Christian’ a basis for inferences and conclusions along a philosophico-literary line of reasoning, instead of reviewing the book on its merits as an

individual product. In the briefest and most summary of such reviews it must be said that Miss Corelli's theme, perhaps best conveyed by her dedication: "To all those churches who war in the name of Christ," can hardly fail of interest to a public whose increasingly sensitive consciousness of its religious evolution is everywhere observable, in every conceivable form of expression. Moreover, Miss Corelli's own development, or rather that of her art, is evident. She gains vastly by a self-control till now noticeably absent from her work: one may say that the very weight of her subject, the reflection necessary to treat it with a dignity in any measure commensurate with itself, compels the author to a lower key, a more repressed and intensive note, which is far more artistic and convincing than the semi-hysteria one might have feared. With all this the book is not a doctrinal treatise, nor a sermon masked with a film of fiction, but a novel, *bona fide*, to be judged as such. (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.)

—THE pathetic beauty of Ernest Renan's *Memoirs* of his sister Henrietta is now available for true appreciation in a new translation by Lucie Page, done in greatest sympathy with the spirit of the author. It will be recalled that Renan first wrote this memorial of his dead in the resolve never to offer it to the world, but to preserve the tribute sacred to those alone who were his friends. His decision was altered, however, before his own death came, and a sentence from Miss Page's translation probably best expresses the cause of the change: " . . . My beloved Henrietta lives a thousand times more truly than she lived in those dark years . . . when she set her face steadily toward the perfect life, though the world misunderstood her." The desire to teach the world a just meaning of that spiritual personality animated Renan's decision, as it also animates the new translation from which we quote. (Portland: Thomas Mosher.) *H. T. P.*

LIFE AND LETTERS.

—THE dawn of the century has been the signal for much rumination as to the coming century as well as for much summarizing as to the past. At last it seems as if the thinking man had attained his full growth in consciousness, for never before has there been so conscious a determination that the coming century shall be made to show vast growth in the direction of a better civilization.

It is true that the number who take this determined attitude toward the future is small, on the whole, but on this point let us hear Herbert Walsh in his recent address in Boston at the meeting for "Peace in the Twentieth Century."

He held that if those who take an ideal view of life, who believe that the tendency of evolution is toward higher good, will confidently preach their ideal in the face of every discouragement, and will declare that whatever is wrong may be righted, they will draw believers and helpers to their side until the force becomes so strong that practical results are attained, and the wrong is finally righted.



—THIS view is a hopeful one, and those who heard Mr. Walsh's eloquence and sound logic combined must have felt that such ardor for a splendid ideal as he showed could not help but be a moving force in the moral growth of society.



—THE dangers which threaten the coming century are doubtless many. In their issue of December 30, 1900, *The New York World* published a symposium on the question "What is the chief danger Social or Political that confronts the New Century?" The most profound and far-reaching of the replies was that of

Nordau, for he put his finger upon the fundamental cause which brings all the other dangers in its train.

"The chief danger threatening civilization itself, seems to be that infernal selfishness called by pseudo-philosophers 'individualism.' In social life it leads to anarchy, in home politics to party-preying, in international politics to wars, conquests and land-grabbing; in art and literature to silly pooh-poohing of all traditions and to attitudinizing. Progress is the outcome of a strong social sense. 'Individualism such as preached by the madman Nietzsche and brought into fashion by his contemptible followers necessarily leads to barbarism.'"



—THE first step toward conquering a danger is to recognize that it exists. It will perhaps not be possible to do anything with those who have become settled in their individualism. It is an *ism* which the more it is fed the more pronounced and hardened it becomes. Some people are beginning to recognize that certain flaws in educational methods emphasize, if they are not altogether responsible for, the later abnormal growth of what Nordau calls "infernal selfishness." It will not be long before this feeling grows into an active attempt to formulate methods of education which will attend to the altruistic as well as the individualistic side of the child's nature, and it is to be hoped there will soon follow upon this, a tempering of the rank utilitarianism which is the creed of most young men leaving college—a sort of degenerate John Stuart Millism, which leaves out the ideal element of his philosophy—"the greatest happiness of the whole number"—and substitutes for it "the greatest success to number one."



THE CHRISTMASES OF 'IN MEMORIAM.'

IN *Poet-love* for July–September, 1899, Mr. C. W. Hodell says that "the leading critics have taken it for granted that the poet was speaking of the three Christmases immediately following the

death of Arthur Hallam, Sept., 1833," and that the mistake has been "finally corrected by the Memoir."

I do not claim to be one of the "leading critics," but I have studied 'In Memoriam' somewhat carefully, and edited it in 1894, the book being sent to press in the following spring. In the Notes (p. 180) I called attention to the mistakes made by the critics concerning the date of the Christmases, and showed that the first one must be 1833, not 1834, as Gatty had made it. In a note on p. 190 I said that the second Christmas was "probably that of 1834"; and on p. 197 I put the date of the third Christmas as 1837, and referred to a preceding note (p. 196) in which I corrected the date (1835) usually given for the poet's removal from Somersby, showing that this was 1837. I added: "Writers have been led astray by assuming that the three Christmases of the poem were in three successive years."

This was two years before the publication of the Memoir; but I had corrected this mistake concerning the removal from Somersby in the notes to Vol. I. (p. 320) of the *édition de luxe* of Tennyson (12 vols., 1892-1898) brought out by Estes & Lauriat.

In some "Notes on Tennyson's 'In Memoriam'" in *Poet-lore* for August-September, 1895 (p. 429), I say that "the second Christmas was undoubtedly that of the next year (1834)." I had come to this conclusion after my edition of the poem was published, and, on re-examining the evidence in favor of it, I adhere to that opinion. Mr. Hodell thinks the year to be 1835; but it seems to me that section lxxviii., referring to this Christmas bears evidence of having been written nearer the time of Arthur's death than in 1835; and the sections that immediately precede are in the same vein. In lxxvii. the poet muses on the burial place of Arthur in Clevedon Church; and lxxii. refers, as the Memoir (vol. i., p. 305) distinctly states, to the *first* (1834) anniversary of his death. Mr. Hodell thinks that there appears to be "a distance not of three but of fifteen months" between this time and that second Christmas; but, though "the note of grief" in lxxii. is "dark and bitter," this is partly due to the painful associations of the anniversary,

and partly to the gloomy and depressing weather, on which the poet dwells even more than on the grief that it intensifies. The tone of the Christmas reflections is naturally less sad, but, as the last stanza tells us, it is not because grief is dead, "but with long use her tears are dry." To me, however, this poem seems closely connected with the former Christmas one; and even if we had no external evidence that the two were written in successive years, I think that a careful comparison of them would convince me that no unsung Christmas had intervened.

While I am writing about 'In Memoriam,' let me point out two errors in the statement of Tennyson's own division of the poem, as given in *Poet-lore* for October–December, 1898 (p. 610). The division is evidently the same that Tennyson gave to his friend Knowles (see my edition, p. 173, and my article in *Poet-lore* cited above, p. 432), first printed, so far as I am aware, in the *Nineteenth Century* for January, 1893. Part iii. of the poem, as thus divided, ends with section xxvii. (not xxviii); and part viii. ends with section ciii. (not cviii.). Part ix. obviously begins with the third Christmas (civ.). If I remember right, there was one misprint in the numbers as given in the *Nineteenth Century*, which I corrected in my edition.

In the Memoir (vol. i., p. 305) we have also another division of the poem from the author's own pen, based upon the three Christmases; but this is not inconsistent with the division into nine parts, as the dividing lines of the former coincide, as far as they go, with those of the latter.

W. J. Rolfe.



—AT a meeting of the "Pegasus Club" in Philadelphia last winter when Dr. Edward Everett Hale was the guest of honor, the members, among whom are some well-known poets, as well as others who only "drop into poetry" occasionally, amused themselves with writing impromptu acrostic sonnets and rhymed verses on the club's name. These are the clever verses which resulted from this romp of the muse with Pegasus:

This is the time when poets sit and think,—
Here is the place where bards their rhymes unfold.
Ever they deal out dross and deem it gold ;
Perchance they soar, per greater chance they sink.
Eternal poems are the lasting link,
Gripping the present to the thought of old :
Alas, that we should plant with pen and ink
Sonnets, like roses,—that shall fade and stink.
Useless are all my efforts to aspire,—
Such are the fetters that I cannot break.
Cordials are coming,—not celestial fire,—
Lest we forget,—let us one bumper take :
Unlike our Pegasus may we ne'er be hoarse,
But clear, full-throated, full of fuss and force.

John Hall Ingram.

The wings he wears are token of a goose,
His wind is broken and his eye is blind.
Ever he lives on sawdust, nor can find
Pastures in any field, but wanders loose,
Each rider sends him headlong to the deuce.
Guyed is he by the town and cut behind,
A bony beast with ribs in large outlined,
Sweating with flight and casting all his shoes,—
Ulcerous animal, O why art thou
Set as a sign for this poetic ring?
Clear out ! we'll have an automobile now.
Let us recline on cushions while we sing.
Utter no neigh ! but git ! Go pull the plough.
By all the gods thine is a misfit wing !

Harrison S. Morris.

Thrice blest of art, of nature beautified,
Hearts welded in a dream of minstrelsy,
Ever respondent to the joys that be
Prolific of the human deified ;
Enthroned art thou and ever panoplied,—
Girt round about with melodies as free
As those immortal strains which constantly

Surge upward to Olympus glorified !
Up to thy beauty I turn longing eyes,
Seared haply with a light too dazzling pure,
Ceasing to gaze when gleams of paradise
Light all my pathway with too fine a hue ;
Unto thee, Pegasus, my anthems rise
Before thine altar's fair entablature !

Francis Howard Williams.

Time hath no wings which Pegasus outstrips,
His fleetest flight daunts not our winged steed.
Ever morning breaks and daylight drapes the mead,
Pathways of purest thought bound 'neath his steps,
Eternal wisdom with her burning lips
Greets him at each new stage. No servile need
Averts him from full praise of glorious deed.
Seer and sage from his full fountain sips.
Unmindful of the source which slakes their thirst,
Serene above the surge of shifting ills,
Calm where the seas of trouble boil and burst.
Lord of all life, his inspiration fills
Unworthy souls with heaven-infused light
Before whose beams quail shafts of darkest night.

Andrew Harold Miller.

Tho' we may linger on the slopes, nor try
Herclean tasks, yet ours no feeble work.
Each to himself be true, the task ne'r shirk,
Performance idle, none may justify
E'en tho' the skill no voice of praise deny.
Groping we seek the higher levels, hope
And struggle, with the crowd we more than cope,
Supreme, we strive howe'er lest none decry.
Up then, O Pegasus ! O lend thine aid,
Sustain thy devotees in this their flight.
Call all the muses, Clío, heavenly maid !
Let inspiration keep the soul aright,
Under the trees of Helicon, whose shade
Broods darkly, ope' the way to newer light.

Harvey Maitland Watts.

To soar aloft in poesy's regions bright,
 Heav'n-scaling song, this is thy fair birthright,
 Exploring all the depths of passion's play,
 Preserving thought to future's distant day.
 Ecstatic glow thou sheddest over life,
 Giv'st peace new grace, and glory to fierce strife,
 Aloft enthroned amid the tuneful choir,
 Serenely poised among the throng none higher,
 Undaunted by the crowd of common wits,
 Secure of fame, the Club of Pegasus sits.
 Casts wide the radiance of its Phœbus glance,
 Leads forth the world in paths that e'er advance
 Up—ever up—to where a purer ray
 Beams with the promise of a better day.

Hugh A. Clarke.



—“WHAT was the effect of Pippa's song upon Luigi?” asks Mr. W. M. Neal. “Did it confirm him in his determination to kill the king, or did it influence him to forego that determination?”

Undoubtedly it confirmed him in his determination to do what he thought right as a member of the Carbonari—that is, to kill the Austrian Emperor, and free Italy. He was hesitating before the song, just as Sebald, Jules, and Monsignor hesitate, and in his case, as in theirs, Pippa's song precipitates in his perturbed mind, an instant decision. Pippa's influence has made an appeal to each in accordance with the nature and conscience of each. Luigi's decision to set forth at once upon his mission saves him from arrest and the Austrian prison (see closing lines of the preceding scene of the talk between the policemen) which would be his fate if he did not leave Asolo that night.

Although Pippa's song was of a good king who lived when the world was young, and for whom there was no need that *he* should die, her last stanza telling of the danger threatening that good old king in the shape of the Python prowling through the city, serves to remind Luigi that just the opposite state of things holds now

that the world is old. The Python is on the throne, now, and the righteous man dealing judgment, as that king of old did, is called by God to slay the snake on the throne and prevent brave men from falling a prey to its "forky tongue."



— THE following story, clipped from *Current Literature*, should be taken to heart by the brotherhood of flippant newspaper correspondents, who settle the problems herein suggested after a sojourn of a few months or even a few weeks among a strange people — or, sometimes, it may be feared, after merely a canter through two or three encyclopædias.

"His Book on the Filipinos. — When a certain old Dominican father, after forty years of honest service in the Philippines, had arrived at such an advanced age that he knew his time for this world was short, his brother padres asked him to write a book detailing his experiences. He consented, but added: 'No one shall see it while I live, but when I am gone you will open my private chest and there you will find the manuscript.' Recently the old man died, and, after he was buried, the Dominican fathers opened the chest and found therein a vast bundle of manuscript sewed together in the form of a book. On the cover were these words: 'The Characteristics, Habits, and Customs of the Filipino People. By Father —, D. O. M. Prepared as a result of forty years' careful study and observation of the race.' They opened the book on the second page and found it blank. They opened it to the third page and it was blank. There were three hundred blank pages. On the very last sheet was written these words: 'This is all I know, after forty years' study of the Filipino people.'"



— How Browning forgot himself in a phonograph, is the subject of the following story told by the painter Mr. G. H. Boughton, in an interview in the *July Strand*:

"Browning had the most marvellous memory I ever knew and

could quote Milton, Shakespeare, Spenser, and a host of other poets by the page together. If one wanted a quotation for a picture, one had only to go to him, and he would be able to give the necessary lines without a reference to any book, and he'd reel them off letter-perfect. I remember once, though, a funny failure of his memory — the funnier because it was in one of his own poems. When the phonograph was first brought over to London it was being shown at the house of an artist, and we were all asked to speak something into the receiver. Browning modestly declined for a time, but we egged him on, and at last someone said, 'Quote some lines from one of your own poems.'

" 'I know those least of all,' he replied, with a smile, and eventually he said he thought he knew 'How They Brought the Good News from Aix to Ghent' better than he knew anything else. He began splendidly : —

" We sprang to the saddle, and Joris and he ;
I galloped, Dirk galloped, we galloped all three ;
We — we — we ; we — we — we !

" 'Upon my word, I've forgotten my own verses,' he exclaimed, and stopped there. Somebody prompted him ; he took up the thread again, but he couldn't get on any farther.

"He apologized, but the owner of the phonograph declared that the cylinder was more valuable to him on account of the breakdown than if the poet had recited it right through."



—WRITING of 'Chaucer's Women,' recently, in *The Forum*, Mr. Ferris Greenslet declares that "the true lover of Chaucer must always rebel at the appreciation which tends to neglect the more serious aspects of his character and genius. He would not dwell upon the pious moralizing of the Tale of Melibœus and of the Parson's Sermon ; he would deprecate the Retraction most heartily ; but he would also wish to keep clearly in mind the earnest and

serious forces of Chaucer's personality ; and he likes to remember that in a dark age his poet could write, perhaps his last poem, in a strain of buoyant optimism as tonic as The Epilogue to 'Asolando' :

“Forth, pilgrim, forth ! Forth beste out of thy stal.

Know thy countree, look up, thank God of al :

Hold the hye way, and let thy gost the lede :

And trouthe shal delivere, hit is no drede. ’ ”



—— “Carlyle's definition of poetry ” writes Mr. Kingsland to us, recently, “has always seemed to me admirable — ‘musical thought’ — that is, the ‘thought’ must be sung, not spoken, — and words turned into metre are words turned into music (music — not musical sound), and whoso can turn words into music is a poet. As for poetical prose — there is this distinction : all prose has in it the elements of poetry — but prose is not song : it is speech : *poetical* prose is speech stirred by emotion — *undulating* speech, we might call it. You would not call Gibbon a poet, for his sentences are perfectly *level* ; but you would call Carlyle one, you would call Ruskin one. Their thought is touched by emotion, and sings itself into the mind of the reader — for the simple reason that their sentences undulate, they have the whirl and roar of the elements in the one instance, and the flow and ripple of streamlets in the other — undulating over hill and dale. But you would not *class* them as poets, for they lack the lyric workmanship. Therefore I should call the orderly sentences of a scientific or historical work prose — that is, speech ; I should call the sentences of Carlyle, Ruskin, etc., poetic — that is, speech stirred by emotion.”

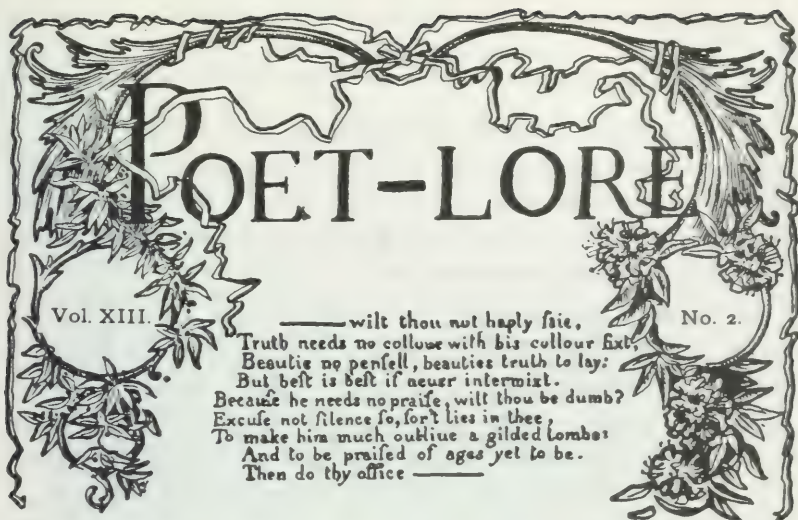


—— AMERICANS should not think of the United States as a peculiarly new government, says Mr. Albion W. Tourgée. Instead,

"we are one of the oldest existing civilized nations," for, "since the foundation of the government, almost one hundred and twelve years ago, there has been no break in our Presidential succession." During that period, according to Judge Tourgée, the form of government in France has changed ten times. "Germany," he adds, "is but thirty years old. Austria, as a nation," is the outcome almost within the latter half of the nineteenth century of the Hungarian rebellion. "Italy is a still later product of popular evolution." In a word, the monarchical dynasties, and "established governments" of all the European countries, including England, even, have by no means been so unbroken that they can assume, without qualification, that they have been stable, while American Democracy has been experimenting.



—LOWELL, says Mr. Howells, in 'Literary Friends and Acquaintances,' recently published by the Harpers, "loved chiefly the companionship of books, and of men who loved books; but of women generally he had an amusing diffidence; he revered them and honored them, but he would rather not have had them about. This is oversaying it, of course, but the truth is in what I say. There was never a more devoted husband, and he was content to let his devotion to the sex end with that. He especially could not abide difference of opinion in women; he valued their taste, their wit, their humor, but he would have none of their reason. He was one day arguing a point with one of his nieces, and after it had gone on for some time, and the impartial witness must have owned that she was getting the better of him, he closed the controversy by giving her a great kiss, with the words, 'You are a very good girl, my dear,' and practically putting her out of the room. As to women of the flirtatious type, he did not dislike them; no man, perhaps, does; but he feared them, and he said that with them there was but one way, and that was to run."



THE MASTER OF PALMYRA.*

A DRAMATIC POEM BY ADOLF WILBRANDT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

APELLES, the master of Palmyra.	PHŒBE.
BOLANA, his mother.	HERENNIANOS, leader of the Chris- tian host in Palmyra.
TIMOLAOS.	PERSIDA, his sister.
PUBLIUS SATURNINUS, Roman general.	TRYPHENA, her daughter.
JULIUS AURELIUS WAHBALLATH, Hairan's son.	JAMLICHUS, son of Longinus.
SEPTIMIUS MALKU, son of Zab- dila.	ZABBÆUS.
LONGINUS.	NYMPHAS.
PAUSANIAS.	AGRIPPA, son of Jarchai.
ZOE.	MÆONIAS.
	ZENOBIÆ.

First and Second Citizens of Palmyra. Slave of Apelles. Slave girl of Bolana. A venerable old man. A blind man. A woman. A voice. Priests, warriors, people of all classes, men and women slaves.

The action takes place in and near Palmyra at the time of the Roman Empire.

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ACT I. SCENE I.

In the desert near Palmyra. Perfect desolation. A yellowish mound, not very high, shuts off the background, and forms a kind of cave, before which a long piece of rock is roughly arranged as a resting-place. But little decoration.

Zoe [*comes from the left, in a plain white gown, a veil or kerchief over her face, a bundle on her shoulder, her step tired, exhausted. She looks round dejectedly*]. Lost! Not a tree, not a spring of water! Only the dreary solitude! My knees are breaking. My eyes, tired by the hot light of the yellow desert, feel as if they were put out; and still they see not Palmyra! — I must rest here. [*Sits herself on the stone bench.*] Silent desert! Asleep are thy springs; dumb are all thy creatures. Only the eagles circle noiselessly in the sea-blue distance, and mount aloft to the invisible shores, like thy spirits, whom no thirst burns and no weariness oppresses. Oh, would that spirits of heaven might bear me enchanted over the sea of the desert! bring me strength and refreshing! encourage me and show me my way!

[*A pale, sick woman and a blind old man, infirm, poorly clad, enter from the left, walking with difficulty, the woman leading the blind man, who from time to time coughs feebly. The woman lays a few half-withered flowers she is carrying down on the ground near the stone bench. Then she bows herself low before the rock, her arms crossed over her breast.*]

Woman [*somewhat impatiently*]. You bow, too!

Blind Man. We are at the place?

Woman. Have I not said so already? [*Raising her voice.*] Where art thou, hermit of the cave! Lord, Lord, where art thou?

Blind Man [*coughing*]. Lord! O Lord! [*Coughs again.*]

Zoe [*amazed*]. Whom are you calling?

Woman [*looks suspiciously at ZOE*]. The reverend man who dwells here.

Zoe [looks round in perplexity]. In this barren rock?

Woman [more confidently]. You would not ask unless you were a stranger. Hermits live in the deserts of Egypt in the barren rock: so this reverend man lives here. [Softly.] But the wise people in Palmyra think he is no man, but the great spirit, the LORD OF LIFE. He seldom appears; and, if he will not, then one must just come again. But sometimes instead of him, woe is me! comes the black spirit, whom all hate and flee, [still more softly] the LORD OF DEATH.

Zoe [smiling incredulously]. Do you believe it?

Woman [nudges the blind man]. Call him, old man.

Blind Man [coughing in a feeble voice]. Lord! O Lord!

Woman. Listen to him chirping like a cricket. [Bows low again, with arms crossed.] O Lord of Life, show thyself to us wretched creatures!

Pausanias [steps suddenly from behind the rock, as if from a crevice. He is pale, and clothed from head to foot in a black cloak]. What will ye here? While all the people of Palmyra are thinking only of their warriors fighting for them against the Persians, what seek ye for yourselves?

Woman [bowing still lower]. O Lord! give me a remedy, a charm, a blessing, that I may not die. I am sick: thou seest —

Pausanias. I see.

Woman. — suffering, ah, how great! Infirmity! The physicians say, “There is no help for you: give up the struggle!” I have crept here, Lord, with great difficulty. I thought I should die on the way —

Pausanias. And yet, strange, suffering creature, you still wish to live, instead of seeking freedom from such great distress and trouble?

Woman. Any one would like to continue to live, Lord. To die is so terrible.

Pausanias [to the old man]. Well, and you, old man, poor blind man?

Blind Man [coughing]. Give us a remedy, Lord, that we may live.

Pausanias. Fools! And yet you must die some time,—die as it is decreed. Are you so foolish as to think that the Lord of the world holds the sacred treasure of life so cheap that he would let it stay in such decayed, rotten, broken vessels? The dry leaf must fall, that another may bud and grow!

Blind Man. That is hard! And yet, O Lord, there is a saying that immortality falls to the lot of some—

Pausanias [*darkly*]. If it were as I wish, it would fall to the lot of *none*. Still, a single one is to attain it,—one according to the will of the Highest, whose intention no other knows.

Woman. Lord, where is he? When will he come, Lord?

Pausanias. Even to-day.

Woman. Here?

Pausanias. Here.

Woman. I am here.

Pausanias. Yes, but it is not you. [*To the old man.*] Nor you. Go! Must so many die out there in the battlefield to-day fighting against the Persians, young, in the bloom of life, and you withered leaves are not willing to fall? Go!

Woman [*looking at him blankly, suddenly cries out*]. Woe is me!

Blind Man. What is it?

Woman [*trembling, weeping*]. It is the Lord of DEATH who has talked with us. We must fall, must die.

Blind Man. Must die!

Woman. Yes, it is he. I knew him when I looked at him. His pale, cold eyes pierced my heart. We must die—

Pausanias [*sternly*]. Go back to Palmyra!

Blind Man [*trembling, coughing*]. We are going, Lord. [*They creep away toward the left, bowed down, not looking back.*]

Pausanias. Miserable, slavish creatures, children of men! children of dust! As cockles cling to the slippery rock, so these cling to the present, grasping it tightly. Endure, suffer, anything but die!

Zoe [*who had risen and stepped back, now comes forward, quietly*]. Thou art mistaken: not all.

Pausanias. Thou, so young, art not afraid of death?

Zoe. I fear him not.

Pausanias. Ah, well! so speaks many a one — in despair or pride; but, believe me, it is often easy to affirm what is hard to persist in. [*From behind the rock, as PAUSANIAS had done before, comes forth a venerable old man, with white hair, but fresh, youthful face, clothed in a garment yellow like the desert.*] Ask him!

Zoe. Who is it?

Pausanias. One stronger than thou. The wise man, whom the fools of Palmyra seek. [*The old man, looking at her gently and kindly, approaches ZOE, who bows to him reverently.*]

Old Man. Thou art wandering through the desert from Damascus? What sends thee to Palmyra?

Zoe [*softly*]. The will of God. I go to preach His word and to bring His salvation.

Old Man. To the heathen?

Zoe. Yes.

Old Man. Thou art a Christian?

Zoe. Yes, my father.

Old Man. The Spirit driveth thee?

Zoe. Thou sayest.

Old Man. And thou dost not tremble before the heathen? Suppose they reject thee, hate thee, crush out thy glowing life with stones?

Zoe. The will of God directeth the hearts and the stones.

Old Man. And suppose God prophesieth to thee through my mouth that to-day thou wilt stain the soil of Palmyra with thy maiden blood? that thy tired eyes will grow dim before night if thou dost behold Palmyra?

Zoe. I am afraid — Yet I will see it, my father. Tomorrow then shall I be in Paradise!

Old Man. And what if fancy deludes thy credulous soul? If thou shouldst fall asleep, never to awaken?

Zoe [*stares at him*]. Why speakest thou so harshly to my soul? Thou! Who art thou? [*Soft, supernatural music*

begins. ZOE listens in amazement, but with senses evidently tired and glance slowly sinking to sleep.] The air is full of music. It is day in my ears, but night in my eyes. My spirit is at once bright and dark. [*Slowly sinking back on the stone bench, so that PAUSANIAS stands at her head, the old man at her feet, her eyes closing.*] What is happening to me? Who art thou?

Old Man. Who am I? If I should tell thee, thou wouldst not understand; and, if thou didst understand, thy soul would not believe. Thou soul, born to death —

Pausanias. Thou must die —

Zoe [*repeating, as if in a dream.*] I must die —

Old Man. But thou wilt first behold a miracle. [*Trumpets and horns at a slight distance, at first short like a signal, then a rousing fanfare. ZOE listens, raising her head a little, but her eyes closing more and more.*] Hearest thou, maiden?

Zoe. Horns are sounding. Martial music —

Pausanias. The victors returning home.

Voices [*behind the scenes.*] Hail to the victor! Hail, Apelles!

Zoe. And they are shouting.

Pausanias. “Hail to the victor! Hail, Apelles of Palmyra!”

Old Man. Yes, Apelles of Palmyra! Come, open the portals of thy soul! Let thy proud desires soar like the eagles!

Voices [*as before, but nearer.*] Hail to the victor! Hail, Apelles!

Apelles [*behind the scenes.*] Be silent, and leave me! Praise the gods! Take your way homeward!

Pausanias. He is coming.

Old Man. Let him come! [*Draws a yellowish veil from his head, and lays it over ZOE's face.*] And let his eyes see no one, [*to ZOE*] neither thee, nor him, nor me! [*APELLES and LONGINUS enter from the right, armed,—APELLES just in the prime of manhood, LONGINUS still a youth. The soft music ceases.*]

Apelles [*as he enters.*] Come this way, Longinus.

Longinus. What is the matter with you, man? The others are waiting for you.

Apelles. Let them go. They know the way to Palmyra without me. Look behind you — “The Cave of Life” they call it.

Longinus [*looking around*]. A desolate place.

Apelles [*pointing to the stone bench*]. Do you see that bare block of stone? Whoever falls asleep there and dreams, so they say, will live forever. [*Smiling.*] I should like to try it, friend!

Longinus. A superstition of the ignorant!

Apelles. Who knows? You said yourself it was a miracle that death did not find me this morning in the rush of the enemy! “Thou art immortal!” you cried. [*Eagerly.*] Now, if I could try whether a god would not fulfil for me this word from human lips!

Longinus. And would you really like to live forever? Your eyes glow with the rush of victory. The sunny goddess of Fortune loves you, and pours blessings upon you; but — is she faithful, *Apelles*?

Apelles. Fortune! What fortune? I know the burdens of life. Fortune only held for me the ladder which I mounted panting, slowly, patiently, gladly; for I felt myself created for strife, and I bless it, as it blessed me. Work and joy of life are twin brothers, one living in the other. I live in both; and they keep for me the joy of the present, as sleep and waking keep for me its form. If the black mice, care and sorrow, gnaw,—well, I recognize the servants of death, hear them gnawing; but my guards, my twin friends, are faithful and strong, and frighten them away!

Longinus. Then you would like to live forever?

Apelles. Forever, if only strength of mind, might of arm, is left to me to feel and keep the worth of the present! [*Smiling again.*] And, therefore, I am enticed to rest here. [*Approaches the stone bench. The soft, supernatural music sounds again. APELLES stops in amazement.*] What is that? Do you hear music?

Longinus. I hear nothing.

Apelles. You do not? And it is still sounding, neither far nor near, in here and yet outside. Am I afraid! Do I hesitate?

No, I have willed ; and I will do it. [*Goes again toward the stone bench, but stops suddenly as if bound.*] Longinus !

Longinus. What ?

Apelles [*struggling against a shudder*]. A spell ; something mysterious. Before my eyes is the empty air, and still — a giant arm, laid across my breast, holds me back, will not let me step nearer the stone seat. [*Taking courage, with raised voice.*] Who art thou, invisible power ? Why restrainest thou the strength of my limbs, of my man's will, from questioning fate and the gods ?

Old Man [*motionless*]. The force that restrains thee would warn thee. Ask thyself if thy man's will does not desire thy hurt !

Apelles [*has listened, amazed and bewildered*]. Man ! Longinus !

Longinus. What is the matter with you ?

Apelles. Don't you hear some one speaking ?

Longinus. I ?

Apelles. Yes, you. A voice — near and yet far away —

Longinus. I hear nothing.

Apelles. I heard it. I heard words, but they sounded only in the hollow of my ear, and then fled like birds of night before I understood them. Listen !

Old Man [*as before*]. *Apelles* of Palmyra !

Apelles. I hear my name distinctly.

Old Man. Beware ! What thou desirest will be given thee, thee alone, according to the decision of the Most High, if thou demand it. But beware ! Life without end may be regret without end. Therefore beware !

Apelles. I hear thee, invisible voice of warning ; but thou dost warn in vain. A great good cannot turn to evil. I fear nothing, not even thy warning. Grant to me, ye supreme lords of life and death, only the assurance that body and spirit will never grow weary ; and I will press life, like a loved one, close to my heart forever.

Old Man. Very well ! It shall be to thee as thou desirest. The Lord of Life has heard thy prayer ; will keep thee forever on this earth —

Apelles. Louder! clearer! I hear as if from a distance, and understand thee not.

Old Man. On thy brow is the sign that thou shalt keep awake, without the sleep of death—

Zoe [*repeating as if in a dream*]. Wake without the sleep of death—

Apelles. Words! Words! I cannot understand!

Old Man. To all the children of earth thou shalt be an image, an example, to teach the lesson of death, throw light on the riddle of life. And from the curse of this blessing shalt thou find no release until thy soul— [*He is silent.*]

Zoe [*as before*]. Until thy soul—

Old Man. In silence sleeps the dark word. Go and live!

Pausanias. Go and live!

Apelles. Everything is quiet. You heard nothing?

Longinus. Nothing. You are dreaming.

Apelles [*passing his hand across his brow as if just waking*]. A mad dream. It sounded like a promise—but obscure—I could not understand or grasp it. “Go and live!” it sounded at the close. “Go and live!” it sounded again. [*With a forced smile, as if to reassure himself.*] Well, then, we will go! Let us go!

Aurelius [*behind the scenes at the left, calls*]. Friend Apelles!

Septimius. Man! where are you!

Longinus. Listen, they are calling.

Apelles. Yes, friends.—Farewell, thou wonder-working cave. “Go and live!” is the word. [*Smiling.*] Well, I heard it, and obey. To Palmyra, friend Longinus! [*Draws LONGINUS along with him: they both go out to the left.*]

Zoe [*in her dream*]. To Palmyra.

Old Man [*solemnly to ZOE*]. Follow him! Go thy way to death; announce to him his fate. Thou who so lightly exchange life for the dream of heaven, in the name of the Almighty, I summon thee to high wonders, to be the tool of the eternal will. Thou shalt come again! not as thou art, but in another form,—

TYPE OF THE ETERNALLY RENEWED LIFE,—to guide and to instruct this man who wishes to continue as he is. Pass from one form to another, light-winged, aspiring soul! wandering aimlessly, yet ever advancing, and in each of thy forms meeting him, new and strange, unknown to him, not recognizing him,—until the work of God is completed. [*Takes the veil from ZOE's face.*] Eyes, awake; dream, pass away. Only in fateful hours recall, as in a dream, this vision!—You lost your way in the desert. [*Pointing.*] Follow the men to Damascus. Go to die!

Pausanias. Go to die! [*The old man and PAUSANIAS vanish; the music ceases.*]

Zoe [*murmuring*]. Go to die!—[*She wakes suddenly, starts up, looks round on all sides*]. Did I lie down here? Did I fall asleep? Was I dreaming?—Yes, I was dreaming—[*remembering*—of Apelles—of my soul. [*Stares helplessly into the distance, clutches her brow.*] Everything is gone,—bright day around me, but darkness within. [*As if dreaming.*] “Follow the men to Palmyra”—What men? Did the old man say so? [*Takes a few steps, picks up her bundle from the stone bench.*] But how strong are my tired limbs! voice and spirit fresh as the morning. Thanks, kind resting-place; farewell, bright dreams! [*Trumpets and horns at the left far away. ZOE looks out.*] Yes, there they go. “Follow the men to Palmyra.” Yea, Lord, I follow, and yield myself to thee! [*Goes out at the left.*]

SCENE II.

An open square in Palmyra. At the left the house of Apelles, seen almost in profile; a stone seat before the door. At the right in the foreground, a small olive grove, and beyond that the lofty entrance door of a pillared hall losing itself in the trees. In the background, a few palms on a slight elevation, to which steps lead; behind that, at a distance, part of the city wall is visible, and beyond a bald, moderately high range of hills.

Bolana [*a matron not yet gray, comes out of the house: a slave girl is standing among the palms*]. You see nothing yet?

Slave Girl [looking out toward the right]. Nothing yet. Along the arched way, as far as I can see, there are scarcely a dozen persons : otherwise, it is quite empty !

Bolana [seats herself on the bench]. Because everybody has gone out to greet the warriors on their return. [Sighs.] If only my knee were well, I would be the very first to stand out there at the desert gate, in the burning sun, waiting patiently until they come ! — “the returning warriors” — Comes my Apelles back, think you ?

Slave [confidently]. Of course, my lady.

Bolana. You parrot ! “Of course, my lady,” she says, as if it had been taught her. The mother will like to hear it : therefore, undaunted, as if Apollo himself had revealed it to her, she says, “Of course, my lady” ! Come here, you magpie. [*The slave comes down.*] Let us be “wise,” as my Apelles says, and wait quietly. [Sighs.] If only he were wise ! When the others are resting after a long march in the hot desert sand, he remains standing, leaning on his spear, — I can see him, Taimi, — smiles down at the tired men who have stretched themselves on the grass by the spring, and plays with his strength ! And if perchance a Persian arrow strikes him on the arm, “It is nothing,” he says, leaves the arrow, perhaps, still sticking in his flesh, hums a little to himself, raises his head still higher, and immediately is in the front of the fight !

Slave [smiling]. And yet you are proud that your son is — just as he is.

Bolana. You know nothing of the cares of motherhood, child. We are glad when we see our eagle fly, and yet cry, trembling, “Not too high !” We laugh proudly when he scorns danger and envy and toil, and yet think day and night, “Ah ! if he would only spare himself !” They think us fortunate, however — [*Stops suddenly.*] Hush ! Who is coming ?

Slave. That joking Timolaos ! [*TIMOLAOS enters the gate, armed, heated with his haste.*]

Bolana. You ? What do you bring ?

Timolaos. First of all, myself, with twenty wounds on my head and breast—if only these fire-worshipping, treacherous Persians had got hold of me. But we put holy fire under their heels;* and well they ran! [*Mops his face and neck.*]

Bolana. And my Apelles— How is he?

Timolaos. How should he be? All right—as much as is left of him—

Bolana. Blessed Adonis! He is wounded?

Timolaos. How many teeth had he when he started out yesterday?

Bolana. You are not very polite! My Apelles still has *all* his teeth—

Timolaos [*smiles*]. Isn't that like a mother! The proud mother! Her son is perfect!—I thought he had fewer: then I would have said, He has as many wounds as teeth—

Bolana. O Timolaos! No, no!

Timolaos. But now that won't do. For he has really only one wound that is worth mentioning; and that is only on the arm, and does not amount to anything. But he has done more than all. They shout when they see him!—I do not begrudge it—[*Warmly.*] He is the only man I do not bear a grudge against! The others are stars: he is the great sun. [*Smiling.*] Yes, indeed! Sometimes he is even red-hot! Then it is well to keep out of his way!

Bolana. No, no, no, Timolaos. He is always good—

Timolaos [*laughs*]. Did I say he was not? Isn't that like a mother! But what I wanted to say is that great honor has befallen thy son Apelles to-day! [*Trumpets behind the scenes, gradually approaching.*] Do you hear that? They are coming! Now they are passing through the great arched road—

Bolana. Holy Zeus! Coming here? And Apelles with them? [*Slave girls come out of the house, stand at the door, listening.*]

Timolaos. Yes, indeed, in front with the præfect! Behind

* An idiom similar to our, "We made it hot for them!"

him the friends who flew upon his eagle track,—the ambitious Julius Aurelius Wahballath, with his envious smile, and the handsome Septimius Malku, son of Zabdila, into whose mean hand so much money goes and so little comes out —

Bolana. And he is only slightly wounded, Timolaos?

Timolaos. His trifling wounds are like milk-teeth: they go away of themselves!

Bolana. They are coming! They are coming! [*In a faint voice.*] Apelles! [*Starts to meet him, but shakes her head and sinks back on the bench. The slaves support her.*]

[*In triumphant procession come through the gate trumpeters. Roman warriors, PUBLIUS SATURNINUS, attired and armed as a Roman general, APELLES, JULIUS AURELIUS WAHBALLATH, SEPTIMIUS MALKU, LONGINUS, and other men of Palmyra, all armed; next the Roman soldiers; then the populace, men, women, and children, who press and surround the procession from all sides, so that BOLANA is hidden. A crowd stays up under the palms.*]

Saturninus. Silence, trumpets! Thou didst indeed struggle, Apelles, against receiving special thanks for thy special acts, and the honor fitting for *thee* alone. Thou, a proudly modest man, didst bury thyself in the thickest mass of thy friends as willingly as thou didst dash into the midst of the enemy. I, however, as the general, and the representative of the Emperor, must divide the praise as it is due, and therefore honor thee above the others. For when the Persians, taking advantage as confidently as ever of the exigency of our kingdom, broke into this border town, and with raging hand attacked trembling Palmyra, thou didst arouse the quite despondent courage of the whole city. Thou wast herald, guard, general, armorer, formed the people of Palmyra into a Roman army, boys into warriors, citizens into heroes. So did ye beat back lustily attack with attack, until our standards came through the desert to release you; and I, the general of the Emperor, uniting my army and yours into one thunder-cloud, made a storm for the enemy out there to-day that routed him and sent him back home!

Aurelius Wahballath. Hail to our general, Publius Saturninus, victor in the fight!

People. Hail to our general!

Timolaos [*aside to Longinus*]. Do you hear how friend Aurelius Wahballath throws the sausage to bring down the ham.*

Saturninus [*with a satisfied smile*]. I thank you; but I did not bring you here to honor me, but this man. In front of his own door, in the presence of his mother, I wish to tell him — But I do not see the mother. Where is that estimable woman who bore thee?

Timolaos [*to APELLES, who looks round in search of her*]. There she sits.

Apelles [*goes through the crowd to BOLANA*]. Mother! What? Thou art weeping? sobbing?

Bolana [*speaking with difficulty*]. For joy, my child.

Apelles [*smiles*]. Let me embrace thee, mother, that the Roman hero may not see the mother of “the preserver” weeping!

Saturninus [*with a condescending smile*]. We Romans understand such tears. Hear me, then, most estimable mother of Apelles! I honor thy tears. In the sacred name of the Emperor, I thank thy son who has won the favor of the much afflicted Roman kingdom, and in honor greet him as the most faithful, the best son of Palmyra!

Aurelius. Hail, Apelles!

All [*confusedly*]. Hail! Hail, Apelles! Best son of Palmyra!

Apelles. Noble general, kind friends —

Septimius Malku. Silence! Apelles is speaking!

Apelles. Without measure as I am honored, so should I thank you; but my tongue is heavy at such times, and is more timid at great words than at the strongest enemy! — My noble general, I came into the world in this city, — half Greek, half of Syrian blood. The *Greek* drops devoted themselves to the noble art which builds houses and temples, and so I occupied myself as a citizen of the *kingdom of the Muses*. The *Syrian* blood clung

* That is, risks a good thing for a better, — overlooks Apelles to flatter the general.

firmly to the old mother soil ; was glad and proud and sad with Palmyra, the "Queen of the Desert," as they called her, next to Rome the most wealthy city in the kingdom, until the insolence of our princes threw her under the chastising sword of Rome, and Aurelian, the stern Emperor, reduced her to ashes. But she grew up again, raised herself from the dust, and we built new houses for her citizens, for her gods ; yet the pillar of her strength was broken, she was scorned as a waste in the desert, our courage was become faint-heartedness, our pride humility. That fretted me ; and, when the Persians came, and all cried, "Lost !" then I became enraged, called my friends together, reproached the people, gave them weapons, and harsh and encouraging words, until the blood of the old Palmyrans glowed once more, and—well, the rest thou knowest. We fought like Romans until the Romans came. So we are glad of the praise, and lay our arms down ; and there in the house I will take up my tools again, create and build again as a son of the kingdom of the Muses !

Saturninus. Still more hast thou built, of which thou art silent. With thy friends—here they stand—thou hast established again justice and order in Palmyra, changed the condition of this city, called the people to election and reciprocal government.

Apelles. Yes, we did that,—in pressure of necessity, General. On the seats of government sat an old race, like mummies on yellow parchment. Use had become abuse, justice injustice ; and those whose place it was to lead us trembled, and cried, "The Persians are coming !" and took their sceptres under their arm for crutches to hobble home. Then we threw over the old constitution, and made another to save us. If our arm that held this city for the kingdom is praised, then, also, that which gave this arm strength and freedom cannot be bad ; and thou, the representative of the Emperor, thou wilt not say that the injustice is to be justice again !

Saturninus [*smiling*]. I might well dispute thy rebellious wisdom. Still, confident in the lofty intentions of our Emperor

Diocletian, to whom nothing is so sacred as the Roman kingdom confided to his care, and his faithful citizens, in the name of the Emperor I pronounce valid what has been effected here. Let the new law be law! So then may you, young men, and strong, command here! and if the Emperor, who punished Palmyra, the "stern" Aurelian, commanded you to build again the temple to Apollo, which the rage of his assailing warriors destroyed, so to-day I consecrate, in memory of your glory, the booty of victory to a temple in this noble city. Let it belong to the great goddess of Fortune, that she may graciously protect you through all time to come! Thou, Apelles, the Master of Palmyra, shalt build it — [*pointing behind*] on that spot where the palms stand — so that, when thou sittest here in front of thy house, thine eye may see it, and rejoice in thy work.

Apelles. Highly esteemed general and commander! Now I am going to be like my mother, and speak through my eyes. Sir, I thank thee! By Zeus, I will erect a work that shall please thee — as an honor to the day — and the kind goddess of Fortune, who blesses us to-day. Men of Palmyra, rejoice! Rejoice with Apelles! and cry with me, Hail to our friend and general, and to this day of fortune!

Aurelius. Honor to the great Saturninus!

All. Hail him! Hail him!

Saturninus [*affably*]. Enough of "Hail." Thank you. We are all tired, I think. Let well-deserved rest, after the higher meed of the feeling of glory, be the next reward of our weakness! May you have rest and honor and peace in Palmyra! — To-morrow, business!

Apelles. Farewell, General. Eternal thanks —

Saturninus. No more of thanks. Farewell! [*Motions to trumpeters and warriors.*] Home!

[*The trumpeters, setting out, blow, the people following them; and the warriors cheer again for SATURNINUS, throwing their caps into the air. All go through the gate except APELLES, AURELIUS, LONGINUS, TIMOLAOS, BOLANA, and her slaves.*]

Timolaos [*half aloud to LONGINUS, while the blowing trumpeters slowly advance*]. A wise man, this Saturninus! How condescendingly he flattered us! Wise fellows, the Romans!

Longinus [*smiling*]. Be quiet, you blasphemer! [*Goes to APELLES, extends his hand, simply, heartily.*] My dearest Apelles!

Apelles. Well?

Longinus. I only want to say, I am so glad with you!

Septimius [*hastily*]. And I!

Aurelius. Who is not? We are all, all, and with our whole hearts!

Apelles. Thank you, friends! Beautiful days will Palmyra the free see now.

Aurelius. We hope so, most beloved Apelles. We will stand firm by each other, I think, so that the power remain with us!

Apelles. Freedom, you mean.

Aurelius. Freedom, yes,—freedom for the people, power for us, to take care of their freedom.

Timolaos. Ah! a fine distinction!

Apelles. Are you thinking already, Aurelius, about who is to rule in the future? I am not. I only want to have freedom to live as a man — and build beautiful temples. My heart is happy!

Longinus. And Bolana smiles. We are going. Commune, my friend, with your heart and your mother. Think a little, too, of the scratches on your arm —

Apelles [*smiling*]. They are healed already. Happiness is the best of physicians. Good-night, friends. May to-morrow be as happy — and so on forever. [*Extends his hand to them.*]

Aurelius. So be it!

Septimius. Farewell, Bolana, happy mother!

Bolana [*nodding gratefully*]. Thanks and greeting to you all! [*SEPTIMIUS goes out at the left with AURELIUS.*]

Timolaos [*looks after them, half aloud to LONGINUS*]. There go the future pillars of Palmyra. See how Septimius already raises his heels, to make himself taller!

Longinus. Come, you grumbler.

Timolaos. Yes, philosopher. [*Steps to APELLES, who has gone behind, and is thoughtfully viewing the place under the palms.*] He is already in thought building his temple. [*Sighs.*] I wish I were you. But no, I don't envy you. By the hounds of hell, I am fond of you. Farewell.

Apelles [*laughs, shakes his hand*]. Restless soul, have peace!

[*LONGINUS and TIMOLAOS go out at the left, behind APELLES' house. The slaves, at a sign from BOLANA, have gone into the house. PAUSANIAS comes forward to the mound, while LONGINUS and TIMOLAOS are going, clothed in a Syrio-Greek garment like the others, but with a black turban-like cloth wound on his head, and with remarkably pale face.*]

Bolana. Are you coming home now, my son?

Apelles. I am here, mother.

Bolana. But not in spirit.

Apelles. By my good fortune! and also by what is to be — [*Looks again at the spot for the future temple, sees PAUSANIAS. To himself.*] Who is that standing there? Where did he come from? There was no one standing there just now. [*Goes to BOLANA.*] Well, impatient mother? Do you want more than to see me contented?

Bolana [*timidly, hesitatingly*]. I want to kiss you, and then beg you to come!

Apelles. Into the house?

Bolana. Do you really not long for rest?

Apelles [*smiling*]. No.

Bolana. Your wounds?

Apelles. No, again. Don't call them "wounds" so proudly: they are only scratches; and, unfortunately, there will be no scars to remind me of to-day's experiences.

Bolana. Then come and take care of yourself!

Apelles. Later, later, mother.

Bolana. Do spare yourself.

Apelles [*smiling*]. The old mother song.

Bolana. You will kill yourself if you never spare yourself.

Apelles [*embracing her tenderly*]. Ah! mother, mother! I kill myself? I, who wish to live forever? who hate nothing so much as this dark, bloodless enemy of man,—contemptible death? [*PAUSANIAS steps nearer.*] I shun him gladly, mother; but I am not afraid of him. Whoever begins to fear this enemy already ceases to live. Come, mother,—don't sigh. Who so happy as you and I! Life with us flies straight toward heaven, and with a lark's voice prophesies a good day. Let me listen for a little, what it has to say to me. Then I will follow you into the house—and spare and take care of myself. Go, mother: you go in ahead! [*Kisses her.*]

Bolana. But you ought right away — [*Resignedly.*] But as you will! [*He goes with her to the door. She embraces him once more.*] My all! [*She goes into the house. Meanwhile PAUSANIAS seats himself on the bench in front of the door. APELLES comes out again.*]

Apelles. Dear mother — Who is sitting there? You? An unknown guest. Why are you rubbing your leg?

Pausanias. It still hurts from the harsh words you gave me.

Apelles. You're a strange fellow. I gave you? And when?

Pausanias. A while ago — You do not recognize me?

Apelles. Yes, I recognize you now. You were out there in the camp last night, when we stood opposite the Persians, waiting for day. Round a fire four young warriors, Romans, Palmyrans, were sitting and listening while you played the lyre and sang. Your playing was weird, went through the body even into the marrow, crept over the skin like the breath of the wind; yet I cannot say I liked it.

Pausanias. I noticed that.

Apelles. It pleased the others more.

Pausanias. They are now lying in the desert sand, and hear no more playing.

Apelles [*starts*]. What do you mean, man? That the man your lyre pleases —

Pausanias. Hears his last song ; for what those who carry him to his burial sing will sleep in his ear forever.

Apelles. Bloodless visage, who, then, can you be ?

Pausanias. He whom you hate, friend,—that “ contemptible death.”

Apelles [*after a short silence*]. You are sitting on the bench in front of my door, and a man does not quarrel with his guests. Therefore, I will not say anything rude to you now.

Pausanias. Many thanks.

Apelles. But not from fear.

Pausanias. That I well know.

Apelles. To what do I owe the honor of this visit ?

Pausanias. Because you detest me so heartily, proudly, and fearlessly, as few of your kind do. Indeed, friend, I have already seen many who clung to life ; but there came an hour when the burden of life oppressed them until they groaned : “ Come, O night ! O death, roll away this stone for me ! ” For it is harder to die than to live.

Apelles. Pale night spirit, whom only destruction delights, thou feelest not the joy and magic power of the sacred determination which glows within me, to hold fast to life. If the spirit of life stood here in thy place,—I sought him to-day, but did not find him,—and offered me a present existence here on earth, in this body, which would never decay and fall into thy hands, I would say : “ Give ! I desire it ! ”

Pausanias. A proud word.

Apelles. The word of a man.

Pausanias. Be careful : one might come and take thee at thy word. But otherwise — [*Commotion behind the scenes.*]

First Citizen [*outside*]. Don't let her talk any longer ! Away with her !

Second Citizen [*outside*]. No, she shall talk ! make known salvation to us ! Do not be confused : speak !

Apelles. What is the meaning of this noise and quarrelling — after such a day ?

Zoe [outside]. Ye men and women of Palmyra —

First Citizen [outside]. No, let her be silent! Out of Palmyra! Out of our city!

People [outside]. Away with her! Away with her!

First Citizen. Out with the Christian — or else stone her, stone her!

Second Citizen. We will save thee! This way! this way!
[*The Second Citizen and others hurry in from the left, drawing ZOE along with them. The First Citizen and a great crowd rush after them.*]

Apelles. What is it? Whom are you hounding so through our streets?

Second Citizen. Help, Apelles,— help!

First Citizen. Away with her! Seize her!

People [in confusion]. Away with her! Strike her to the ground!

Apelles [in a powerful voice]. Hold! Whoever touches her is a dead man! I, Apelles, son of Hermes, say it! I, who will be her protector! [*General silence.*] Who art thou, maiden?

Second Citizen. Hail, most excellent! This maiden —

Apelles. I asked *her*. Speak! Who and whence art thou?

Zoe [softly, with modest dignity]. My name is Zoe; and I come from Damascus, through the desert. For the Spirit drove me —

Apelles. What spirit? That wild fanatic spirit from Nazareth, which wanders untired through the country, carries the doctrine of sin and need and the sacrifice of the cross, and condemns all who do not believe you?

Zoe. We do what the voice of the Holy Spirit bids our hearts. We receive salvation, that we may preach salvation: only the stones are silent. The tired hope of all creatures longs for the revelation, thirsts for freedom from the bonds of this world, and for the happiness of the children of God. And should one delay to bring it because it makes this or that one angry?

Apelles. Here in Palmyra we cling to the old gods, and do

not call on yours. Ye have spread your faith in all the cities of the Roman Empire, but in our desert land ye make no progress. So stay outside! Preach, increase, grow like grains of corn! But within our walls leave us peace and the old gods!

First Citizen. So say I, too —

Apelles [*sternly*]. Silence!

Zoe. Yet what are the people of Palmyra, not merely the wise nor the happy? Sorrow and trouble dwell even in your city, and need of souls athirst for balm. It is for the sake of these I have come. The Lord commands me. Thou wilt not forbid?

Apelles. Strange being! So young and so serious, so beautiful and strange to earth! Thou, a maiden, shouldst marry, I think, instead of wandering free and alone through the world —

Zoe. Each of us must live as it is destined for him. The woman who marries thinks how she may please her husband. The one who does not marry thinks how to consecrate herself to please Heaven. When the Lord calls me, must I not answer?

Apelles. A woman, a weak —

Zoe. Not only the strong and wise are called; but what is weak, small, and foolish in the eyes of the world has God chosen, to put to shame what is wise and strong. But I pray you be not angry with me —

Apelles. Not I. What are you to me? Yet I will protect you from the others. You have become too great in the kingdom. People and Emperor threaten you, if you do not learn to be silent —

Zoe. I know: a new tribunal threatens us. The Emperor Diocletian will raise the sword against us. The heathen are angry, for they fear us: we are afraid of nothing. They will strive with the Lamb, but the Lamb will overcome them. God is with us!

First Citizen. Who are you, to blaspheme so? Vagrant! Wench! Be careful what you say!

Zoe [*with an appealing glance at APELLES*]. He will protect me —

Apelles. Yes; but beware. Seek not, after the manner of the Christians, in defiance and haughtiness, to raise the lion to tear the lamb. Summon not a martyr's death. A young lamb is easily offered —

Zoe. I am not afraid. [*Laying her hand on her arm.*] This is dust. The children of God have not loved their life even unto death. Therefore they are now in the Lord.

Apelles. Foolish maiden! Will you so easily throw away certain life for that which no one knows,— blooming youth, strength and beauty of limb, eye and ear and feeling, thought, love, for a dark dreamed of “perhaps”?

Zoe. It may be dark to you, yet not to me. [*Turns from him.*] Ye men and women of Palmyra, follow me and hear me! Soon the day will come. Cease from your sins! Your gods are pictures of the imagination, stone and bronze, not life, nor strength, nor love, nor hope, nor pity. They do not give you comfort in your sorrow, they do not sacrifice themselves for your sins, but leave you to die in everlasting death —

First Citizen. Enough of blasphemy! Be silent!

Second Citizen. No, speak, speak!

Zoe. What builds your temples? He who made the world dwells not in houses which hands made. In your golden images dwell not they whom ye call gods: they are the work of men, and pass away as ye. All the temples which ye build shall fall —

Apelles. Enough! By Zeus, the Thunderer, enough! “The temples shall fall!” Who are you, impious one, so to revile what you have not eyes to see and to understand. The majesty of the temples, the splendor and art and grandeur of the images —

First Citizen. Away with her!

Apelles. How can ye, born blind to what is a delight to the eye, cry out and shout, “Tear it down!” because ye cannot create? Away with you, ye enemies of this world! Timid lambs who defy the Emperor; shaven pale faces without blood in your veins, yet full of poison —

Zoe [*with a voice as if of warning*]. *Apelles! Apelles!*

Apelles. Away with you! Palmyra needs none of your like! Away from our walls!

First Citizen. Apelles himself condemns her! Away with her!

People. Away from Palmyra! [*They seize her.*]

Zoe [*tears herself loose*]. No, how did I harm you? [*backing away from the thronging people and mounting the steps in the background.*] Instead of seizing me, purify your hands, ye sinners! Are they clean? Is not Palmyra, of which ye are so proud, full of all kinds of wickedness? The flesh is your god; the body, his temple —

First Citizen. Stone her!

People [*a few*]. Stone her!

Zoe. Why do ye shout so, lust of the world in your hearts, lust for blood on your lips? Ye god-forsaken,—clouds without water, driven by the wind! —

People [*in confusion*]. Be quiet! Hold your tongue! She shall not live! [*New people appear at the gate, part armed with swords, bows and arrows.*]

Zoe [*continuing*]. Wild waves of the sea, which your sins lash into foam! Therefore the angels cry, Woe, woe upon you! Babylon is fallen, Palmyra will fall —

First Citizen. Throw stones! arrows! swords!

Apelles [*pressing into the throng*]. Hold! No more!

People [*those above as well*]. She must die! She must die! [*They pick up stones, and throw them. Arrows fly from the grove on to the stage.*]

Zoe. The Lord — [*Struck by an arrow, she gasps.*] My Saviour! [*Falls.*]

Apelles. Hold! She is falling! Cursed murderer! Who struck her? [*He presses the crowd back, raises ZOE from the floor. Her eyes are closed.*] Let no one touch her again! [*He leads her, half carrying her, to his house. She lays her hand on her heart, sinks from his arms.*]

Zoe. I am dying. Leave me. [*The supernatural music*

begins again. ZOE opens her eyes, looks at APELLES, kneeling beside her. The expression of her face changes. With a long, soulful glance.] It is thou! I saw thee in my dream! Why dost thou scold them? Thou didst give me up to them: therefore they did it. Yet God punishes thee by granting what thou dost desire.

The Lord of Life has heard thee,—
Keeps thee on this earth —

Apelles [*looking at her uncomprehendingly*]. Who art thou? So it sounded from the cave —

Zoe. On thy brow is the sign that thou shalt keep awake without the sleep of death. But I — am dying. [*The music ceases.*]

Apelles. No! If thou art a spirit, then this is a delusion, and thou canst not die!

Zoe [*her dying glance raised toward heaven*]. And a voice came from heaven, which said, "It is finished." Blood witnesses of God, ye went to your martyr deaths, singing psalms. So I, too, sing in death. [*Sings, at first with firm voice, which grows weaker.*] "Judge me, O God, and try my cause against this unrighteous people, and save me!" [*She dies. The Second Citizen and a few others kneel around her, some weeping, some covering their faces. APELLES gazes down at the dead girl, as if unable to comprehend it.*]

Apelles. By Zeus! This is death!

Pausanias [*who had vanished among the crowd, now stands back of ZOE*]. It is.

Apelles. Thou still here?

Pausanias. Now thou hast what thou didst desire. Farewell! [*Turns to go.*]

Aurelius [*behind the scenes*]. Make way for the governor, Publius Saturninus!

ACT II.

A room in the house of APELLES in Palmyra, decorated with hangings and statuary after the Græco-Roman fashion. At the back, through a corridor, a second adjoining room, through whose opening one can look farther back into a little flower garden. Entrances, closed with portières, right and left. The second room, too, has entrances at both sides. In the front room is a table laid and set with beautifully-fashioned dishes.

During this act slaves are going to and fro, passing into the second room, and there vanishing right or left, bringing back decorative dishes and flowers for the table. TIMOLAOS has grown a little gray in the beard and on the temples, otherwise not noticeably changed. LONGINUS has grown from a youth to a man.

Timolaos [to one of the slaves]. Flowers? As many as you can bring. There is nothing in the world your mistress loves so much as flowers. [*To another.*] I am greatly pleased with you, Nassum. To be true to one's self is a great virtue, and you are just as lazy as on the day your master bought you. Don't hurry now! Creep like a snail! Be true to yourself, Nassum! [*The other slaves laugh among themselves. LONGINUS enters from the left.*]

Longinus. How well it pleases Timolaos to play the master of ceremonies for his Apelles!—merry, affable, untiring, as if it were his calling—

Timolaos. There your wisdom is at fault, Longinus. If it were my calling, I would be as lazy as Nassum. Three things I do willingly and without compensation,—drink, knock swelled heads together, and make merry for Apelles. Don't go too quickly, Nassum.

Longinus. Especially since last week—

Timolaos. Why since last week?

Longinus. Hypocrite! Since Apelles has come from Rome with this phoenix, the beautiful Phœbe—Septimius swears you are in love with her.

Timolaos. I? All the world — except you. Gray heads, block-heads, and hollow heads, therefore all Palmyra. They say she is as beautiful as Helen. I don't see it. But when, over her round shoulder, she gives one a glance from those gazelle-like eyes — This Apelles seems to get all the good luck! [*Drinks from a goblet on the table in front of him.*] The virtuous — that is, the majority — roll their eyes because Apelles is such a god-forsaken sinner as to take this Phœbe into his house as if she were his wife; but they would all do it if they could have had her! [*Steps up to LONGINUS.*] Even the philosophers! You, too!

Longinus. Not I, indeed. Where are they?

Timolaos. Apelles and Phœbe? With Apuleius, the governor, up the mountain; to the cemetery, I think. Phœbe cooed like a dove when they got into the carriage; but Master Apelles was quiet and serious, as always on this day —

Longinus. What day is this?

Timolaos. He has never forgotten it,—on which, nineteen or twenty years ago, right in front of his door, they did a favor to the young Christian girl by sending her to Heaven. [*Drinks again.*] Dear me, how the wheel of time turns round! At that time the extirpation of the Christians was a favorite topic of conversation; then came the last thorough and complete persecution, under Diocletian, which, like all the others, accomplished nothing; and now, perhaps soon, a baptized Emperor will rule over us, and so a gradual conversion to Christianity is the proper thing. First of all is our politic, most sly Julius Aurelius Wahballath!

Longinus [*smiles*]. If you should be so fortunate as to come next him —

Timolaos [*after a glance at the slaves, softly*]. I hate him, Longinus! This sneaking, high-flown, flattering, big-mouthed, unfathomable turncoat! He a friend of Apelles! Don't talk to me! He has made a ladder of our good Apelles, and gradually got as high as his head, and from there still higher; and now he rules Palmyra. Fie on this world! [*Drinks again.*] And, while the ladder was still standing, the handsome Septimius Malku, the

beauty, with his catlike tread, went up after him. He is now sitting up there on top of his money bags, the richest man in Palmyra, and makes a bow like this [*imitating* SEPTIMIUS'S *affable, condescending greeting*] when he sees me. Who is Timolaos? What has Timolaos amounted to? Nothing. A boon companion. They have taken the ladder away from those below. He has brains, but no luck. Respectable people call him a clever, naughty tippler; [*drinks*] and, it is true, he does drink. And he will be still drinking when a certain cold hand is laid at his throat. Well, and then it will be over! — [*Pointing to the door at the left.*] Were you with Bolana?

Longinus. Yes. [*Lowering his voice.*] Speak softly. — She is not in love with your Phœbe. The old lady sits alone, and sighs that her Apelles, instead of taking a quiet, modest wife, brings home from that great Babylon, Rome, such a wandering star! [*Smiling.*] I tried to preach your philosophy — [*Breaks off.*] There come your friends.

Timolaos [*sees* SEPTIMIUS and AURELIUS *enter. Softly.*] The sun god of Palmyra, and his reflection, the moon god. Fie! [*Drinks.*]

[AURELIUS and SEPTIMIUS *come into the second apartment from the left, slowly, in conversation.*]

Aurelius [*who has very little hair.*] That is a great aim, Septimius. Palmyra must be once more the great spider in the net, draw to itself the whole trade of Asia with Europe. Just let me manage the matter, and I will arrange it!

Septimius [*somewhat coldly, cautiously.*] By Plutus, I doubt it not. You will manage it.

Aurelius. With your help — and to your advantage.

Septimius. My heart is open to you, you know.

Aurelius. Your hand, too, I hope. [*They have now reached the further room. TIMOLAOS has left LONGINUS, and is talking with the slaves.*] Greetings to you, Longinus! How is your mistress, Philosophy?

Longinus. She has advised me to take another. I am going to be married.

Aurelius. Priscilla? Quite right! We need men,—men! Apelles invited us to spend the evening here. [*Softly, full of ill-humor.*] If only that *tarantula* there, Timolaos, were not here, too! He leaves no one in peace with his sharp talk — except you and Apelles. This perfect genius has a quite cursed, contemptible way of fastening himself on to one. First he lathers his man with flatteries as thick as your fist, then he scrapes his whole skin with his dull wit. It is an incomprehensible weakness of our Apelles to patronize this importunate nettle —

Longinus [*smiling*]. Else you would have already rooted it up — I know that! [*SEPTIMIUS has meanwhile looked over the decorations and flowers, seats himself at one end of the table, trolling a song half aloud.*]

Timolaos [*to the slaves*]. Well, what are you standing there for? Wine here, wine, for the Cræsus of Palmyra, our most gilded Septimius Malku! [*The slaves hurry to serve SEPTIMIUS.*] Don't break your neck, Nassum! [*Seats himself with his replenished goblet near SEPTIMIUS.*] I am delighted to see you look so well, Septimius.

Septimius [*coolly*]. You are mistaken. I have a headache.

Timolaos. Headache? Then headache is a specific for beauty; for I think you never — how shall I say it? — looked so distinguished, so Adonis-like. If Phœbe should see you so, then she is lost.

Septimius [*eagerly*]. Do you think so? [*Distrustfully.*] You don't think so.

Timolaos. Because I sometimes make contemptible jokes? Now he speaks [*raises his glass*] who is known to tell the truth. Why your body has not grown older, I cannot understand!

Longinus [*aside to AURELIUS*]. Look! now he is belaboring Septimius.

Aurelius [*genially smiling*]. I hear. Now to it! Septimius has been too supercilious, too cold lately: the razor of Timolaos will do him good. Yes, now he's at it!

Timolaos. Indeed, one ought to weep, Septimius, over the con-

temptible injustice of the gods in making the handsomest man the richest as well! [SEPTIMIUS *smiles complacently*.] Near Damascus they have a river they call "the Gold River": it comes down from the valleys of Anti-Lebanon, streams in seven branches through the powerful city —

Septimius. I know —

Timolaos. And all its godlike splendor, all its majesty, they owe to that stream. So should we call you the Gold River of Palmyra; for what should we be without you?

Septimius [*very much flattered*]. By Plutus, that is an ingenious exaggeration!

Timolaos. By Plutus, it is a joke of *fate*. She has intrusted to you the secret of changing our desert sand into gold. My compliments, Septimius! [*Drinks to him*.]

Septimius. To the health of your witty brain! [*Drinks to him*.]

Timolaos. I must have my little joke, because I am ugly and poor. You do not need it.

Aurelius [*aside to LONGINUS, eagerly*]. I am afraid it's coming now!

Timolaos [*beginning very blandly*]. What an inconsiderate extravagance it would be to have beauty and riches and brain as well! Such a great man as you are can dispense with that. They say you are in love with a certain beautiful woman. Now how can she resist you? If you were not beautiful enough for her, you could show her the river of gold. If she had no liking for your gold, then you could show her your beautiful face. What difference does it make to her if you take care of your skin like an old coquette or that your hand has stuck into every kind of mire to fish out the gold? You have it. I was a simpleton to think the mire too unclean, and so I rightly remained a poor churl —

Septimius [*has risen, stupefied for a while by surprise and anger; overturns his glass*]. By Zeus, the Thunderer, that is enough!

Timolaos [*looks at the table and into the glass*]. There was no more left. Else it would have been a pity for the wine —

[*APELLES and PHÆBE enter from the second apartment, APELLES little changed, more richly clad than in the First Act; PHÆBE in a magnificent Roman garment. Her part is played by the same actress who took the part of ZOE, but as little similar as possible, by means of dress, arrangement of the hair, and youthful, worldly appearance.*]

Apelles. How! A quarrel here? What is the matter?

Phæbe. Septimius, scowling! Oh, fie! Cheer up!

Septimius. This quarrelsome —

Phæbe. Silence! I don't want to hear of quarrelling or see your beautiful face darkened. Now smile again, else I will turn my back on Palmyra to-day, and fly to my Rome!

Apelles. Treat it seriously, Septimius; for Phæbe is in earnest. For the last hour she has talked of nothing but Rome, longs to be by the Tiber, scolds at Palmyra as at a land of shadows, and calls us all mad!

Phæbe. And so you are. Here ought jackals house, not human beings. Here, where Palmyra lies, like a little green spot in the yellow desert sand, the hills are as bare and desolate as the ever empty sky. Show me something beautiful, my Apelles, I cry,—a little bit of Paradise,—else I shall die here! And what does he do? Takes me up to a valley in the hills, where the monuments above the graves stand like giants turned to stone, huge and gloomy,—the City of the Dead of Palmyra! That is your most beautiful spot, the delight of your eyes! O my Rome! O Baïæ! Oh, what a fool I was!

Apelles [*somewhat irritated*]. Yes, you are foolish. Learn first to recognize the charm of this desert in which Palmyra rests like a precious jewel —

Phæbe [*with a charming air puts her hand over his mouth*]. Be quiet! not so seriously! Why did you not stay in Rome? One year — not quite a year — you were there; and everybody was talking about the “Master of Palmyra,” who built the temples and the

arched streets. They loved you, and said, "Stay!" Why do you not go back? Why do you cling here to the sand?

Apelles. I love Palmyra and my mother. [*Embracing her tenderly.*] Ask no more. To the wine! Why are we still standing? You sit here as queen of the feast, and place this garland, which sprang from the desert sand, on your whimsical brow. [*Takes a rose garland from the table, presses it on her curls. They seat themselves around the table: the slaves serve them.*] Crown yourselves all!

Phæbe. Drink! I will lead. [*To the slaves.*] But take away the dishes! If I am obliged to see people eat, then I see that we are animals: we will be human beings to-day, act like gods. Probably each of you has eaten already. [*Smiling.*] If any one is still hungry, let him take the fine fruits there, which are so fragrant, and might adorn the table of the gods. Take the dishes away! the slaves, too! Each can serve himself: so the law of the great Circe requires!

Aurelius. Which Circe do you mean?

Phæbe. They called me so in Rome,— "the enchantress"; yet all my enchantment was my joyous humor,—and so it shall be to-day. [*To the slaves, gently imperious.*] Away with you! [*Apelles beckons to the slaves, who vanish right and left in the second room.*] We are in fairyland: my rule begins! [*She draws from a dish of flowers and plants in front of her a palm branch, which she holds up for a sceptre.*]

Septimius. One is almost afraid, beautiful Circe, that you will change us—

Aurelius. Into animals!

Phæbe. Yes, indeed, whoever the wand touches receives a new name. First the serious philosopher, who only thinks, never speaks. [*To LONGINUS.*] What shall I call you?

Timolaos. Call him the pelican, the type of all thinkers, the serious inquirer.

Phæbe [*laughs*]. Good! [*Touches LONGINUS with the palm.*] Then consider yourself a pelican, and be worthy of your model!

Septimius. And I, madame?

Phæbe. What animal deserves you as a comrade? Only the handsomest of all, the noble horse! [*Touches him.*]

Apelles. And I?

Phæbe. You are my desert lion, my often ungentle lord and king, before whom I tremble. [*Touches his hand, which she afterward kisses. To AURELIUS.*] Now what shall I call you, the wise man of the state? The eagles look so from above—

Timolaos [interrupting]. No, name him for the stork, the lord in the kingdom of frogs! Who so wise as the sensible stork? Standing on one leg, he considers: How will it end? Will Maxentius, the heathen, be victorious, or Constantine, the friend of the Christians? If the one, I shall become a Christian: if the other, I shall remain a heathen! [*APELLES laughs.*]

Aurelius [rises in his anger]. You nettle! Will you sting me?—me? the governor of the city? And you, Apelles, will you permit this weed to mock me in your house?

Phæbe. O Zeus! So angry—

Aurelius. My patience is exhausted. We have called each other friends for unnumbered years, he and I,—Apelles, I mean. I held the ladder for him, helped him to all his honors, to his fame, even covered with the mantle of my authority anything that was not quite right. Well, how does he thank me? Keeps this tarantula here to sting me,—even me, the governor, Aurelius Wahballath,—and nods at his jokes and laughs!

Apelles [has risen, struggles with his emotion]. You are surely talking out of your mind, Aurelius Wahballath. Speech has always been unrestricted in my house, and I laugh at joking; but no venomous malice was ever hatched here. You held a ladder for me? What! You, for me? Is your memory drunk? You cloaked “what was not quite right,”—what was not quite right? What, by the great Zeus?

Aurelius. I pray you, let us not here—

Apelles. Where else? Here you see men of honor,—something you do not see everywhere. Speak! What did I ever do that was wrong?

Aurelius. Not exactly wrong —

Apelles. Yet not right. By the hounds of hell, now say it, or I will tear it out of your throat !

Aurelius. You are mad. I spoke of the money you spent in building above what was agreed upon,—first for the temple of Fortune there before your door, then for the pillared wall —

Apelles. How ! What do you mean !

Aurelius. And, finally, for the six towers that strengthen the city wall —

Apelles. Who finds fault with my works ? They are good, and an adornment to your city !

Aurelius. And cost a fifth part more than you agreed —

Apelles. But they are a third better, more beautiful. I did not myself gain a farthing more than was rightly mine. Why were you silent *then* ? Why did you not wrinkle your brow, as now, and complain before the council and the people of the squandering of money ?

Aurelius. Because I was your friend. The council and the people would have pressed you harshly, murmured, been incensed, would probably have cried, “Pay what is over yourself : we do not owe it.” So I closed the account without saying a word to inconvenience the Master, and took from something else that was at hand, and saved there what was lacking here. So was I your friend, [*pointing to SEPTIMIUS*] and he with me.

Apelles. Then you did wrong, and I blame you ! I will not take another farthing in this sneaking way ; neither will I beg for favor, either from you or Palmyra. Bring me this false account ! I will pay my debt, this fifth part.

Septimius. Are you out of your senses ? You will be a beggar.

Apelles. Better be a beggar than in debt to you and men of your stamp ! Already I have seen many a thing that annoyed me,—saw the new freedom become in your hands the old abuse, saw with what cunning you wielded the sceptre ; but I was silent, as is my way, because old friendship is patient, and I thought, “We

are all fallible!" But be cunning and false with you? Receive dirty favors at your hands? Rather would I creep with the serpent and beg with the jackal! Give me the account! What Apelles owes, that he intends to pay. Let home and property go, the last doit in the purse; and I can then only say: "Now go! My hand is clean: it took nothing from you and has nothing to thank you for."

Phæbe. O Zeus! You are not going to —

Apelles. Cease! My word is firm as rock. [*To AURELIUS.*]
You will send, and I will pay.

Aurelius. As you like. Whom Zeus destroys — But no, I will not slander like you. You may have the last word, or else I think you will have nothing. I shall send, and your pride will pay. Farewell! [*Goes out.*]

Timolaos [*to LONGINUS, in an undertone, quite overcome*]. The man is mad!

Longinus [*in an undertone*]. But wise.

Phæbe. Woe is me! What does all this mean? My Apelles! Come! Call him back! Let me explain —

Apelles [*scowling, harshly*]. Be quiet! You do not know what you are saying! [*Goes out toward the door.*]

Longinus. Where are you going?

Apelles. To mother. I want to tell her myself before any one else does. Our pleasure is quite destroyed. Leave me, I pray you. Farewell until morning.

Longinus [*presses his hand*]. Good night! [*APELLES goes out.*]

Septimius. Longinus, I am amazed, — grieved.

Longinus. We are going now. [*Beckons to TIMOLAOS, who follows him, leisurely.*]

Timolaos [*in an undertone, as he goes out*]. A noble man, but mad!

Longinus. As mad as noble. The same thing in different words. Come. [*They go out.*]

Phæbe [*restrains SEPTIMIUS, who is also going*]. No, do stay.

Do not leave me, Septimius. Oh, ye gods, what a thunderbolt from heaven!

Septimius. I am sorry for him, this foolish Apelles! But, above all, I am sorry for *you*.

Phæbe. Then help us!

Septimius [*shrugs his shoulders*]. You have heard whether there is any chance of helping him. He pushed you away: your beautiful eyes are still swimming in tears.

Phæbe. Oh how rough he was! — Is everything, everything gone?

Septimius. Everything.

Phæbe. He was considered rich.

Septimius. So he was. But a fifth part of all the money!

Phæbe. Poor as a beggar?

Septimius. Well, poor, even if not quite a beggar. And he has made an enemy of the man who is all-powerful to injure him.

Phæbe. Can any one be so senselessly proud? O Apelles, Apelles! [*Goes toward the door.*] No: he pushed me back. He left me standing here. He does not know that I am alive. And poor — Ye gods! Poverty is death! Then let me die, in this very place! [*Throws herself on a chair, weeps, covers her face with her hands.*]

Septimius [*his voice growing softer and softer*]. I pray thee weep not. I cannot bear to hear it: it grieves my heart. If I were not Apelles' friend, I would lie at thy feet, to tell thee what I feel; for the little god of the bow and arrows has undone me, and I am disarmed. Yet, for the sake of the friend, though he has sorely vexed me, I must be silent. Only do not weep! For then my heart rises even to my tongue!

Phæbe. O Apelles! And O my Rome!

Septimius. If thou didst call only "Rome," and not at the same time "Apelles," I should know how to help thee, and would perhaps venture a word. Then I would say to thee, Why stay in Palmyra? — banished in this wilderness which grieves thine eyes and fills thy heart with longing; where enemies are in power,

sorrow invades the house, perhaps the Persian brings war and suffering again,—for he has not learned the lesson of keeping peace. I think myself of leaving this land, and going with my possessions to thy distant Paradise, the city of cities,—Rome! [*She raises her head in amazement, looks at him in silence.*] If thou wouldst follow, I would go at once,—to-morrow, to-night,—as soon as thou saidst, Let us go!

Phæbe [*after a brief silence*]. Thou art wrong, and hast wrong thoughts of me, to speak so.

Septimius [*cautiously*]. Forgive me. I meant well. I said not that my heart longs for thee. It is silent and drooping. I only think, What will become of thee? Thou art created for roses, pearls, gold, and happiness; and, as the vine thrives not in the desert sand, so wilt thou wither and fade away in poverty. What art thou to Apelles then? He loved thee, because thou didst sing and radiate happiness and joy and laughter. When thou dost weep and fade, he will go to others. Wait not until that drear moment. Go thou to others. [*She starts up, looks at him indignantly.* SEPTIMIUS, *quickly.*] Not to me. I was silent regarding my heart's wish, and I will still be silent. Only, if thou thyself didst say, "Let it speak," would I lay everything at thy feet,—myself and all that I have,—and thou shouldst rule as mistress of all that is mine. But of that I do not speak. Only as thy guide would I take thee to Rome, to save thee. In the hour thou dost call, I will come to thee, as truly devoted to thee as no other in the world, yet without a wish, without a desire—

Apelles [*had come in, raised the curtain, and for a while stood motionless, silent from amazement, and listening. He now comes forward, his anger held in check*]. So speaks Septimius. And Phœbe listens, and is silent! [*PHŒBE starts up.*] Sit still, and hear further. Wait until he says that treason is holy, faithlessness virtue, and Apelles only a beggar!

Phæbe. Holy gods! Hear me, Apelles—

Apelles. Yes, that will I, but not before him. [*To SEPTIMIUS.*] Wait until she calls: then come to save her. [*As SEPTIMIUS*

starts to speak.] If you speak, man, then I will forget that you are faithful and candid and my friend of friends, and strangle you like a Persian dog! Go out quietly, then write her what you think! [SEPTIMIUS *steps nearer, to speak to APELLES; but, at an imploring gesture from PHÆBE, he turns in silence and goes out.*] Now I will hear thee, shameless Circe, who didst take my heart from me and change it into the heart of a cooing dove, which fluttered around thee, followed thy every nod, and poured out on thy cool little hand every drop of its warm blood. And now wilt thou draw away the hand because in the drops runs no more red gold, only blood? because I am now nothing more than this arm and this head to earn for myself by daily toil life and honor? Why honor? What is my honor to thee? What am I to thee? A figure made of the sand of the desert, which pleased thee because it was gilded: now that the gilt is worn off, and I am only dust, thou wilt push me away from thy feet, and seek the *man of gold*.

Phæbe. Have you scolded enough? Can you listen to me now? Apelles! What have I done? Was I unfaithful? If thou dost go away and leave me, weeping here alone, in misery for thee, because thou art so noble as to be a fool, and I grow despondent, helpless,—and my ear listens to the comforter who wishes to encourage me,—is that indeed a sin?

Apelles. If temptation comforts — O woman, woman!

Phæbe. He spoke in honor —

Apelles. Thinkest thou so! Innocent creature! — To Rome — Go with thy man of gold! Thou phantom of vapor and foam and inconsistency, cling fast to thy gold. Embrace it, cobweb, and let it save thee before the storms come! Farewell, farewell! Take my blessing with thee, the last I have,—hate, born of love, regret, pity, and scorn!

Phæbe. How wildly thou canst scold! I tremble, quake — but I cannot be angry with thee. [*Sinking at his feet.*] Strike me, if I deserve it! Strike me, I do deserve it. I heard “Rome,” and thought “fly to Rome!” I would have had courage to die for thee; but, ah! my nature grows fearful as soon as life wears a frown. O Apelles, what a child it is thou lovest!

Apelles. I love thee no longer. Stand up!

Phæbe. Thou dost love me still. Thou art trembling, and thy rough voice is struggling with tears. [*Drawing him down on a divan, while she remains at his knee.*] Sit down,—so. I kiss thy hands and thy knees—thou my Jupiter. No, my desert lion, wild and cruel. How thou didst scold me! Did I deceive thee? In Rome, even as I kissed thee, I said: “I am fickle. I must be free, and a day will come when thy happiness will fly away!” If it were come now—[*He starts to rise; but she holds him fast, and kisses his hands again.*] No, it has not come yet! But tell me, What am I to thee? A fetter only, a care, no longer thy bird, who sang happiness to thee. And thy mother hates me—[*He makes a movement.*] Be quiet. I will not speak ill of the old lady thou lovest so. Yet—why *here*? in the desert wind which tires me, makes my eyes close, even now, thou seest? Let us go! Take me home to Rome! [*embracing him*] to Rome!

Apelles [*shakes his head*]. I am rooted here—and the mother—but, if you have had enough, then go! [*Rises and moves away from her.*]

Phæbe [*rises*]. Cross again already: the voice of the lion. Well, then, we will stay—but in peace and harmony. [*Follows him, presses him gently down on a couch at the right, and seats herself by him.*] Smile, beloved. I am as I am: what wilt thou? still young, but maturing early; and early accustomed to flutter after happiness like a butterfly, and to hate and fear the crawling worm whose name is care. And so—but I am so tired—just one word more. I was once good and serious, like thee; created for thought, virtue, wisdom—as thou wilt. In my childish heart stirred holy aspirations, wonderful, mysterious, like an heritage from a life gone by—I cannot express it in words. But inherited instincts, example, temptation—kiss me, forgive me that I am only this Phæbe,—only this!

Apelles [*kisses her*]. Yet the Phæbe I love—even though I would not. Thine eyes are closing, like petals before the breeze, when the sun glows.

Phæbe [*sinks on his breast*]. It glows too hot to-day. And like the children am I: when they have wept themselves weary, they fall asleep. Let me sleep here,— so!

Apelles [*watching her, after a while*]. She is asleep already! Yes, like the children! Fleeing from care into the land of dreams, she lies there,— her breath soft as the summer breeze, her tender skin fragrant as cedar wood. But as she lies there quiet and no longer laughing, changed to marble in her slumber, she is strangely like the girl Christian of Damascus. It is mysterious, incomprehensible, that things so unlike should resemble each other,— day, night; frivolity, holiness; lust of the world, the martyr's death. When she lay there dying, that Christian girl, and looked at me with spirit glance, and cried, "Thou wilt wake without the sleep of death," was it the *spirit of Life* I had invoked who spoke? And why should this slumberer, who bewitches my heart, remind me of that child of death? Could it be *the same spirit* in both forms? — My mother comes.

Bolana [*enters from the left, very much altered, grown gray, coming in with a quiet sadness and almost timidly. As APELLES starts to rise.*] Stay, do not wake her. [*With a bitterness scarcely noticeable.*] Why disturb her for the sake of thy old mother? I will speak softly. But I must tell thee, child, something that did not occur to me immediately when thy piece of bad news startled me —

Apelles [*lowering his voice as she did*]. What is it?

Bolana. I have still a little property in the valley of the Lebanon, near Heliopolis. It is very good ground. We will sell that, and it will pay a part at least of thy debt!

Apelles [*with emotion, smiling*]. Thinkest thou that I would rob thee? I would rather die, mother! No, say nothing more about it!

Bolana. O my child! Many another thing hast thou taken from me, and taken it willingly. [*With an uncertain glance at PHÆBE.*] *Nourishment and love*, I mean — for of my *thoughts* hast thy wilful spirit taken little for a long time. [*Resignedly.*] But as thou wilt. [*Sighing.*] Thou knowest best!

Apelles [smiling tenderly]. Wait, I will come to you. [*Stands up carefully and softly, laying PHOEBE'S head down on a cushion; then goes to BOLANA.*] She will still sleep peacefully. Dear mother, I would like with all my heart to please you in everything I do and am. But deep within my soul rule fiery forces, and hunger for beauty, and the strange mystery of the heart which draws us with ever-increasing power on with itself, as longing for home woos the wanderer!

Bolana [her hand on her heart, yet controlling herself]. Thou sayest it, child; and so perhaps it is. Then I will go again. [*Aside.*] O Zeus!

Apelles. One word more. Mother, thou art pale.

Bolana. My child, I am old.

Apelles. And sad.

Bolana [shakes her head]. Not very; and if I were to tell thee, child, why I am, thou wouldst scold me.

Apelles [smiling]. Not very much. What troubles thee?

Bolana [taking heart]. There the cause lies and sleeps. The daughter of Chryse, I used to think, would rule here as mistress. She would have made thee a good wife, my child. The thought glowed like a star of hope till my evening hour. But now the strong forces draw thee on with them. I am going! [*Moves to her door.*]

Apelles [startled]. Thou art staggering —

Bolana. Not that I knew. Only — O Zeus! [*She sinks down, as if swooning. APELLES catches her in his arms.*]

Apelles. What is the matter with thee! O mother, mother! [*She recovers consciousness a little, makes a faint gesture toward her door.*] Come, I will lead thee. Some one is opening the door. Who is there?

Pausanias [steps from the door, pale, in a Greek costume]. The physician.

Apelles. Then help me. Give her your arm — [*Crying out suddenly, as if terrified.*] No! come no nearer! I recognize thee, thou terrifying image of destruction, disguised in this dress that

deceived me. I have not seen thee since that hour. What wilt thou to-day from me? [PAUSANIAS *looks in silence at BOLANA. APELLES is terrified.*] My mother?

Pausanias. Quiet! Thou wilt wake the sleeper there! Thine arm is trembling: the old lady will fall.

Apelles [takes courage, presses BOLANA, whose eyes are still closed, more firmly to his breast]. No! I defy thee. I will yet wrest her from thee, thou enemy of mankind. Touch her not!

Pausanias. There is no need. The "black mice," whom thou knowest, are gnawing at her heart.

Apelles [trembling]. Then curses on thee, thou malicious spirit! I will chase them away—and thee with them. The human will is also powerful! She is waking. O mother! [*Caressing her.*] Come, come, I will lead thee!

Bolana [in a faint voice]. Child! my Apelles!

Apelles. Yes, thy Apelles. [*To PAUSANIAS, with a low yet firm voice.*] Away from the door! I am the physician, not thou! [*To BOLANA, tenderly.*] Come, I will lead thee. [*Goes out with BOLANA. PAUSANIAS stands still, looking toward the door. PHŒBE, who is already aroused, wakes up.*]

Phæbe [looks round]. Where am I? Here—Apelles gone—who is standing there? [*A slave, coming out of the second room from the right, goes to PHŒBE, a sealed roll in his hand.*] What are you bringing, Lydus?

Slave. A letter, my lady. A slave brought it, for you.

Phæbe [takes the roll. In an undertone]. Who is that pale man standing there?

Slave. The physician. He is going now. [*PAUSANIAS goes slowly into the second room, where he goes out of sight at the left.*]

Phæbe. You may go, too. [*The slave goes out. PHŒBE opens the roll.*] Who sends me a letter? [*Amazed.*] Septimius! [*Reads.*] "Septimius to his sovereign lady, Phæbe, greeting and submission. The gods decree that I set out on my journey to the longed-for Rome this very night. Apelles has dissolved our old friendship. Honor, no less than sympathy, now bids me offer

you once more the help which will save you from a sea of troubles unworthy of you. He who writes thus asks nothing, neither thanks nor anything but the insignificant glimmer of a distant hope. Only five steps away is my house, where I await you or your messenger."

Longinus [enters from the right, in great excitement, which he tries to control. It is growing dark]. Where is Apelles? [*Phœbe* does not notice him; looks straight ahead.] Only you here? Forgive me: why so deep in thought?

Phæbe. Why are you scowling so? and so excited?

Longinus. On your account. Where is Apelles?

Phæbe [stands up]. Speak! On my account? What has happened?

Longinus. It only *might* happen. Let me tell Apelles.

Phæbe [goes to him]. No, tell me. What concerns me, tell me!

Longinus. Aurelius threatens — the noble man, all rage and hate —

Phæbe. What does he threaten?

Longinus. As warden of this city and her laws, to demand from the high council that an example be made —

Phæbe [trembling]. Speak!

Longinus. They ought to banish you outside the walls of Palmyra, he threatens. This scandal mortifies the man of virtue! But do not fear. *Apelles* is the one concerned; but he — What are you doing? Where are you going?

Phæbe. I? Where? What was I doing?

Longinus. That is what I asked you? You were moving round aimlessly. And now your eyes are, too. Are you afraid?

Phæbe [seeking words]. For him, — yes, for Apelles! [*Aside*.] O ye gods, help me! Is this a sign? Ought I to go? Tell me, and end all my struggle!

Longinus. What have you there that your hand grasps so tightly?

Phæbe [looks at the letter, aside]. Septimius's letter. That is

the sign he asked for. The gods will it. I am to go!—Apelles! I leave thee! Yet the gods will it, even though my heart resists. Oh, if you would only come now! But no! Do not come, do not come! I am to go. Better without a good-bye. A good-bye would be death!

Longinus. What excites her so, that she neither sees nor hears? She is sighing!

Phæbe [aside]. Farewell, farewell! My heart is sad—and yet flees in cowardly fear. Farewell! Forgive me! [*Goes out, staggering uncertainly.* PAUSANIAS comes again upon the scene in the same spot where he had vanished before, stands between the pillars.]

Longinus. Going? Whither?

Phæbe [in a broken voice]. I know not. Tell Apelles— [*She becomes unconscious.* PAUSANIAS catches her as she falls. The letter falls from her hand, a shudder runs over her. Opening her eyes, fearfully.] Who art thou? [*More quietly.*] The physician? I thank thee. [*Tries to smile.*] I am alive. Let me go. [*Looses herself from his arms.* To LONGINUS.] Tell Apelles— No— I will come again. [*Aside.*] Apelles, good-night! [*Staggeres out at the right.* PAUSANIAS picks up the letter.]

Pausanias [aside]. Thou wilt not come again.

Longinus. What is the matter with Phœbe? Where is she going?

Apelles [enters from the left, looking back, in a relieved voice]. Now she is sleeping peaceably. [*Steps forward, sees PAUSANIAS. Shrinking back.*] You still here? You are waiting? And where is Phœbe?

Pausanias [pointing toward the entrance]. Gone. For this price you can keep the old lady. [*Holds out the letter.* APELLES takes it, looks inside. The letter trembles in his hand.]

Apelles [cries out]. Gone with Septimius?

Pausanias [nods]. Gone.

Longinus. What has happened?

Apelles. Are you satisfied, you monster? Left me! Forsaken

me, like a coward! Faithless! [*In a trembling voice.*] Then my *life* is gone, my happiness, my delirious joy,—my child of sunshine and poetry! Her weeping was song, her smile joy; her spirit so gracious, her heart made for every good — except for courage and faith. Let her go! [*with a gesture.*] Out from this breast,—my beating heart with her, and blood, and life! [*Throws himself on a divan, covers his face. After a while LONGINUS goes to him, and lays a hand on his shoulder without speaking. APELLES raises his head slowly. Looks at the immovable figure of PAUSANIAS.*] Thine eye of stone, pale spirit, seems to ask whether this wounded heart still longs to breathe and see the light of day forever. Yes, thine eye I defy. Think not that I could hesitate or be discouraged! In thy face I call again for *life*, hold it fast; and, as Antæus on mother earth, so will I strengthen myself on its breast. Yes, I will struggle and create, sweat on my brow and victory in my heart,—declare and maintain the worth of man, the worth of life!

Longinus [*who has listened in amazement*]. Bravo! Yet whom do you conjure so? Why are you shouting at him in such a fiery way? The physician —

Apelles [*recovers himself, smiling*]. My spirit was wandering, it seems! Horror and woe — Now I am awake. [*To PAUSANIAS.*] What was it you said? “For this price I can keep the old lady.” Very well! That will I. That will be my first care! Come, philosopher: let us go to the mother.

Pausanias [*as they are going out, with lowered voice*]. We shall meet again.

ACT III.

The open square before APELLES' house, as in the First Act, but changed. At the back, where before was the little hill with the palm-trees, stands a temple in the Greek style of architecture. At the right, in place of the olive grove, is an early Christian basilica, of the oldest style, seen in profile.

Jamlichus [*a youth, son of LONGINUS, comes slowly, hesitatingly,*

as if perplexed, from APELLES' house, looking back as he walks]. Apelles' house is empty : maids, slaves, no one to be seen — Tryphena, too. Where are they all? What does it mean? [LONGINUS comes from the left, behind APELLES' house,—gray, altered, but still active.]

Longinus [with a knowing smile]. Ah, my Jamlichus!

Jamlichus. My father!

Longinus [with apparent innocence]. Well, whom are you looking for in Apelles' house? [JAMLICHUS starts to speak, but is silent.] Your books are having a good rest. You like to walk along the arched road—and up to the end—and so to this square—before this door. Since Apelles' child has grown into a maiden whom we can call *young lady*, you never neglect to pay a visit to his house —

Jamlichus [disturbed]. Father!

Longinus. Child, I am glad that you cannot deceive me, that you do not wish to deceive him who, because your father, wished to be your friend, too,—your best friend. I was only waiting for the hour when you would come to speak to me of this child, Tryphena; but you did not come —

Jamlichus. My father, care and doubt oppressed me —

Longinus. I know. [From the basilica sounds a hymn, muffled by the distance. Men and women are singing the 47th Psalm: "Clap your hands, all ye people, and shout unto God with a voice of triumph."] You listen, and are amazed. If the dream of the young heart did not fill you so completely, you would know that they are this morning consecrating this church to the God of the Christians. That is why the house up there is empty; for, although Apelles still serves the old gods, as you and I do, his whole household live in the new faith —

Jamlichus. And his wife — and his child, too. And, therefore, father, I cannot speak.

Longinus. My poor son! So the curse is to strike you now, which quite divides the kingdom, already torn by dissensions, because it cleaves souls! East and north and west pour out

numberless hosts of barbarians, who seek Rome as booty. But even that does not suffice the false destiny: it sets on the throne of the empire the Christians, who now oppress us and make enemies of us all, God against God, house against house, and, at length, heart against heart. Perhaps Apelles' daughter would even flee union with you, because she is baptized, you not —

Jamlichus. Oh, that is not my trouble. She gave her heart to me,—word and promise and faith: it is only her *parents* I fear. Persida, the stern mother, and Apelles, who loves the mother and honors her as if she were a goddess, they will be stern and hard, like the times, and say: "You must part. The baptized marry not with the unbaptized." But believe me, my father, I will not yield to this dark decree. Despair, too, is strong. Rather than tear Tryphena from my heart, will I take her away with me. Whither? Anywhere—it matters not!—where she will follow; and she is true and steadfast. To misery, the desert, death!—only not apart from me!

Longinus. How now, you ardent youth! "Despair, too, is strong!"—yet too early despair is not the part of a man. Wisdom is better, believe me, than despair — Who is that coughing?

[TIMOLAOS, now old and bent, his hair thin and white, has carefully and noiselessly opened the door of the basilica, restraining his cough by an effort. He steps out, and is now coughing hard and long. The hymn inside is already ended.]

Jamlichus. The old Timolaos!

Timolaos. Yes, yes, yes: he it is. [*Coughs again.*]

Longinus. Out of church already? Is it over?

Timolaos. No, they are still there. Herennianos, the shepherd of the flock, is consecrating the new house of God and giving his blessing. I cough so much it disturbs them; and, if out of consideration I try to keep it back, then it strangles me. So I came out softly, so that I could cough it out to my heart's content. [*Coughs.*]

Longinus. Poor martyr!

Timolaos [*laughs*]. "Martyr,"—that's good! Timolaos a

martyr to the faith! By Zeus, that's good! [*Horried, he looks toward the basilica and around.*] Did I say "by Zeus"?

Longinus. Yes.

Timolaos. These old habits! [*Coughs.*] We can no more get away from them than from the old cough.

Longinus. Then why did you take upon yourself the responsibility of breaking away from them? Why did you join the Nazarenes?

Timolaos. Why? Discretion, Longinus! self-defence! The city fathers gave me a little office. Then the city fathers followed the example of the Emperor, the great Constantine, and took the dip. So consider. We are all working for bread; and, if the bread is Christian — [*Coughs.*]

Longinus. So is he who eats it!

Timolaos. Would it please you better if I had gone hungry? I am in good company: the powerful and wealthy lords of Palmyra have one by one joined in the goose march to the church. They no longer wish to be called Aurelius, Septimius, or Agrippa, but Wahballath the Arabian, Malku, or Mokim the Syrian: me they now call Taimila instead of Timolaos. For it is no longer *the thing* to look to Rome and bow before Rome: our rulers now reside in Constantinople — [*Coughs hard.*] But I am talking too much, it makes me cough.

Longinus. Then talk less.

Timolaos. Will try, wise man. I am going home,—I will cough myself by degrees into the better life beyond. Well, I gain that much. [*Coughs.*] Eat your bread and fare well! [*Goes out left behind the house.*]

Longinus. If there were no Christians more strict than he, Jamlichus, thy heart's happiness would have nothing to fear! [*The Christians begin to come out of the basilica,—men, women, and children,—of all classes; also, the slaves, men and women of APELLES, other than those in the First Act.*] They are coming: we will go. I will wait for Apelles in his house! He was my friend, and is still, and will continue to be. Courage! I will talk with

him and tell him your trouble, and he will help us! [*Goes with JAMLICHUS into APELLES' house.*]

[*People.* HERENNIANOS, head of the body, with presbyters and deacons. APELLES with PERSIDA and TRYPHENA. APELLES grown gray, but still in vigorous health. PERSIDA a still youthful matron. TRYPHENA just matured. Prominent Palmyrans, among them AURELIUS WAHBALLATH, old, broken-down. Also, warriors with their captains. All come out of the church.]

Herennianos. Yet three words, Apelles, before you go home,—in the presence of all these who serve God here. Although not yet one of us, you were present to witness the consecration of this house of God, which your skill erected, for the sake of my sister, your Persida, to perform a work of love, and complete its vows as only *you* could. She took the treasures the world gave her to make this place meet for the Holy One: you took the treasure of your artist soul, and created, urged by love of noble wife, a monument of your fame. The old form of the worldly Roman “basilica” you filled with new spirit, raised the pillared wall until it ended in a magnificent sacred dome. You gave splendor to the ceiling, built of cedar from Lebanon, and adorned the walls and niches and floor with harmony of color, which, though bright with worldly splendor, yet leads the soul to God. Praising you, I thank you—

Apelles. Not me, Herennianos. Thank your sister. I did it for my wife. Well, you all know her: each of you honors her. I, her husband, will not extol her. Enough of words—and my hand in greeting. [*Starts to go.*]

Herennianos. Yet another thing, Apelles, if you will allow me. It is a wish of Persida’s loving soul to see, on this day which performed her vow, the peace of reconciliation on every brow. Since the quarrel which separated you and Aurelius Wahballath, you have never exchanged glance or greeting. The sun has risen and set many thousand times, yet you remain enemies. Wahballath, turned toward heaven, on the verge of the grave, now longs for reconciliation; and your wife asks—

Apelles [*darkening*]. She asks through *you*? I do not share your wish, I confess, to reach my hand to an enemy. If I have reason to hate him, I hate him *faithfully*. Though he live, as far as I am concerned, he is already in his grave. [*PERSIDA takes APELLES' hand, with an appealing glance.*] But, because *she* wishes it, on *this* day,—and that is all that is left of Aurelius,—then let him take the hand of peace!

Aurelius. Thanks, Apelles,—humble, devoted thanks! Yes, yes, you are right. There is not much more of Wabballath left. I am no longer of any importance: others are in power here,—for the good of the city, no doubt. My spirit is now turned toward the City of the Blessed,—lives beyond, beyond! Years and infirmities warn me. You are still rugged, mysteriously, wonderfully so, as none of the others of those days. But death does not forget us. Septimius has gone before,—had to leave all his treasure on the earth—

Apelles. I know, I know.

Aurelius. That time is far away: one may speak of it now. This letter Septimius left with me. As a memento, I give it now to you; for it belongs to you. [*Taking him a little aside, in an undertone.*] The beautiful Phœbe wrote it for you, before she died. An early death, but God-given. Now it comes thus late into your hands. [*Gives him a roll, which he has drawn from his cloak. Takes APELLES' hand.*] Once more, thanks, Apelles!

Persida [*played by the same actress who took the part of ZOE and PHŒBE; in carriage and expression more like ZOE, but with matronly gentleness and dignity*]. Mine, too.

Apelles. I did it for you. [*With a look of tenderness at his daughter.*] And if Tryphena, my little rosebud, had asked me, I would have done it for her, too. She glows like the roses of Damascus and Sharon, and still sheds her perfume upon the earth; does not live, like Aurelius, in the kingdom of peace. Her cheeks are glowing for the vigorous battle of life— [*Caresses her.*]

Herennianos [*seriously*]. In the service of Heaven, I hope.

Tryphena [*reserved, softly*]. Yes, my uncle.

Herennianos. Follow in your mother's footsteps: a beneficent mind has given you this pattern! In celebration of the day, she, indefatigable in works of love, has clothed and adorned these maidens who have grown up with you [*pointing to a group of young girls of the people*]. Her mother heart plans happiness for many. Unless I am mistaken, she is thinking of still more —

Persida [*smiling affectionately*]. You have guessed it. [*To her slave girls, who are standing aside and waiting.*] Go, bring it out! [*The slaves go into the house.* *PERSIDA to the young girls, one of whom she embraces tenderly.*] You, dear children, are not to go without gifts, pretty and useful. Wait!

Herennianos [*turns to the rest of the people*]. We will go home, in the peace of God. Farewell, Apelles! You, Tryphena, come with your uncle: [*pointing toward the right*] over in my house let us talk a little. [*To the people, who press round him in farewell.*] Bless you!

Aurelius [*to APELLES*]. Once more, thanks — and peace!

Apelles [*calmly*]. Now and forever! [*HERENNIANOS goes out at the right, through the arched gate, with TRYPHENA. Part of the people, among them AURELIUS, follow him: the others go off to the left. Only PERSIDA is left with the young girls in the background. The slaves come back, with baskets and bundles, which PERSIDA during the following distributes among the girls.*]

Apelles [*alone in the foreground, opens the parchment roll, looks at it awhile in silence, then, with emotion, aside*]. So runs the time away,—slowly, drop by drop; at length a sea, which separates us from “the once.” This time-yellowed leaf was written by the hand that once made life so sweet for me, and then so sad,—the hand of poor Phœbe. For, as fate created her,—herself an unsolved mystery,—it took her, and gave her love, pain, and death. Early came swift death,—yet not too early. Now she lives glorified, justified in our reconciled hearts [*looking into the page, reading*]; and her message of farewell again sounds like song. In death she called upon the holy consolation of “glad tidings,” the teaching of the Redeemer. Christian words stilled the timid

young soul : then it flew to the bank of that dark river. Whither? Where does it lie? What is its name? Has it a name? Is it, like life itself, only a dream? Here am I,—gray, yet not old; undying strength in a secure abode, it seems; yet experienced, calm, [*smiling*] wise. Love and suffering grow dim in the distance, and the hammer of Time is forging a new world around me. Thou temple of my goddess of Fortune, thou standest amazed, grieving: behold! the house of the new God greets thee. Spirits change as the times. Wave follows wave, thought follows thought; and I, tossed at the mercy of the sea of life, a lonely boat, yet stagger on! [*Meanwhile the girls have gone away right and left, the slaves into the house. PERSIDA has already for some time been watching APELLES from the background. Now she comes to him, and lays her hand softly on his arm. APELLES starts from his abstraction.*]

Persida. Yours are serious thoughts, it seems. If this leaf is the subject, do not think that you must be silent about it to me. I know about Phœbe, have lived your whole life through in thought, and feel it with you. I have forgiven what you have—

Apelles. It is like a message from another star, worlds away! But I suffered at that time, as those sick with poison suffer. Only to see the joy of my mother's heart gave strength to mine; and, to see *her* happy, I might perhaps even have married the daughter of the good Chryse. But mother's life passed gently out, her wish with her; and once more alone I remained with the comrade of my sorrow, my art. And, ever as I worked, I saw you as a child grow lovely and sweet, often amazed to see how much you looked like Phœbe, but more serious, more noble; saw, too, a fire deep hidden in your eyes, which seemed to say, "Kindle me, and I will glow, as did the flame in Phœbe, yet not so flickeringly!" It seemed to me as if her spirit became transfigured in yours. So I loved you ere I knew. And you looked at me in wonder with your great eyes, when you, a bud, yet scarcely open, between dew and day, heard the serious man speak of love, and ask, "Wilt be my wife?" You crept into your mother's arms, timid, almost

frightened. . . . But the fire was kindled! There came a day when you fled into *my* arms. [*Takes both her hands.*] And sunny years came,—like spring days when the lark wakes us and the song of the nightingale announces the night, [*softly*] and years of peace, which work made blest [*letting her hands slowly fall again*], and then years full of zeal, holiness, aspiration directed upwards,—like the eagle who sweeps upward into the blue of heaven until he vanishes from mortal eye!

Persida. You say it with a smile, yet with bitterness. My lord and husband, did I ever serve Heaven with such excess of faith that I forgot the love and faith I owed to you?

Apelles. Have I ever found fault with you, been mistaken in you? Fate arranged it so! There came a new spirit into your soul, thirsting for faith and sacrifice: that fire in you became devotion, heaven-glow, stirred by Herennianos, thy fiery brother, “the servant of the Lord.” I left you your freedom and was silent, but I carry the scars. Well, who does not! The spring days return not to us: in the dry trees of autumn the bird still rustles,—the same bird, but it no longer sings. Enough! Let us go into the house!

Persida. How sad of soul your voice sounds to-day! I am almost afraid to say what I wanted to.

Apelles [*kindly*]. Speak.

Persida. Oh, say something nice to me, then I shall have courage.

Apelles [*smiling*]. I will call you “dear little goose” to ask so —

Persida. So tenderly said, it is kind! My friend and husband, you who so lavishly fulfilled my vow [*pointing to the basilica*], step across the threshold which you laid, and drink with us the Cup of Life!

Apelles. Persida! Persida!

Persida. Why do you speak in that tone?

Apelles. And can the woman never understand the man? Is everything to which we bear witness through the whole act of life

as if not done? The worm at your feet remains what he is and must be, however your foot turns and moves him; and the mind of man, tempered in the fire of the soul and the wind of fate, is it only a little cloud that a breath can change? Ought I say, "Because she asks, I will believe what I cannot believe"?

Persida. Apelles —

Apelles. Allow me! I let you follow the spirit which led you; I gave up my daughter to your faith; I built this temple for your God, because Art and Wisdom, my goddesses, did not forbid this work of love. But I do not pray where I would be obliged to lie. I can live the life of no other, nor speak his word: what the abyss of dark fate separates, that remains divorced! [*He goes into the house.* PERSIDA looks after him in sadness of soul.]

Persida. "That remains divorced." Yes, according to the will of God. Alas that He willed it so!

Herennianos [*enters from the right through the gate*]. You are still here, sister. It is you I seek,—you, Tryphena's mother. Let us go into the house.

Persida. What do you want! Your face is stern and dark, and frightens me. Where is my daughter?

Herennianos. Where she is to remain until we instil reason into her soul,—at my house.

Persida. You speak imperiously. She is my daughter, you know. What has she done?

Herennianos. So far, only sins of the *will* and of the heart. My mind misgave me. So I questioned her; and, when urged, she confessed it. She has given her young heart to Jamlichus, who still serves the heathen gods, refuses to hear the word of God; yet Tryphena wants to marry her idol. She *will*, the girl says. But I tell you, it will never be. God no longer permits it. The time has come when the company of His saints must complete the victory He gave them, when they must crush down the head of the beast which rises from the gulf, blot out the name "heathen" from the Book of Life. No more may heathen and Christian mate! No more may the lust of the world in

weak hearts delay the triumph which the work of God demands of our strength!

Persida [*anxiously*]. Ah, well! what is to be done?

Herennianos. Tryphena must promise by the blood of Christ, before you and me, to renounce her idol forever, or else I send her to Antioch, to the sisters consecrated to the service of God,—to remain there until God moves her heart.

Persida. And Apelles?

Herennianos. You hesitate, methinks. It is not the time for hesitation. There was already a rumor among the people of the Lord that your daughter is friendly to this heathen. They still tolerate, although with impatience, the fact that you remain with your husband; but they would never permit a *second* heathen alliance! The venerable Jarchai, who is called “The Holy,”—once a wild persecutor of our faith, now the most rigorous in the company of the faithful,—has found out the state of affairs, and is telling it through the streets, and rousing the frothy element of zeal that always broods restless on the surface. I want to reach a haven before the storm. Your house is mine. I will never permit this scandal to issue from our house!

Persida [*with trembling voice*]. Brother! And Apelles?

Herennianos. Must submit! Must! [*Comes nearer to her, looks her sternly and threateningly in the eye, with lowered voice.*] Let me not think that you could once again love a human being more than the Lord! Remember, I know your weakness,—I alone. When you lay there in sickness, and promised that, if God once more sent you health, you would consecrate yourself to Him, live only for Him at Antioch with the holy sisters—

Persida [*interrupting him*]. My spirit was sad, and my soul tired. A strange fire burst into flame within me. Joy in husband and child seemed to me an evil spirit which I must renounce—

Herennianos. No more of that now! You gave to the Lord of Life your vow—and broke it, when He gave you life anew, because you were not willing to leave Apelles!

Persida. I loved him so! My heart is not made like yours. It is warm and affectionate. Warm, too, is my blood!

Herennianos. I know. From your youth there has lived an enemy in your blood, a strange spirit, not of our kind, as if by magic the soul of another had been changed into thine,—until the spirit of the Lord awoke in thee. But now listen, and without wavering! Put on the armor of God, as He bids thee! Take the shield of faith and the helmet of salvation and the sword of the spirit! Atone for thy sins!

Persida. Oh, how harshly you try me! To atone for them, I built this house to the Lord —

Herennianos. That blots not away sins so great. He demandeth now that thou sacrifice to Him thy heart!

Persida. Ah! I tremble — and if my child, my husband, condemn me, if I lose their love —

Herennianos. Innocent was Abraham; yet he sacrificed his son. And the Redeemer endured the cross for thee. . . . Suffer thou for Him! Thou wast profaned: purify thy soul!

Persida [*wrings her hands*]. God, O God, forgive me my sin!

Herennianos. How can He forgive if you persist in them? [*Takes her hands. More softly.*] He that overcometh will become a pillar in the temple of God, and in the day of His glory he will stand before the Lord, adorned in a white garment, with palms in his hands; and God's finger shall wipe away the tears from his eyes —

Persida [*looking up to heaven*]. Yes, Thou sayest it. [*Her sad face assumes a submissive expression, then gradually one of fiery enthusiasm, like that of ZOE, in the First Act, except that the sorrow against which she struggles shines through it*]. "And God's finger shall wipe away" — Oh, help me, my Lord and my God! The joy of life is fallen from me. Ah! I feel it! — But, ah! Thou dost justly punish! The thing in which I sinned, that must I sacrifice: where the sin sprang up, there must I make atonement! [*Kneels.*] Punish me! Pour the measure of Thine anger upon my soul, if I once more grow discouraged! As I endure my cross, do Thou receive me, and say, "Forgiven!"

Herennianos. So will He do. Arise.

Persida [*stands up. In a lifeless voice*]. What now? What am I to do? I am ready.

Herennianos. Then follow me to Tryphena.

Persida [*absent-mindedly*]. Yes, to Tryphena. But where?

Herennianos [*in amazement*]. To my house. She is there.

Persida. Yes, she is there. I forgot. [*Starts to go, moves uncertainly, staggers.*] Then lead me!

Herennianos [*leading her*]. Only a few steps. You will tell her —

Persida. Yes, what God commands. [*As she walks.*] “Put on the armor of God and take the shield of faith” — [*Gropes for the words, pauses.*]

Herennianos. “And the helmet of salvation” —

Persida. “And atone for thy sin!” [*Stands still, draws her hand across her brow, takes a deep breath, looks up. Then, as if awaking.*] I am coming. Let us go. [*Both go out through the gate. APELLES, LONGINUS, JAMLICHUS, come out of APELLES’ house.*]

Apelles [*in conversation*]. What! You doubted me so,—you, my friend!

Longinus. Only because I thought —

Apelles [*to JAMLICHUS*]. Was that Persida who just went out the gate?

Jamlichus. Yes, it was she.

Apelles [*to LONGINUS*]. You thought your friend Apelles had been changed into a woman, and obeyed a master in his own house,—a servant of circumstances, a coward —

Longinus [*smiling*]. No, no! Do listen —

Apelles. I will listen to nothing more. This is my final word. I will give Tryphena to him if it is her desire. She could find no better, and I want him! And, if the Christians come —

Jamlichus. Believe me, they will come, to forbid you —

Apelles. Me! Is she not my own child?

Longinus. Listen. We esteem ourselves free from delusion, because we love wisdom. Then let us be wise, in order to remain

free. He who makes much noise allures the echo. To be *quiet* and *act* is reason! If you are resolved to give your child to my son —

Apelles. By Zeus!

Longinus. Then keep it quiet. We will send them both to our friend in Emesa. He will marry them, and, with the money which he is keeping for us, take care of them. In the mean time here there will be a storm, then wind, then quiet. What has been must be endured. The honor of your name stands high in Palmyra. And at last the children can return to us, the two of them,—perhaps a third by then!

Apelles [*half smiling*]. How wise you are!—too wise, I think, man! It pains me to think that I must conceal my actions in such an undignified way, for the sake of justice to my child and to myself,—here, in the city of my fathers, where the Christian used to hide! Yet the times force us to it! So the heart must be wise and stoop, nor too haughtily —

Longinus. It would be better!

Apelles. Better! Well — [*Confused noise behind the scenes at the right.*] What is the matter? There on the arched road? Noise —

Longinus. It seems to me that I heard the shrill, piping voice of Jarchai, the wild zealot.

Jamlichus [*goes toward the back*]. Some one is fleeing hither — Tryphena! [*TRYPHENA enters; then PERSIDA, HERENNIANOS; JARCHAI, the first citizen of the First Act, now white-haired, leaning on a staff, but not yet feeble; people; later PAUSANIAS,—all from the right; APELLES' household from the left.*]

Tryphena [*rushing in*]. Father! father! Save me! [*Sinks at his feet.*] They are coming—listen! They are coming to seize me. Oh, do not thou forsake me! To thy knees I cling, father. Protect thy child!

Apelles. Would I be thy father if I did not protect thee? Rise! What has happened?

Tryphena. They want to force me to take an oath—I must

give up forever the lover of my heart, or go far from you to a distant land. But I will die here at thy feet ere I yield. Save me! They threatened me; and the voice of Despair cried, "Flee!" And I ran out — and through the crowd which stood outside,— away, hither; and now I am here with thee!

Apelles. And well guarded. Rise! [*He raises her.*] Who dares so wickedly oppress the daughter of Apelles —

Persida [*behind the scenes*]. Spare her, spare her! She is my child!

Jarchai [*behind the scenes*]. She is the child of the Lord, and would defy Him! [*Comes in the gate, the excited people after him; then PERSIDA and HERENNIANOS.*] See, there she stands! See, it is so! She would marry the heathen who stands beside her. She defies the Lord. Tear her away!

Apelles. Away? What are you shrieking about, old man? I stand beside her,— her father!

Jarchai. And you are a heathen, too! You have no voice in this matter. She is a Christian: let her go. Herennianos, why are you silent? Up and speak!

Herennianos. You hear, Apelles. The word of the Lord speaks through this mouth. Tryphena defies the command of the Holy One. Give her to me, the shepherd; and yield —

Apelles [*interrupting him*]. I? Has the child no longer father or mother? There is Persida, the mother. She will tell you what is right: she, the Christian —

Herennianos. Then speak, Persida!

Persida [*aside, in a bitter struggle*]. O God!

Herennianos [*aside*]. You must. The Lord keeps watch whether you will now serve Him or man. Speak!

Jarchai [*comes nearer*]. Speak! Speak!

Persida [*in a voice that trembles, but grows gradually firmer*]. Come here, Tryphena. Submit thyself to the Lord and those who serve Him, and promise what His anger bids thee!

Apelles [*after a stupefied silence, with difficulty*]. Persida! Do I hear aright?

Herennianos. You heard aright. She spake as she must.

Jarchai. In her hath God spoken. So come, Tryphena! [*The crowd gradually increases. From left and right APELLES' slaves, both men and women, have come out of the house, one by one.*]

Apelles. Persida! Then do thou hear me aright. This child who is trembling in my arms,—forsaken by thee, because thou wouldst sacrifice her to the God of wrath,—this my blood and life I hold fast, [*with an enraged gesture toward JARCHAI*] defying this jackal and all the Jarchais of this mad world. But thee I reject, if thou reject me. From my heart wilt thou fall if the Jarchais command in thy breast. Hither to me and away from him!—else love and faith and duty and happiness are gone like this breath!

Herennianos. What will you? Why do you threaten her so harshly and solemnly, and see how she trembles! She only follows the saying of the Lord.

Apelles. Are you her mouth? I spoke to Persida. Answer me! Art thou Apelles' wife, Tryphena's mother, or slave of the slave Jarchai? [*Pause.*] Speak! [*PERSIDA, one hand on her heart, starts to speak, moves as if to go to APELLES; but HERENNIANOS takes a step forward, and forbids her by his glance.*]

Jarchai. She is silent. The Lord has closed her lips. Give up Tryphena.

Apelles. You jackal!

Jarchai. Hear him! The heathen would refuse us the child of the Lord! Throw him down! Tear her from his arms!

People [in wild confusion]. Give her up! Give up Tryphena!

Persida [in faint voice]. Hold! [*She sinks down. HERENNIANOS holds her upright in his arms. The people press upon APELLES. JAMLICHUS steps forward to protect him and TRYPHENA.*]

Apelles [to JAMLICHUS, waving him back]. Only give me an open way! Come on! I have still the strength to crash into your hearts like a thunderbolt the hate your clamor rouses in me! You dogs without a master, whom the desert wind maddens,—for holiness in you is turned to delirium, hot as the desert wind,—

come on, shatter upon me your hollow skulls, so that this delusion which incites you may be scattered like hot dust! [*The people stand at a distance, overawed, and fall back.*]

Jarchai [*to the people*]. What? You would leave him the Christian? Come here, Tryphena! You are ours! Come to your people! [TRYPHENA *clings, trembling, in APELLES' arms.*] She will not! She defies the people of the Lord! Then seize her, seize her!

Herennianos. Hold!

Persida [*sinking from his arms*]. I am dying!

A Citizen. Stone her, stone her!

Apelles. Who is that calling "stone her"? I will strike him dead with this naked arm! [*Drives wildly upon the crowd. All flee. Only PAUSANIAS remains standing, who — comes unseen among the people, dressed like a citizen — looks at APELLES fixedly and quietly. APELLES, recognizing him, takes a step backward in the first surprise.*] Spirit of the underworld! Thou, too, here? A raven, who dost scent the sacrifice? If I am immortal, I am strong as thou — I am lord over death. Down, hell spirit,—down on thy knees! [*Seizes him, makes him kneel.*] Do I fear thee? I fear neither death nor life,—not even life. And if it come a hundred times, with fury and hate and clamoring frenzy and heart-break, I will defy it — hold it fast — embrace it [*again drawing TRYPHENA to him*] even as I embrace this child — and thee, my sworn enemy, I will shake off like dust! [*To the terrified people.*] Make way! I can hurl you to death, but ye cannot kill me. Palmyra is left to you,—faith and hate and all,—only give me room to go!

Jarchai [*awed, as if stunned*]. He speaks madness!

Persida [*on the ground, held by a few citizens*]. They are going! O my Saviour!

Herennianos [*near her, softly*]. Make atonement for thy sin! As saith the Lord: Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life!

Apelles [*to LONGINUS and JAMLICHUS*]. Friends, let us go!

There is no one here to hold us. In the land of the Persian king there are human beings living, there is still room on the earth! Come, Tryphena, [*after a glance at PERSIDA*] now doubly mine, all mine! [*The awed people have retreated, and left a wide path for them.* APELLES, TRYPHENA, LONGINUS, and JAMLICHUS *go out toward the left.*]

Persida [*as they go, to herself*]. "And God's finger shall wipe away the tears from their eyes." [*Suddenly aloud.*] Apelles! — Help me! [*Her eyes close.*]

ACT IV.

A lonely mountain region in the neighborhood of Palmyra. In the background, a barren rock, down which winds a path; in front on both sides, a growth of plants, wild fig-trees, a shady chestnut-tree, rocks covered with flowering bushes. Near the chestnut-tree at the left, ruins of an old building, the part still standing seen only in profile, arranged as a hut, its door open toward the stage. Under the chestnut-tree, a stone bench and rude seat. Little decoration.

Longinus [*in advanced age, white-haired, feeble, is sitting under the chestnut-tree, looks toward the sky*]. I see it, then again not. [*Calls.*] Apelles! — Now it draws across the blue in a bow again. [*Calls.*] Apelles, do you not hear?

Apelles [*comes from the hut, outwardly little changed, strong, in simple attire*]. I hear: here I am.

Longinus. Is that a hawk circling above thee?

Apelles [*looks up*]. There is nothing circling there. I see nothing.

Longinus. Nothing at all?

Apelles. No. There must be a black speck in your eye, Longinus.

Longinus [*nods submissively*]. Yes, I suppose it must be so. In my eye. [*A shepherd's reed pipe sounds behind the scenes at the back.*] The light fades more and more, and the darkness is increasing! But I hear well. That is a reed pipe, is it not?

Apelles [*seats himself*]. Yes, our shepherd boy, who pastures our little flock of sheep and goats.

Longinus. There is little pasturage, *Apelles*, on these stony cliffs.

Apelles [*smiling*]. And yet there is milk enough! [*Seriously.*] Mother Earth blesses her children without solemn *ifs* and *buts*. [*NYMPHAS sings behind the scenes, right.*] Do you hear *Nymphas*, too? He is singing across the chasm.

Longinus. Hm! — yes! — I ought to know that song.

Apelles. An old song in honor of *Adonis* that the young men and maidens sing.

Longinus. I know it well, *Apelles*, — know it well. The mother of *Nymphas* sang it, *Tryphena*, the nightingale, when we were still living on the banks of the *Euphrates*, in *Vologesias* —

Apelles. I think not, *Longinus*.

Longinus. Why do you say “think not”? Indeed, I know what I say. Her flute-like voice sang it when she and my *Jamlichus* still walked with us, like the twin branches of a cedar-tree —

Apelles. You are mistaken: she never sang it.

Longinus. Never. Hm! — I thought so.

Apelles. Your memory is good; but sometimes it fails you.

Longinus. I am old, — old! over ninety.

Apelles. I, too.

Longinus [*nods*]. You, too, older than I! Perhaps *Zeus* knows how you managed to remain so vigorous! You still walk like a stag by day and like a lion by night, as if you had grown old only up to a certain day decreed your last, then a Persian magician had given you a potion, and now you live on, unchangeable, like the gods! [*Laughs.*]

Apelles. Perhaps.

Longinus [*closing his eyes*]. I have had enough. How does it happen that we two are still on the earth? All the others have long since become dust or a handful of ashes. Yes, yes, all alike! The stinging nettle, *Timolaos*, the rank burdock, *Aurelius*, and *Septimius* the golden, — no one will see them more as distinct indi-

viduals,—ashes to ashes, dust to dust.—So shall we, too, pass away, you and I, and come not again!

Apelles. Do you know that? I do not. Since I live like the eagle, looking upon the world from above, there come to me in the quiet nights strange thoughts. Come not again? Why? The wise men of India say we will be in the future and have been in the past! Slowly, they say, matures man's spirit, not in one life. To attain the divine, he must go through many and varied forms. . . . [*NYMPHAS appears on the mountain path, a blooming, beautiful youth, played by the actress who took the part of PERSIDA, resembling her as well as PHOEBE; climbs down slowly. APELLES does not notice that LONGINUS is nodding in sleep, and does not see NYMPHAS; continues to speak, looking straight before him.*] Why could it not be? Sometimes I lie awake, and say to myself: Who was Zoe with her spirit glance? And Phœbe, and Persida,—did Zoe's soul travel on in them? and you, my Nymphas, my darling,—could I have known you already? Sometimes it seems to me as if I had—

Nymphas [*has been standing behind APELLES. He now lays his hand on his shoulder, laughing merrily*]. I was a sacred Ichneumon on the Nile, or even a priestess of Vesta, who was buried alive: my biographer has not yet discovered—

Apelles [*as if shaking off such thoughts, with a loving glance*]. Ah! It is you!—Look, Longinus is asleep.

Nymphas [*smiling*]. But he will deny it. [*At LONGINUS's ear, not loud.*] Grandfather Longinus! are you asleep?

Longinus [*waking*]. I? How could I be asleep? I never sleep in the daytime! [*To himself.*] How much he looks like Persida to-day! [*Aloud.*] You were in Palmyra, Apelles told me.

Nymphas. Yes, this afternoon, while you—kept awake. I was prudent,—more than at other times!—made inquiries with great caution. They know already in Palmyra that we are living here, behind their hills. An old beggar, who lately slept one night under this tree, saw the “Master of Palmyra” in the morning. But they are not disturbed about us, will not seek us out.

Those who long ago quarrelled with you are old or dead. Then, too, the Palmyrans have other things on their mind —

Longinus. Hm! What are they doing?

Nymphas. Brawling and fighting —

Longinus. I can well believe it. They are human beings. What are they quarrelling about?

Nymphas [*eagerly*]. About the man who has overturned the world, the great Emperor Julian! One party is cursing him aloud in the market-place — I heard it — because he is fallen again from the faith of his uncle, the Christian Constantine, calls him the recreant, the apostate. The other preaches to the people how wise and great he is, and announces the renascence of the old times. When he has overcome the Persians, whom he is now fighting, he will come victorious to Palmyra, and throw down here, too, the boast of the Christians. And he will reinstate the fallen glory of the old Roman kingdom —

Longinus [*smiling sadly*]. Do you think so? It is fallen: it will not rise again. Only elephants can help another elephant sunken in the mire. Such a giant comes not now. The time is past! [*The shepherd's pipe sounds again.*]

Apelles. Let us talk no more about the times. To live apart from the world, as we are, is the happiness of man! It seems so to me in this evening quiet. We have had enough of strife and trials, of long, restless wandering through the lands of men! Here sorrow does not croak at us, and desires sleep. Fierce Palmyra, the city of our fathers, so near and yet so far; the silent sea of the desert at our feet; [*looks up*] and over us the eternally steadfast city of peace, the dome of the world-builder, in the unfathomable blue — until the silver mystery, the torches of night, break through. Sublime solitude! only thou canst kindle in us sublime thoughts; the inextinguishable fire of our soul, high on the summit of life!

Longinus [*nods*]. On the gift tree of life grow two good fruits, wisdom — and friendship! [*Takes APELLES' hand, presses it.*]

Nymphas [looking in front of him]. No others, you think.

Longinus [tired again]. Poisonous ones enough.

Nymphas. I know it well. Young as I am, I have had much experience of life. But the gods, I think, gave us the world, that we might make it *better* —

Longinus. Hm! [Begins to nod again.]

Nymphas [smiling]. There he is asleep.

Apelles [smiling, too]. Your young wisdom sings him to sleep. Yet, child, I feel in every glance and word, in every sign of your quickened life, that the world moves you, that you are longing for it! My young philosopher, my early ripened scholar do you, indeed, feel too lonely? Do you live too old here with the old men? Only a little longer, child, have patience. Then we will leave this retreat and go back into the world where you must be, the world you want to make better! [Laying both hands on his shoulders.] But, believe me, it will soon undeceive you. You so candid and good and noble, and so wise withal, will soon see into its heart! Within, a wheel with bright-colored spokes turns round and round. Things change, but they return; and all the souls of men are different colored bits of glass, through which gleams the one spirit of life,—call him what you will. He stands, invisible, behind each one, his true *ego*, and lives in us his life!

Nymphas. But we, who see him not, ought to seek him in these others, men of like nature, and love him in the best.

Apelles. Love! You are young and sensitive, and of loving heart. You will love *women*, too. Yet believe me, dear *Nymphas*, they are no goddesses; and none, I fear, will make you quite happy. Those who can love cannot bewitch, and those who bewitch love their bewitching charm more than they will you! But we will be silent upon what was, and is no more. To me you are now wife and child and all!

Nymphas. And you to me the dearest on earth!

Apelles. Am I, *Nymphas*? Then tell me what spirit possesses you. Confess it, fairly. For days, weeks, you have been restless, longing for *Palmyra*, always finding a reason for wandering back

there. When you come back, you are excited, and dream. A woman?

Nymphas. No, no.

Apelles. Are you sure?

Nymphas. Did I ever lie to you?

Apelles. What then? Yesterday I found you behind the rock, brandishing and drawing the old sword that lay buried there in the wall, and fighting, your cheeks aglow, an invisible enemy. What has made you so warlike? If this strife down there — [PAUSANIAS comes up the mountain path, full-bearded, in a Greek garment, a golden lyre hanging over his shoulder. It has become dark: after a while it is bright moonlight. APELLES looks up hastily.] Who is that? The shepherd boy?

Nymphas. A stranger.

Apelles [amazed]. What brings him to this retired spot? Ask him what he wants. [NYMPHAS goes a few steps to meet PAUSANIAS. LONGINUS wakes, looks round in amazement.] The night is come, Longinus. But the moon will soon be up: it was full yesterday.

Longinus. Yes, yesterday.

Nymphas [to PAUSANIAS]. Greetings to you. What brings you here?

Pausanias. A wandering spirit. I come from the Euphrates.

Nymphas. From the Euphrates? How come you then to us?

Longinus [pointing behind]. There lies the west and Damascus, not the Euphrates.

Pausanias. I lost my way. I want to reach Palmyra, but I am tired out. If a guest is not unwelcome here, then allow me a brief rest.

Longinus. The weary wanderer is never driven away. Be seated.

Nymphas. Have something to drink —

Pausanias [declining]. No, thank you. I have already had a drink.

Nymphas. Where?

Pausanias. I met a caravan, of perhaps fifty camels, on its way north to Sura. They listened to a song from my lyre, praised it and gave me refreshment ; and I journeyed on. [*Lays down the lyre. They sit down under the chestnut-tree ; but APELLES still stands at the side, sunk in thought, then watching the moon, which, invisible from the right, begins to shine.*]

Longinus [*in perplexity*]. You are a wandering singer ?

Pausanias. Yes.

Longinus. And are travelling through this desert ?

Pausanias. I am going to the sea ; going home.

Nymphas. You are a Greek ?

Pausanias. Yes, my name is Pausanias.

Nymphas. Pausanias ! appropriate name for a singer,—“ deliverer from pain.”

Pausanias [*looking NYMPHAS firmly in the eye*]. Yes, they call me that, too.

Nymphas. If you are not too much fatigued, sing me just one song. You come from the Euphrates : what did you hear there of the march of the Emperor Julian’s army ?

Pausanias. I saw the Emperor.

Nymphas [*stands up in his excitement*]. You !

Pausanias [*smiles*]. Why not ? I crossed his path. The gods had dealt heavily with him : he, the great general, victorious in the East and West, so that already flatterers compare him to Hercules and Bacchus, who conquered East and West,—he, at the Tigris, in the capital city of his enemy Ctesiphon, was obliged to turn back ! On the way there a rascally deserter enticed him into the desert, where sand and heat and thirst and Persian arrows wasted the army ; and the march of victory is become wandering retreat. But in this trial he proves himself the noble hero ! Patient, restrained, wise, brave,—I realized it, when I saw him. He sat before his hut, his generals and warriors around him ; his face was pale and thin, and yellow from sickness which attacked him there, and his temples were gray ; but the dark fire in his eye, proudly set, as if the Persians lay at his feet, and he sat upon the

throne; and his voice, still suffering, sounded like a trumpet-call through the clear desert air. "And as soon as we are in Syria again," he said, so that I heard, "then we will roll back the wheel of time! The goddess of Fortune of old Rome shall again stand on high, the enemies of the gods lie in the dust!"

Nymphas [who has listened to the account with keen, shifting emotion, springs to his feet involuntarily]. Strike! Strike!

Longinus [starts up]. What's—

Apelles [has been sitting somewhat sideways, looking in front of him; now looks up in amazement]. What is the matter with you, *Nymphas*?

Nymphas [composes himself, tries to smile]. Forgive me. The excitement of the recital went down into my limbs, and then up to my tongue. But I am already the philosopher's pupil again. [To PAUSANIAS.] How did you leave the Emperor then?

Pausanias. The same evening—last night—he noticed me there, and sent to summon me. "Play and sing to me!" he said. I did, and it pleased him.

Nymphas. The Emperor, you say? This lyre, then, has sounded before him—

Pausanias. Yes, before the great Julian.

Nymphas. Let me see the lyre. [Takes it in his hand passes the other once across the strings.] I pray you, play me the same song!

Pausanias. Certainly. A song of your Adonis, but composed in the Greek spirit. How Adonis goes back and forth between the upper and lower worlds, as the gods will—

Nymphas. I sing that, too.

Pausanias. Then you sing: I will play.

Nymphas [after a short prelude by PAUSANIAS, sings].

Eternal Zeus, to whose dread will all bow,
Decrees that 'neath the flowery earth must thou
Press kisses on the brow
Of dark Persephone,
Thou fair Adonis!

Apelles [*listens awhile, calmly, enjoying the sound of NYMPHAS' voice, then surprised, aroused, to himself*]. What kind of playing is that? So plays only *one* whom I heard —

Nymphas [*begins the second stanza*].

In waking spring, when brooks a-whispering start —

Apelles [*springs up, steps in front of NYMPHAS*]. Silence! You are — Now I recognize you. [*LONGINUS and NYMPHAS look on in amazement. PAUSANIAS is not disturbed.*]

Pausanias. Who am I?

Apelles. Silence, you fiend! Name not your name! — neither you nor I. But this lyre, which roused my hate, — take it and go!

Pausanias. You are mistaken —

Apelles. Away!

Pausanias [*stands up*]. Then I will go, but you are mistaken. You never saw me. Why do you object to the lyre? It is not different from others: look at it. And, if its playing pleased the youth — [*NYMPHAS nods.*]

Apelles [*sees it, terrified*]. Away with you! [*When NYMPHAS and LONGINUS look at him in amazement and questioningly, he tries to compose himself. More quietly.*] Leave him and us. Go on to Palmyra — and return not hither!

Pausanias. Very well: to Palmyra. — But you are mistaken in me. [*At a gesture from APELLES.*] But I will be silent. The moon shines bright o'er my pathway. Farewell! [*Goes out at the right. APELLES looks after him until he vanishes from sight. NYMPHAS watches APELLES in silence, finally lays a hand timidly on his arm.*]

Nymphas. What is the matter, father Apelles?

Apelles. Leave me. [*To himself.*] Now he is gone.

Longinus. You say you knew this man?

Apelles. I saw him once — perhaps I am mistaken. Leave the matter as it is. I hope he will reach Palmyra safely. It is late, Longinus, your hour has come. I will lead you into the house.

Longinus [*leans on APELLES, to walk*]. He played well, it seemed to me.

Apelles [starting]. Let him alone. Come!

Longinus [smiles good-naturedly]. Dear me, how imperious! You will follow us, *Nymphas*?

Nymphas [wakes from his thoughts]. Soon. The night is fine, my spirit still sleepless.

Apelles [overcome by his emotion]. *Nymphas*!

Nymphas. Did you call?

Apelles [recovers himself. Quietly]. No. We will see each other again.

Longinus [at the hut]. Sleep well!

Nymphas. Sleep well! [LONGINUS and APELLES go into the hut.]

[ZABBÆUS, young, beardless, girt with a sword, enters softly, spying, from the right, steps behind a boulder that conceals him from the hut.]

Nymphas. He treated the stranger harshly. Ought one to treat the children of earth so? Is not *sympathy* their due? [ZABBÆUS steps forth carefully.] Who is there? — Zabbæus!

Zabbæus [softly, quickly]. Yes, I am come to fetch you. It is to-night.

Nymphas [in sudden, passionate joy]. It is! O Zeus!

Zabbæus. Our friends will assemble in the temple of the Goddess of Fortune, secretly, armed. A fire will be kindled above on the road to the cemetery, and by its gleam the city will be frightened and confused. Then we will rush out, and do our duty as it is arranged.

Nymphas. Good!

Zabbæus. So arm yourself, and come.

Nymphas [pointing behind a rock]. There lies my sword. [Goes toward it.]

Zabbæus [with a gesture toward the hut]. And he? *Apelles*?

Nymphas [stands still]. It would be impossible! He would never consent.

Zabbæus. It is too bad. In "the Master of Palmyra" we would have a leader to whom they would pay reverence. [Smiling resolutely.] Very well, if not with reverence, then with *fear*!

Nymphas [horrified]. The door is opening.

Zabbæus. Then I must go! Follow me! [*Flees hurriedly to the right.*]

Apelles [looks after him anxiously]. *Nymphas*!

Nymphas [in an unsteady voice]. My father!

Apelles. Who was here? who ran up to the chasm? The — Greek?

Nymphas. No.

Apelles. The singer? By all the gods, tell me!

Nymphas. I said no. What makes you so afraid of him?

Apelles [breathing free again]. Quiet! It was not he? Who, then? Who was talking with you,—at this hour, in our solitude?

Nymphas [hesitatingly]. Allow me to be silent.

Apelles [quiet for a while]. *Nymphas*! *Nymphas*!

Nymphas [grieved]. Are you angry with me, father *Apelles*?

Apelles. Has it come to this, then? The first secret between you and me? This union of souls, deep as no other, was, like all of them, only half a union?

Nymphas. Father! [*Deeply moved, starts to speak, restrains himself.*]

Apelles. Yes, you are still silent. Then let *me* tell you, for now I guess it. In Palmyra there is a struggle between the white and the red, or whatever colors the parties are called on this occasion; and you—you are struggling with them!

Nymphas [after a brief hesitation]. And must you speak so contemptuously of it? If we are struggling for what is holy? If we want to strive with the Emperor, help him complete what he wants to do for the salvation of the world?

Apelles. It is! It is true!—You!

Nymphas. Why not I? Am I not a youth of my people? Since you have guessed it, I will be silent no longer. To dissemble before you has long wounded me. [*Entreatingly.*] Let me go! I must go down to Palmyra—

Apelles. To-day?

Nymphas. Even to-day.

Apelles. To kill the enemies of the Emperor —

Nymphas. We will kill no one who is not willing to die. But our enemies — are they not *yours*, too? — who are still masters, and must be so no longer! The Christian bishop still rules in Palmyra: the womanish prætor serves him. Both of them we will seize to-night and banish them, announce liberty and the old gods!

Apelles. And bishop and prætor will go willingly?

Nymphas. The troops are all in Persia. The people are disaffected, and the coward will fall before the brave victor!

Apelles. And why not wait for Julian to bring you what you desire?

Nymphas. The Emperor is too mild, cautious —

Apelles. Wise —

Nymphas. And he is perhaps waiting for the people to rise and help him. Great is the power of the Christians! What we do, he will approve, and bless our work!

Apelles. And when he dies? And perhaps another Christian Emperor rules the kingdom? — Child, O child! Would you turn back the wheel of time? Do you not hear the sighing of the wind that turns it? And, if you are victorious even for a day, how will it end? Once we freed the city of our fathers, framed new laws for all; but, because men are men, our work was soon in vain, ruined, of no avail, like the old law. “For the salvation of the world!” O child, who is the world? To-day it stones this one, and to-morrow that one. Give up your delusion, and stay!

Nymphas. Forgive me! I honor your word as that of the gods; but I must go, for I have sworn. [*Starts to go.*]

Apelles. No! no! no! I will not let thee! [*Steps in his way.*] O Nymphas! Look at me! In all the world I have only thee, only thee — and thou wouldst go and perish. Yes, perish! That song of Adonis still sounds in my ear, and the playing of death — [*Breaking off.*] Oh, stay with me, child! A shudder as of death sweeps through this numb breast. Thou wast the best, most lovely, dearest to me, the purest happiness, the sun which

never sank before my eyes! Thy mother left thee to me, and thy mother's mother, whom sorrow early released,—thee, her image, still blessed by the golden sunlight of a joyous nature, bright as the day, of unwavering affection, in which every fault melted away! Ah! my Nymphas, how I prize thee! Thy clear eye sees and knows what thou art to me. And now thy noble spirit raises itself on its wings of youth, and would fly away from me, even to the underworld.—But no: I will not suffer it! With thee will I live, and with thee die, but not weep for thee!

Nymphas [sinks on his breast]. O thou my father! and my god on earth! But let me go, let me go; for I must. Honor calls me — and the gods call —

Apelles [holds him firmly]. Only one calls,— Death!

Nymphas. I have sworn. Shall I perjure myself? [*A gleam of fire, gradually increasing, falls from the right upon the stage.*] Ye gods! Woe is me! The signal is already gleaming through the night. I must go,— I must! Farewell! [*Tears himself free.*]

Apelles [wildly]. Then call me, too, ye gods,— me with my Nymphas!— I will not leave you! Down, then, to the city! Let such noble madness seize the father, too: my child I will protect, win or die with him! Once more Apelles of Palmyra swings the sword for his idols or his gods. The fire calls. Down!

Nymphas. You will, my father —

Apelles. My sword! my old sword! [*Tears open the door of the hut, steps inside. NYMPHAS hurries to the boulder behind which his sword lies, takes it up.*]

Longinus [in the hut, invisible]. What is it? — Apelles!

Apelles [comes out again with his sword]. The gleam is increasing, and our courage. “Down in the dust with the enemies of the gods!” [*Rushes away with NYMPHAS toward the right.*]

Longinus [in the hut]. Apelles! Nymphas! [*Comes out.*] What has happened? Apelles gone, and does not hear me?— Everything quiet? — Is that a red gleam in the sky or only in my eye? — Apelles! — Man, where are you?

A Voice [behind the scenes, clear, supernatural].

The Emperor Julian is fallen !

The apostate is dead !

Longinus [listens in bewilderment, terrified]. Who is calling ? — weird as a spirit voice — like the invisible voice, men tell, that cried once through the world, “ Great Pan is dead ! ” And all listened —

Voice [farther away, toward the right].

The Emperor Julian is fallen !

The apostate is dead !

Longinus [trembling]. Again, away toward Palmyra : yes, I heard it : I was not dreaming ! Where are you ? Nymphas ! Have you left the old man alone here ? [*Totters, leaning on his staff, to the right.*] Apelles ! Nymphas ! [*Goes out right.*]

[*The scene changes suddenly to the square before Apelles' house in Palmyra, as in the Third Act. It is still night ; moonlight and gleam of fire. The door of the temple is open : the basilica seems to be burning.*]

APELLES, NYMPHAS, ZABBÆUS, and a crowd of young Palmyrans enter, some from the temple, some through the arched gate behind the basilica. A crash of trumpets on all sides, now and before, during the change of scene.]

Apelles [angrily]. Who threw that torch into the church ? Who set it on fire ?

Zabbæus. We do not know, noble Apelles.

Apelles. That will incite the Christians, who were growing faint-hearted, to renewed courage ! It will frighten our friends and strengthen the enemy ! [*Fresh trumpet-calls.*] Listen ! I knew it : you underestimated the strength of the prætor and his men !

Zabbæus. He escaped us —

Voice [behind the scenes].

The Emperor Julian is fallen !

The apostate is dead !

Apelles [alarmed]. Who calls ? [*All stand confounded.*]

Nymphas. The Emperor dead ?

Zabbæus. Was that a human voice?

Agrippa [*behind the scenes*]. Hear, citizens! The Emperor is fallen! Hear! the last of the heathen Emperors dead! Charge! With us are God and His hosts!

[*AGRIPPA, son of JARCHAI, the citizen, wearing armor, and a crowd of armed citizens come from the right through the gate. Fresh trumpet-calls, nearer, left and right.*]

Agrippa. See, there they stand! see, only a handful,—sac-rilegious firebrands! I, Agrippa, son of Jarchai, in the name of God demand that you give yourselves up!

Apelles. To be free is our intention, not to give ourselves up. [*By a gesture urging his company to an attack.*] Down in the dust with the enemies of the gods!

Voice [*as before*].

The Emperor Julian is fallen!

The apostate is dead!

[*The young Palmyrans who are charging forward with APELLES stand still as the voice sounds, then slowly retreat, awed, faint-hearted.*]

Agrippa [*to his band*]. You hear it! God makes known to us the victory through His messenger! See the firebrands, how fear turns them to stone!

Nymphas [*conquering his own terror*]. Brothers, why do you grow faint-hearted! Did you not come to fight men and gods, and are you frightened by a voice? Sound not the war trumpets courage in our ears,—victory, honor, freedom? [*Comes forward; tears himself free from APELLES, who involuntarily starts to hold him back.*] Let me go! Defend yourself, Agrippa, son of Jarchai. [*Wounds him.*]

Agrippa [*reels, but holds himself erect*]. I will pay you for that before I fall. [*Wounds NYMPHAS, falls. NYMPHAS sinks to his knee, lays a hand on his breast.*]

Apelles [*crying out*]. Nymphas!

Agrippa [*on the ground*]. Strike them down! God is with us! [*Trumpet-calls from the left.*] There are more of our men! —hear it —send these after the Emperor!

[AGRIPPA's band attacks, pursues that of APELLES — ZABBÆUS among them — out to the left. Continuous din and clash of weapons outside. In a few moments only AGRIPPA, NYMPHAS, and APELLES are left on the stage. APELLES kneels beside NYMPHAS, supporting him.]

Apelles. O my child! you are bleeding! — You will not die and leave me, too.

Nymphas [growing exhausted]. I am dying. Do not leave me!

Apelles [in wild despair]. I will save you! I will not let you go! So young! So good! Ye gods, ye shall not, shall not take him!

Nymphas. I will try, father. [Raises himself slowly. Part of the victors return from the left and press upon APELLES.]

Agrippa [on the ground]. Victory is yours! Strike him down!

Apelles [kills one of his assailants, the others retreat]. Down! — Stand up, child, erect!

Nymphas [sinks again to his knees]. I cannot, father. Farewell!

Apelles. Then I will die! Then I curse this life of mine that has no end! Death, where art thou? Show me thy face! If thou canst kill him, then take me with him! — Hither, all of you! [Throws away his sword.] Here I offer you my unguarded breast — here, here! Strike! [Some draw their swords against him, but without hurting him; then retreat, like the others, in awe of him.]

Agrippa. Can you not strike him? Are you cowards, bewitched, unmanned?

Apelles. Stay! Kill me! You butchers, swing the axe! [He goes toward them: they retreat.] I am accursed, and no one can kill me. *Nymphas!* *Nymphas!* [Comes to him again, sinks on his knee beside him.]

Nymphas [feebly]. Oh, if you —

Apelles. What is it you want?

Nymphas [*points behind him*]. Would let me die there in the temple with my gods —

Apelles. Come! I will carry you, just once more, my child! And thou, my temple, receive thy last sacrifice! The curse of receiving no others rest upon thee, if this please thee!

Nymphas [*in his arms*]. Good-night, my father! [*APELLES carries him into the open temple, flings the door shut behind him. From right and left bands of victorious citizens pour upon the stage. Trumpet-calls far and near.*]

Agrippa [*to the citizens who start to help him up*]. I must die here. Throw fire into the temple! Burn it down!

ACT V.

The same square in Palmyra as in the Third Act, but a scene of ruin. Of Apelles' house is standing only a single wall; of the temple, a row of pillars and a single beam,—all the others are lying in a heap; ruined pillars and great blocks of marble in confusion inside and in front of the temple; grass and flowers are growing between the stones. The basilica stands open without a door: it, too, is partly torn down and burnt.

ZABBÆUS, now in mature manhood, with a beard, *MÆONIAS*, and four young Palmyrans, other than those in the Fourth Act, are sitting round on blocks and pieces of pillars. Some have garlands laid beside them or hanging on the arm.

Mæonias [*rises*]. Do you want to rest still longer? I am tired of sitting still. Let us go.

Zabbæus. Restless as the jackal when it is hungry! Do wait —

Mæonias [*smiling*]. Lazy as the sated serpent.

Zabbæus. Well, then let us lie here like serpents. Serpents and scorpions thrive here—and so probably man. We have come early enough. It is hardly five hundred steps to the cemetery vale.

Mæonias. More.

Zabbæus. No more. This is a place for dreams! How merrily the grass rustles, and the crickets sing, and the old walls, pillars, blocks of stones, so gnawed by the teeth of time! Man thinks of many things in such a presence. And when at evening from the garden the boys are singing — [*To one of the youths.*] Sing us something, Seleucus. Sing us the Greek song of Adonis, whom we celebrate to-day. Then we will keep the feast with honor, and Mæonias will grant us a little rest.

Mæonias. So be it. Then I will stretch myself down again. Now sing!

Seleucus [*sings*].

Eternal Zeus, to whose dread will all bow,
Decrees that 'neath the flowery earth must thou
Press kisses on the brow
Of dark Persephone,
Thou fair Adonis!

[*APELLES appears in the background between the still upright pillars, in careless, fantastic garment, his gray hair disordered, a staff in his hand. He stands there, listening sadly, dejectedly.*]

Seleucus [*sings on*].

In waking spring, when brooks a-whispering start,
Then youths, by maidens mourned, to earth depart,
And kiss with joyous heart
The golden Aphrodite,—
Fair Adonis!

Zabbæus. A pretty song, my favorite! [*Notices APELLES. Half aloud.*] Look! Who is that standing by the pillars? Not a contented man, it seems to me. If he met me at night in the cemetery vale, by Zeus! I should think he had come out of a burial mound where he had been lying in his shroud.

Mæonias [*softly*]. He is coming here.

Apelles. Be greeted. You were singing a song that I — that I used to hear —

Zabbæus. Of Adonis.

Mæonias [*pointing to the singer*]. Seleucus sang it.

Zabbæus. It is the day on which we celebrate the god Adonis at Palmyra.

Apelles [*nods thoughtfully*]. It is the day! And so those wreaths —

Mæonias [*confidentially*]. Also for no other purpose, old man. [*Smiling.*] But do not tell it to the stern fathers of Palmyra: they would scowl. They even want to quite banish the old feasts of the gods! We are going to decorate the graves of our fathers who fell for freedom and the gods when the Emperor Julian died.

Zabbæus. You are a stranger, old man: you will not know about that.

Apelles. A little.

Mæonias. All fell except him [*pointing to ZABBÆUS*]. He escaped, and years after, when it was all forgotten, returned.

Zabbæus [*smiling contentedly*]. And now I am still alive, and for many a good day, I think!

Apelles [*to MÆONIAS*]. You said they *all* fell.

Zabbæus. Yes. Yet there was one whom they called the Master of Palmyra. I never saw him but once,—that night. He fought madly, and was burned to death in the temple. Others say, No, he is still alive. He was seen afterwards — so they say — near this temple, now temple no longer: first the fire; and then, a year or more ago, an earthquake. Twice the ground shook and roared under it, and no temple can stand that! But the Master is to wander without rest, they say. Jesus Christ, or else a Christian saint, condemned him to live forever. Well, perhaps they know! Yes, he was there, too.

Apelles. You are adorning the graves of the dead, you young men. Well — and *you*?

Mæonias. What of us.

Apelles. Do you still *hope*?

Mæonias. For what?

Apelles. For better times.

Mæonias [*looks at him in amazement*]. Where, old man, is the possibility for them?

Apelles. Perhaps in you.

Mæonias. It pleases you to be sarcastic. But the day is past. We are down, the Christians up.

Zabbæus. And the kingdom of the Romans is passing, like this temple! Crash! It may last a little longer, then it will fall. The barbarian hordes wander through the whole world, fight our armies, plunder the provinces. What boots it? It is so with man, too. We go with the times: whoever lets us live in peace may have us. Palmyra is now small, but there is still enjoyment here. The wise man says, Accommodate yourself to circumstances and enjoy the hour!

Apelles [*aside*]. He lives! And Nymphas died!

Mæonias. Yes, *Carpe diem*! As that inscription on one of the graves reads, "I was nothing, am nothing: thou who livest, eat, drink, and be merry, and come!" Over my grave I want my image in stone placed, in my hand the bowl from which I drank, and under it written, "Drink, friend, and love: everything else fire and earth devour!" Old man, you are not so wise. You don't look happy. Where have you come from?

Apelles. With many people have I been, in many lands,—perhaps in all,—where the sun burns high in the zenith and where it only moves along the edge of the sky; where oceans gleam and mists spread twilight over the land; where the night is long as the winter is here; where craters vomit slime and icebergs swim. And yet I was not so wise as you: you laugh and drink.

Zabbæus [*softly to the others*]. He is talking nonsense or else fooling us.

Mæonias [*softly*]. Perhaps he is not quite right in his mind. Leave him, and come! It is late. [*Aloud.*] We are going.

Zabbæus. To the valley of graves. Dream you of your mountains of ice that swim, and of your mud volcanoes. Farewell! [*They go out, laughing softly together.*]

Mæonias. Farewell! Be merry, old man. In spite of years,

you are still vigorous, wonderfully erect. Think of the saying, "Eat, drink, and be merry, and come!" [*He follows the others, who have already gone out at the right and now begin to sing, the sound growing gradually farther away.*]

Seleucus. Thou rose that glows like Aphrodite's purple robe
All. Wilt fade away.

Seleucus. Thou pillar bearing high the temple proud of Zeus
All. Canst not endure.

Seleucus. Wide-open eyes, that love the world, enjoy it now,
All. While thou canst see;

Seleucus. Soon Death's cold hand, the last to come, will press thee closed.
Then all is o'er.

Apelles [*has listened quietly*]. Oh, you contented mortals! To be happy and die! Life follows at my heels as night follows day, and winter autumn,—eternal winter, encamped upon its cloak of snow that conceals the summer. [*Looking around.*] O home! "The vale of graves" is round me here! As the spirits of the unburied dead haunt, as they say, the place of death, so I, dead, yet living, wander round this grave of my killed yet unburied life. And, as if the Spirit of Peace called me, I return again and again from my farthest wanderings to this place of horror! Ye walls still stand,—the last of my home. There sounded the reluctant door, when Phœbe left me, and took with her my spring. There before thee [*turns to the basilica*], prized work of the master, lay in the dust my proud summer, my Persida, and wrung her hands, sacrificing herself to the heaven which banished me. Thou temple building of my heart! House of my goddess,—Fortune her name, a curse her final message! On her threshold my beautiful Nymphas breathed out his soul,—my last, greatest happiness, my evening star, comfort, hope, everything! And I cannot die! Longinus died, but I cannot! The weary die; the weeping, the merry; races and peoples pass away; temples fall into ruins. But not I, not I! Like moon and stars, my

life rolls on. High in heaven is writ "forever!" and it flames through the night through which I wander, restlessly, up and down. Death, I summon thee! If the cry of mortals,—but woe is me! I am not mortal,—if the hoarse voice of the lost wanderer, who has called till he grows tired, can reach thine ears, thou ferryman of the dead, then come! I would depart!

Pausanias [*enters from the ruins of Apelles' house, as in Act II., but without the lyre*]. Thou seest, I hear thee. So I am at last welcome? Thy twin brothers, "Work and Joy of Life," will no longer frighten me away?

Apelles. I would depart! Gone are pride and comfort from the soul that wearies for death! Joy! I have enjoyed life to the dregs; and now I only feel the toil of living. Ye vigorous limbs, be accursed! Dried up within me are love and joy in the present. Dead is my life, and I walk over graves. He only can live who lives in others, grows into the life of others, renews himself with others. If that is no longer so, then open, earth, send forth to the light a new race of men, and engulf us who only seem to live! [*To PAUSANIAS.*] Take me down! If the sign of life is stamped on my brow, then [*strikes his brow with his clenched fist*] I will beat it off. I am a man: I have a right to death; and, like all the dead, would I die, too! [*Throws himself on the ground.*]

Pausanias. Even though thou wish to die, I cannot kill thee. Here lay the Christian girl, and through her mouth the voice of the spirit condemned thee: "Thou shalt wake forever without the sleep of death!" Callest thou me now? How thou hast mocked me as the "hell spirit," "fiend"! Dost thou know me better now? I am not so entirely unkind. I am the comforter, also the "deliverer from pain," lay tired heads on the cushion, and heal the sorrows which do not yield to the other sleep. And yet who assures thee that I am the last of all slumbers, that this hand does not slowly, softly, or even jarringly, open the door into the open, into the other world, into — who can know?

Apelles. It matters not. Be as thou art! It is thee I desire,— thee, death!

Pausanias [*shakes his head slowly*]. I have no part in thee.

Apelles. And I,—how am I to live?

Pausanias. In patience.

Apelles. I cannot. Patience is dead, with all else that is dead in me. Only remembrance lives still in my spirit, the poison which wounds deep, yet does not kill. If I cannot *die*, I would *forget*. Give me forgetfulness!

Pausanias. That, indeed, I have, but only for mine own. Only the living can give it to the living! See! look into this church, which you once built, which, like the temple, earthquake and fire destroyed, so that now the sky looks down upon the stars with which you so brightly adorned the floor. Look!

Apelles. I see only a woman, led by a boy.

Pausanias. Look well.

Apelles. She seems still young; but her cheeks are pale, and her cloak hides her, half concealing her face,—a serious glance! savoring of sadness, and yet not sad. [*Suddenly.*] Ye gods!

Pausanias. Well, what is it?

Apelles. That is the Christian, Zoe!

Pausanias [*smiling*]. Thou art dreaming. The dead wander not. She may resemble her in eyes, hair, in this or that. Look better.

Apelles. It is not Zoe. Her I saw countless years ago. [*Pointing to his brow.*] Her image is only dim; yet it seemed to me suddenly that she was walking before me again, looking me in the face, [*shuddering*] with that spirit glance! Now she looks away, the other. How noble her form! but she walks slowly and with difficulty.

Pausanias. Because she lacks strength. When the earthquake threw down this roof, it buried her with husband and child. They were both found dead; but she, covered with rubbish, as by a miracle, woke to live, and the people now believe it a miracle. They think, too, that the favor of God sent her forgetfulness; for no one hears her lament for what she lost.

Apelles. Forgetfulness! Ye gods!

Pausanias. Look again.

Apelles. Women and children are standing around her, and men come. She talks with each one kindly, pleasantly: she even smiles,—a youthful smile, [*bewildered, dreamily*] as if from the past; for it reminds me strangely of—

Pausanias. Let the past rest. She speaks with them all, because she is helpful; for this people that believes her holy and blest of God gain from her advice and comfort and assistance, perhaps even miracles. What is the matter?

Apelles. She is coming. And again that spirit glance looks deep into my eyes,—the glance that marked me with the curse of life.

Pausanias. Quiet! Stand back!

[ZENOBIA, *young, pale, in a dark gown, her head covered, in which she recalls ZOE, played by the same actress, with a boy who supports her steps, behind her an old man, several women and children, all come from the basilica.*]

Zenobia [*to the women*]. Now go. I thank you,—thank you for your thanks. Let him who has more gratitude to offer render it unto the Lord. It is His due. [*One of the women starts to kiss ZENOBIA's garment: she turns to her.*] Away from my dress! If you once more so dishonor yourself as to ascribe great powers to me, I will know you no more! [*The woman creeps timidly away with her child. ZENOBIA calls her back, smiling kindly.*] One word more! Let me kiss the child. [*The child runs to her: she kisses it. Then to the mother.*] Love it *with patience*: then it will have a sunny disposition. Go! [*Mother and child go out after the others, who have already gone out at the left: only the old man is left.*] What do you still want? I told you, I have no enchantments. I cannot lengthen life, nor would. If you so much desire life, old man, then go to the physician, and ask his help. [*The old man goes out slowly, leaning on his staff, coughing. ZENOBIA looks after him sympathetically.*] So ill! and yet loves his miserable life! [*Sits herself on a stone, sunk in thought. The old man goes out at the left.*]

Apelles [has watched ZENOBIA with increasing emotion. To himself]. Of how many others does this face remind me! Ye changing forms that my life saw bloom and pass away, do you appear in this strange face, as the colors of the rainbow are reflected in the misty sunlight? Did the one spirit which pervades you all come to meet me in new forms, place itself in my way in successive forms, as if to say to me, "Whilst thou didst cling to this form called Apelles, and as a vain shadow outlive thyself, I have passed from form to form, by devious ways, yet ever progressing toward my goal!" I will, I must entreat —

Zenobia [has looked again to the left. To the boy.] Elabel! There is the old man sitting down. Go and give him a gold piece. Then leave me. I am going to sit here and [smiling] do nothing. Come back in an hour. [The boy goes out at the left. APELLES comes forward.]

Apelles. Forgive me for speaking to thee. If thou,—not a saint, yet good and lovely,—if thou art a new form of the soul which has so strangely accompanied all my life, or if the favor of God has granted unto thee forgetfulness of past suffering, then help me to gain this favor, this divine balm which is half of death,—forgetfulness!

Zenobia [regarding him long and thoughtfully]. Who art thou? I know thee, and yet do not. And yet—in my dreams I have seen thee. In the spirit twilight, in the mysterious dawn of thought, thou didst appear to me,—not so gray, young, then older and again older. . . . A mist sweeps over my spirit, a dream of my soul.—Mysterious stranger, and dost thou not know me? Zenobia is my name—

Apelles. Not Zoe?—Phœbe?

Zenobia [looks at him in amazement]. No; yet these names gleam through the night of my dream like distant flashes of light. Living forms emerge, draw near, and grow into my spirit—and become I; and again I look into the future. . . . Now it has been a mist again! [Smiling.] Forgive me. So I often dream. Therefore, the mocking doubters think I am mad: the pious greet

me as a saint. Both are mistaken. I only submit to the will of God, who has so hardly tested me, yet comforts me with refreshing sweet foretaste; and I try to be good, kind to man, and so to grow ripe for what may come—until the Spirit shall call, “Follow me, the day grows bright!”

Apelles [*moved, after a long silence*]. Yes, at last I understand. O thou mystery that hast so often crossed my path, gentle flame of the multiform life! Now I understand the purpose of the Master,—alas, too late! The spirit of life passes from one form to another: the *ego* of man is restricted, only one of a thousand forms can it shape and enfold, only one road. Therefore aspire not to the infinite sea of Eternity, whose span only God completes! If it is to endure, it must grow through change, as thou,—the narrow *ego* broadening, maturing, refining from form to form, until it is purified in the clear light. So could we, perhaps, gradually grow like unto God. A beautiful dream! But not for me. My curse lies firm. I must go on my way. Farewell, Zenobia! [*Goes slowly toward the pillars. The supernatural music of the First Act sounds again.*]

ZENOBIA [*listens, as with soul aroused*]. After a while, with changed look and solemn voice]. *Apelles*!

Apelles [*stops*]. Dost thou call me by name?

Zenobia. Who thou art, I remember now. My eyes see clearly. On thy brow I see the sign that made thee sleepless; and a voice speaks, saying, “Release to him who, after long struggle, understands at last the riddle of life and the lesson of death!” Come and bow down before me, and see if I can cool thy brow which glows so hot with life and longs for refreshing. [*He sinks before her: she lays her hand on his brow.*]

Apelles. O Zenobia! Yes, thy hand is cool, a gentle cold courses through my veins: it goes from my head to my heart,—a blessed rest. Oh, if I might only drift away so into the night of peace, never to awaken!

Zenobia. Or to the other world. [*Song of the young Palmyrans in the distance, indistinct in chorus.*]

Eternal Zeus, to whose dread will all bow,
 Decrees that 'neath the flowery earth must thou
 Press kisses on the brow
 Of dark Persephone,
 Thou fair Adonis!

Apelles [*during the singing*]. That is the song—they are coming back already. The last song of Nymphas. . . . My last, too? Is there no delusion?—It grows darker in the sky. No, here within! [*His look grows rigid.*] Adonis!—Shall I, like Adonis, return to the light?

Zenobia. Thou art yet to learn.

Apelles. It is well. O Mother Earth, farewell! Thou wast kind to me—I loved thee so—bloom now for others! All living things, be ye blessed! bloom in the sunlight! *Apelles* goes to rest. [*PAUSANIAS stands behind APELLES, takes his raised hand.*] A hand touches me: it is cold.—It is thou!—I thank thee. [*He dies.* *The song continues,—the second stanza,—coming nearer.*]

Translated by Harriott S. Olive.



THE SONG OF THE CENTAUR.



SPEAK these words,—I, the Centaur of bronze, who have seen the moons of two thousand years,—and the men.

Very long have I wished to open my mouth, and have not been able. And now is my time short; for speedily will they learn what has happened, and then will the power be taken from me, and I shall be silent, it may be, another thousand years, seeing with eyes that see not, hearing with ears that are deaf.

Many times would I have spoken,—yea, shouted aloud,—more especially in the days of my youth, when I shone like the gold of

Midas, before Chrônos laid green mould upon me, before I was battered and broken of the Ostrogoths.

For always have I thought much ; and, ever thinking, one sometimes desires speech.

In the day of my completion, when he, the Swift-fingered, who formed me, made a feast in my honor,—in that day would I fain have shouted aloud the joy and the glory of being.

Yet could I make no sound, neither the least sign, though my body was urgent for action,—the four hoofs to trample, the strong limbs to lean on the wind, forward-coursing, the tail in filaments of light far-streaming behind me.

Also the arms of my manhood longed exceedingly to stretch the bow in my hand from an arc to a circle, out-sending the arrows before me.

And still was I held in bonds of silence, and stood as though smitten to stone of Medusa.

Seeing with eyes that see not, hearing with ears that are deaf !

Also, would I have said somewhat in the day when I was borne, unwilling, to Rome, leaving forever the land of Pheidias, master of him that made me ; leaving behind the slopes of gray olive and hum of the blunt-nosed bees of Hymettos.

And yet again in Rome would I have execrated orgies not seemly to speak of, and cruel deeds revolting to me, gentle-hearted.

For, when the Swift-fingered formed me, his heart was gentle with thinking on his young wife and the babe-to-be (born on the day I also came to completion) ; and he welded into my being love of all lovely things, and hatred of all hateful. So that I have ever been a worthy Centaur after the manner of Cheirôn, teacher of Hêrâklês, and not at all like unto Rhœcus and Hylæos, who justly perished by the darts of chaste Atalanta. Neither like detestable Nessos, who, being foiled and fatally wounded in his abduction of Déianeira, bride of Hêrâklês, caused the death of the hero by foul guile and the blood of the Lernæan Hydra.

So that, when I have beheld the like wrongs wrought at any time, I have been greatly incensed, vainly desiring to punish the wrong-doer.

Very specially I recall my wrath many centuries later,—as men reckon, in the year fifteen hundred; for he in whose palace I abode at that time was exceeding evil, and every day deserving of death. Yet was there none to slay him until one of his boon companions stabbed him at a banquet. The which made me glad. Only I would he had not outlived beautiful Emilia, whom in his fiftieth year he wedded, she being but of fourteen summers, and like to a budding peach-tree. Very slender was she, with sorrowful eyes and hair the hue of westering sunlight, caught in a net thick with pearls, her scarlet gown straight across her child's bosom. Emilia died, and the manner of her dying only I knew. For, after obediently drinking the potion, she presently drooped against me like a snapt hyacinth and clinched her hands about my hard body, so that it was not easy to disengage her white fingers when her tire-woman found her.

Truly, it is well seen that I am old; for, dwelling on the past, I grow garrulous. But what would ye? For my time is short.

I cannot look for the miracle to last, even in this day of many miracles. At first I deemed it impossible that one should take the white lightning and train it upon the walls of his dwelling, even as Baucis and Philemon the grape-vine; for how could he handle the bolt, and not die?

But greater miracles can occur; and that I speak is the proof. For in this night of heaven-rending thunder a fragment of the lightning-vine, being broken, has fallen upon me, and, fulfilling me with its fire, has given me the power of speaking words.

Soon will come the heavy-footed men to take from me this rapturous moment out of the centuries wherein I have been mute, seeing with eyes that see not, hearing with ears that are deaf.

Greatly desirous am I that neither the wife of him that owns me at this season (a virtuous lady) nor her young children ap-

proach me now, before the coming of the heavy-footed ones ; for, being filled with the death-dealing fluid, I fear I must even do them a mischief.

But — in thine ear, O pretty statue of red clay ! — I should grieve not at all if the man, husband of the virtuous lady, were to come. For I know him as no other on earth knows, — know even such things as he himself has forgotten, — I, the Centaur of bronze, seeing with eyes that see not, hearing with ears that are deaf !

Him have I long hated as I have ever hated baseness ; and long since would I have destroyed him, had I been able. To-night let him look to himself ; for the white fire pulses through my body, my heart beats with the heart-beats of the thunder, at the tip of my dart is death. Let him look to himself, for to-night I can do the deed of a man. . .

And, as I speak, he comes. . . . He is at the door. . . .
Hist ! . . .

Blanche Mary Channing.



THE USE OF THE UGLY IN ART.



ART exists as an adornment of life. Whatever else it does, it furnishes recreation and delight, and responds directly to men's æsthetic nature. It is an offspring of pleasure, is conceived in times of strong feeling, and is a satisfaction to its creator and its contemplator. Even the moral teaching that may be conveyed by art is conveyed chiefly through imaginative enjoyment. Hence art that is not enjoyable is of little value. Yet art does not always obey the dictum of many writers on æsthetics, which declares that the sources of enjoyment lie only in the beautiful, and that, therefore, beautiful things, and these alone, should be represented. For the plain fact is that we enjoy things in art which we do not call

beautiful. How, then, shall this contradiction be explained, and in what does beauty consist?

The real solutions of the problems underlying this discussion can never be reached unless psychology succeeds in stating the laws of emotion. In stating them, it will show the conditions that produce interest or lack of interest, these expressions being here used to represent the whole range of feelings for or against an object. Those conditions vary, not only with different persons, but even with an individual: hence the extreme complexity of the problems. When the governing laws are reached they will be found to apply with modifications to the feelings aroused both by life and by art. For the emotional effect of art differs in perhaps only one essential from the emotional effect of life; and this fundamental difference is one of attitude. Towards art we are contemplative, passive: in life, for the most part, we have an active personal interest. If, however, as often happens, self is eliminated and we *contemplate* life, we have the same feelings towards some actual scene as we should have towards that scene if drawn by a painter's brush. Differences of vividness, of medium, do not affect the essentiality of this principle. But the laws of emotion are not yet discovered; and all that can be done meanwhile is in the nature of the case superficial and temporary.

Beauty is held by some writers on æsthetics to mean conformity in individual objects to some type or ideal more or less clear in many minds, and set forth now and again by the master artist's deeper penetration and richer expressive power. This typical beauty is seldom generously dealt to the actual world, but it exists in idea. It is the desired, the ideal towards which the actual may be striving; or it may be in part a spontaneous birth of the imagination. To deny that there is this beauty-in-idea would be foolish. Some degree of it has unquestionably entered into men's experience in all ages.

The natural opposite of beauty is ugliness. If we oppose it to typical beauty, it must mean whatever is out of harmony with

the ideal standard of perfection. Yet this is not chiefly what ugliness means in familiar use. A thing is ugly that displeases, that causes hatred, disgust, or loathing, the standard of conformity to type being applied less rigidly to life than to works of art. Beauty is defined by the makers of dictionaries — which represent, of course, the common opinion — as the quality in objects that renders them pleasing. Here, then, in the familiar uses of the two words, we have definitions that are practically exclusive and limiting. Pleasure is thus found to be the real basis of beauty ; and whatever fails to give pleasure, whether in life or art, is called ugly.

Nor, as may be suggested, is all pleasure dependent on our recognition of the character of objects according to some well-defined type or ideal standard. Necessary and satisfying as these standards are, even they themselves shift somewhat from age to age, and are therefore not absolute. They become familiar, too, and hence monotonous. Besides, the constant failure of individuals to reach the standard may become oppressive ; and thus a tendency arises to discard the ideal, and not only to be content with the actual, but to find positive pleasure in the fact of its difference. The unavoidable conclusion is that both art and life give pleasure by including the untypical, un-ideal, as well as the ideal, and that accordingly, since pleasure is the basis of beauty, beauty must comprehend the pleasure derived from divergence as well as from conformity.

It is necessary to recognize the importance of variation, and also of subjectivity in pleasure, in beauty and its opposite. If "*truth* is this to me, and that to thee," far more is beauty. Beauty and ugliness are feelings, complexes of judgments and appreciations ; and as feelings they are transferred, at least in part, from the mind possessed of them to the objects exciting them. And this is as much as psychology can just now do for us. It may in future reject the old technical categories that divide all feelings into pleasure and pain, and insist on other categories. But in the present uncertainty one may be pardoned for holding by the loose classifi-

cation, familiar to everybody, of the agreeable, the disagreeable, and the indifferent ; and the qualities in art corresponding to at least the pleasant and the unpleasant are the beautiful and the ugly. Yet seldom or never do these feelings exist absolutely. Imagined as the poles of an axis, there revolves between them a whole orb of interradiating, reflexive emotions. Ugliness may thus become attractive, delightful. Science, indeed, insists on the life-preserving principle of avoidance of bad and satisfaction only with good. Applied to art, this principle means that, if pleasure is found in ugly, evil things, the bad effect is counterbalanced, at least to the particular observer, by good effect. How this result is reached is, then, the next question.

The content of the word "ugly" may be divided into two overlapping classes,—the commonplace, disagreeable, disgusting ; and the bad, vicious, monstrous. Representations of these may be either typical, as happens often in tragedy, or individual, as in *genre*. *Genre*, and all art presenting the individual rather than the good or the bad type, has been named *characteristic* art. In theory, typical or ideal art may use with entire freedom the ugly and evil ; but, in fact, ideal art tends rather to avoid the ugly. It is sometimes introduced as a concession to reality ; oftener, however, for a heightening of the beautiful by contrast or for moral effect, and is usually itself idealized into types. Characteristic art, on the other hand, delights in the actual ; and the actual is seldom ideally beautiful. Such art, it is true, often throws a haze of sentiment over the actual, seeking thus to present the artist's perception of the half-hidden spirituality, the suggested absurdity, the quaintness, or the pathos. The artist is ever in search of ideas, of meanings : his mental alertness demands things notable and expressive. If, therefore, he represents homely commonplace scenes, he does so because he finds them significant. Expressiveness, in fact, constitutes the appeal in characteristic art ; and in such art the ugly is redeemed by having an eminent degree of character and individuality. We forget that it is *ugly* : it becomes interesting because it possesses such distinct outline, such

forcible profile, such clear feature. Harsh, abrupt, jagged, it may be, but yet captivating to the intellect, to the intelligent observer, to the thinker. Characteristic art makes a strong intellectual appeal. It declares and successfully maintains the right to use the ugly up to the point where it ceases to be interesting. Ideal art is, of course, expressive: it indicates an accomplishment, a pause, a resting-place of the mind; or it represents an aspiration, something never perhaps to be reached, yet ever to be sought. These are indeed, expressive; but it is the expressiveness of perfection, which often disconcerts and baffles. Characteristic art, on the other hand, speaks to human weakness. It tells of half-attained joys, mistaken effort, foiled attempt. There is in it always a touch of familiar nature to which we quickly respond. It offers a rough balance of good and bad, of happy and unhappy, such as makes up our experience. To its familiarity, then, its naturalness, and its marked individuality, is due much of the pleasure given by characteristic art.

In their expressiveness and vividness lies the charm, for example, of portraits, whether in words or colors. Note the power of Browning's oily worldly-wise advocate in 'The Ring and the Book':

“Thick at throat, with waterish under-eye,
Turns to his task and settles in his seat ;

.

Wheezes out law-phrase, whiffles Latin forth ;

.

Rubs palm on palm, rakes foot with itchy foot,
Conceives and inchoates the argument,
Sprinkling each flower appropriate to the time,—
Ovidian quip or Ciceronian crank,
A-bubble in the larynx while he laughs,
As he had fritters deep down frying there.”

Life is full of significant characteristic scenes and incidents, and the trained eye can no more help enjoying them than it can help delighting in the clouds that darken and vary the sky or the sud-

den lights and glooms of a forest. In a gallery in Munich hangs a picture known as 'A Dutch Interior.' It is a corner of a low room, and shows one small-paned double window and half another, with the sunlight falling through on the wall and floor; two chairs and a chest stand huddled against the wall, and a pair of red leather shoes are well in the foreground; a woman with white bonnet and apron, her back turned, sits in the middle, quietly reading. What is there here of ideal beauty? Yet surely it is expressive. It speaks of the afternoon hour of leisure at home, of the retirement and privacy of one's own room, where thoughts and desires, hidden in the whirl and glare of active life, find space and time for indulgence, for lingering in the memory and moulding the spirit by their tranquil influence.

Some years ago at a large art exhibit a fountain-piece was shown, representing a mermaid resting with her little one on a wet rock, and almost clutched in the grasp of a huge sea-polyp. The stillness of horror had overcome her. The polyp's slimy tentacles wound about her body, preventing her from moving, drawing her down under the water, and, worst of all, grasping at the little being nestled in her arms. His great eyes were too glassy to look fierce, but the jelly-like arms were numberless and clung with a firm hold. A visitor could hardly pass by that piece without feeling the originality and power of the idea and taking pleasure in its dramatic quality. It was not beautiful, perhaps; but it possessed a remarkable degree of vitality. The contrast between the two figures, the action, the spontaneity, the prospect, struck and fascinated. In the peculiar speaking power, therefore,—the rich contrasts of harmony and modulation,—lies much of the charm of art that includes the commonplace and the disagreeable.

Again, ideal art cannot offer much variety: it can only idealize types still further or encroach upon the realm of characteristic art. Hence it gains variety chiefly by exhibiting types in many different conditions. Cordelia's fidelity to her father and Imogen's to her husband are not alike in manifestation, yet they spring from the same loyalty of nature. Characteristic art, on the other hand, may

include all the Protean forms of the great actual ; and much of the enjoyment found in it is owing to the variety thus possible.

Further, the contemplative attitude demanded by art, and skill in treatment, explain the secret of our enjoying things which, if experienced, we should find tiresome and annoying. A thing, too, in retrospect loses its aggressiveness. The beautifying tendencies of the memory and imagination are illustrated by Hawthorne's pictures of the Puritans. The severe humanity of these persons is sweetened by an elevated pathos and the play of domestic affections, and we are thus helped to forget the actual dryness of their fanaticism. Hawthorne's effects are of course partly due to artistic handling ; and, in fact, with some art-products the manner of treatment almost entirely accounts for the pleasure given. The trivial and unpleasant, for example, is made agreeable by letting the fancy play about it, forming odd combinations, showing new relations, and throwing on it a genial light of reflective humor. This largely constitutes the charm of many sketches and descriptions in novels, and particularly of Lamb's essays. Contrast, too, between the agreeable and the disagreeable may be used to gain a specific result, as in 'The Eve of Saint Agnes,' where the warm, luxurious atmosphere of the feast and Madeline's chamber glows against the dark background of the bitter weather, the forlorn Beadsman, and the palsy-stricken Angela. Pleasure is increased, also, by emphasizing the grace of color and form, so that ugliness is absorbed in beauty, and there is given a happy unity of impression. The snake is not a creature much loved by men. It has repeatedly been used in art to represent insidious, unsuspected evil ; and thus moral dislike is added to physical fear. Hence it is a real triumph when, by dwelling on color and shape, an artist can overcome aversion and make the snake a thing of beauty. A remarkable instance occurs in Keats's 'Lamia' ; and in 'The Ancient Mariner' it is the "elfish light" falling off "in hoary flakes," and the "blue, glossy green, and velvet black attire" of the water-snakes in the burning south sea that save the Mariner from his curse, for he "loves and blesses them unaware." A beautiful use of the snake occurs in Boecklin's

‘Meeres-Idylle.’ A Triton and a mermaid are resting against a half-exposed rock, the Triton blowing lustily at “his wreathed horn,” while the water drips darkly from his body. The mermaid, an exquisite female figure, is lying on the edge of the rocky shelf, one hand familiarly clasping the neck of a large sea-serpent, whose face is near her own, as if to speak to her. The coloring of this serpent, with its vivid green back crossed by intensely black stars and lines, its yellow hearts on the sides, and its paler yellow beneath, makes an effect with the dark rock and the deep green-blue waves that is wonderfully beautiful, even magical.

From the ugly and pathetic elements in *genre* and other art lying in the middle register of human emotion, there is but a step to the tragic and the criminal. To account for these in a pleasure-giving product of the mind is somewhat more difficult ; for here we have to deal not only with physical ugliness but with moral ugliness as well. A statement or two, however, may be made, the truth of which will probably be granted without discussion. The purely æsthetic pleasure taken in criminal art, though it may differ in source, cannot differ much in kind from the pleasure given by other art. Much of the pleasure, too, afforded by any class of art lies in the appeal to the sense of right : it is ethical as well as æsthetical. Moreover, one must not forget that evil, like good and beauty, will ever remain in part subjective and relative. Especially is this the case with things which, like art, exist for entertainment. A man will indulge his vicious inclinations, if he has any, far sooner in his pleasures than in his business ; and he may find this evil indulgence in works of art that on others have no bad effect. There is no denying, however, that an abundance of art exists for the special purpose of satisfying and stimulating vice. The pleasure thus found is chiefly sense-excitement,—the thing continually craved by the sensualist, who pursues it as an end in itself. Art, in fact, may be immorally didactic as well as morally didactic. In either case æsthetics deems it poor art. Licentious art is didactic immorally, for it is the vicious purpose in it which makes it licentious. Morally didactic art tends to become prosaic and tedious ; but art that is

didactic immorally is either seductive or disgusting, and is always treacherous, sensual, and corrupting. It is condemned by both æsthetics and ethics, and does not deserve a seat on that "glory-smitten summit" where true art reigns. True art is, indeed, not didactic. It conveys no direct purpose, but is satisfied with appealing to the imagination and arousing emotion. And yet, because civilization rests upon right thinking and right acting, we may well grant ethics the powerful and delightful ally that she may find in art. But her appeal must be made subtly, delicately, suggestively, not with directness and definiteness. If a distinct moral purpose is evident, the appeal itself is weakened, perceptibly in power, greatly in scope.

Much as we may wish, however, to save art from the moralizing habit but too prevalent, we cannot entirely save art that deals with crime. Crime touches human life too vitally for us easily to take the contemplative, impersonal art-attitude. Hence the fact that tragedy, for example, makes a more definite moral appeal than any other form of art. There is a noteworthy difference between the tragic and the pathetic. The tragic has an added element of irrevocableness, inevitableness, fatality. One placed in a pathetic situation will outlive it: the wound will heal, and perhaps leave no scar. But the wound of tragedy is a running sore, a cancerous, undermining disease,—if, indeed, death does not end all. This alone is enough to render tragic art more moral and less purely pleasing. This causes, also, the fact remarked by many critics,—that the pleasure given by tragedy is moral, is a mingling of pity for the sufferer and gratitude for the escape of self. These feelings lead to many others that lift and ennoble the spirit. "The good affections," says Shelley, "are strengthened by pity, indignation, terror, and sorrow, and an exalted calm is prolonged from the satiety of this high exercise of them into the tumult of familiar life."

Another source of pleasure in criminal art — pleasure that is again half moral — is the desire for justice against the criminal. We call it poetic justice when speaking of art; but it springs from the primitive instinct for safety, and it demands obedience to the deep-

seated principle that men shall live according to law and for mutual welfare. He that sacrifices this principle to a selfish end strikes at the very root of civilization and of life itself. To break his power and put him out of the way is perfectly instinctive. Great art gives us the further satisfaction, as life often does not, of knowing that the actor is not, after all, more a victim than a criminal, a truer balance being struck by the artist than is always possible to get in life. Perhaps no work shows more of this subtle balancing than 'The Ring and the Book.'

Still another source of pleasure in art that presents crime is the recognition of the power and force of the criminal, and an intellectual curiosity concerning his character. This accounts, in the main, for the attraction that Richard the Third has exercised for the last three centuries. The mere mass of his character in the direction of self-will is so great that we are compelled to praise it. The like is true of Iago. The intellectual acuteness and skill, the mastery of people and events, possessed by both these men, are worthy of admiration. What we censure is not these statesman-like qualities, but the objects for which they are displayed. This interest in the criminal, this laying bare of the springs of character, as is done to a marvellous degree in 'Macbeth,' for example, we unconsciously set over against the horror of the crime, and take satisfaction in the knowledge of what lies concealed in the terrible depths of human nature. Thus art can minister to our instinctive love of truth and our wish to know the whole life of man.

Representations of crime please, also, because of the involved mystery, the riddle, the entanglement of purposes. Mystery increases interest both by spurring the mind to read the riddle, to untwist the lines of fact and purpose, as in Poe's 'Murder in the Rue Morgue,' and by kindling desire for adventure. No one is entirely free from secret exultation and secret questioning of his own strength when on the eve of some important event. This feeling passes from a defiant, awkward embarrassment up through all the extraordinary incidents and hair-breadth escapes of the stories of adventure to the awe that falls upon the spirit at the

thought of stepping out into the great unknown. In all these there is a recognition and a setting aside of past defeat, a nerving of the soul to meet whatever of terror the future may bring. In its higher forms, such girding of the loins is the very essence of sublimity. This quiet gaze upon the past and into the future, this complete dissociation from accident and assertion of the entity of self, the criminal may have, as well as the warrior in the face of battle or the martyr at the stake. But it is only the nobler souls that reach sublimity,—those whose crime is more a mistake than a desire; yet even they hardly before the entanglement of destiny is most confused, and they stand at the very end. The criminal then towers up into moral grandeur; and so soul-stirring is the spectacle that we utterly forgive his past, and judge him as would one who pities, not condemns.

Besides all the pleasure found in the subjects of works of art, there still remain for criminal art, as for any other, the charm of the medium of representation and the charm of the manner. To overcome the harrowing effects of the evil and the horrible, to make it bearable and persuasive, the artist needs to employ many means of softening it, of giving it a human look. He must throw sunshine into the dark places and color the white light, must lessen the tension of the imagination by suggestions of happiness and goodness. It lies in treatment and detail wonderfully, to relieve or to heighten the whole impression. Bits of color, of drapery, luminous words, a finely turned sentence, an exquisite form, a truthful and characteristic trait, a touch of human feeling,—all these are very important contributors to pleasant effect; and they are of the greatest possible value in presenting subjects that without them might be unendurably revolting.

Thus it is simply reasonable to recognize that art not only uses the ugly and evil, but uses them as distinct producers of æsthetic pleasure, modifying them only so far as to subdue their merely informative character and fit them for its pleasure-giving purpose.

Katharine Merrill.

CHILDE ROLAND TO THE DARK TOWER CAME.



HERE are doubtless many besides myself who possess some book that has in it some single written date or memorandum which may almost be said to mark a turning-point in the owner's life; some point to which all that went before it had led, whether he knew it or not, and by which all that followed it was influenced. Around such a record a whole group of personal associations will probably cluster, like lookers-on, possibly more real and permanent to us than any living witness. For myself I have more than one such memorial, but that which has stood out among them all for more than forty years is a page where two lines of poetry are underscored in pencil and the initials added, "L. K. T., Oct. 7, 1856." These initials are not those of man or maid, but are the memorial of a halt made one day when I was riding, being armed for the first time in my life, through the then debatable ground between Kansas and Nebraska, in charge of an armed party of emigrants towards the besieged town of Lawrence. The book is Browning's 'Men and Women.' The lines are,—

"Fool, to be dozing at the very nonce,
After a life spent training for the sight!"

and they are taken from the poem "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came."

I have since been in more important responsibilities and in greater dangers; but this was the moment of which it might be said, as Carlyle's hero says in 'Sartor Resartus,' "After this I immediately began to become a man." That I should have carried in my pocket to Kansas only that one book, that out of all its pages have marked that one passage, is a fact to me of more value as a testimonial of the 'Childe Roland' poem than any other could be. It shows that I carried it for a sort of elixir of life, and used it for that purpose. What it did for me it must have done for others.

It is a curious fact that, while Tennyson, a man of shy, recluse life, was always ready when a particular poem was touched upon to converse with you about it, to repeat it, and to expound it, we yet commonly search the memorials of Browning in vain to find any farther elucidation of a poem than the poem itself affords us. 'Childe Roland' ranks with the great imaginative works, with 'Christabel' and 'The Ancient Mariner,' and so unspeakably above Poe's 'Raven' that one is surprised to have heard it mentioned in the comparison; but the poet himself has left us no key to it outside of his own lines. And the criticism of others stops before it, mainly because of its supreme excellence. We see on reflection that there is really a Dark Tower in every thoughtful person's life, and that consequently the tower differs for each person. The tower symbolizes the supreme aim of one's life at any moment,—something which may be a secret to one's next-door neighbor, to one's husband, wife, or children, and, very likely, to one's self, since we are as often guided by unconscious temperament as by deliberate purpose. At least, the tower stands for some controlling action to which all events and purposes have led up,—some experience never, perhaps, to be estimated at its full value until the leisure of the future life,—if that be leisure, which I doubt, at least for New England souls. Nor are we even sure that heaven will afford us on a larger scale the delights of mutual investigation, although I once heard my eloquent cousin, William Henry Channing, predict that we should spend much of eternity in unravelling the strange secrets of one another's lives. Alas! it is doubtful whether we shall ever unravel even those of our own.

The poet Keats in classifying nature places at the head "things real, as sun, moon, and passages of Shakespeare," thus placing all else in a secondary and subordinate position. For Browning the tower of 'Childe Roland' was a thing as real, as clearly to be dealt with, as little to be evaded, as a moonrise or an earthquake. It was a fact in the universe. You observe that he takes Edgar's first line by itself, and attributes the "Fie, foh, and fum" to the wan-

dering mind. This gives a key to the whole situation. Childe Roland's quest symbolizes the whole struggle and achievement of man. As to the details, every man interprets the tower for himself, every man has his own definition: no two persons can have the same tower. The visible materials of the picture are, after all, not so very remarkable. As our associate, Mr. Latimer, has said, "There is nothing in it that does not belong to our New England scenery," — not an item except the tower itself; and that is the most real thing about it, precisely because we cannot see it, except in imagination. As another of our associate members, Mrs. Marean, has said, "This is a poem in which every reader may legitimately find his own meaning, just as he may in any other tale of a quest; but its descriptive power is of an order not dependent on the significance of the Round Tower at which it leaves us."

The 'Childe Roland' poem is simply Browning's profoundest attempt to touch the mystery of life. The Dark Tower stands for the supreme secret of each man's existence: we follow up streams, tread mountains, and reach only this at last. Friends and foes help to guide us to it; but we must go alone. The last finger extended may even be that of a malicious enemy. We may so shrink from it that the sky looks dark, the whole surroundings repulsive. All our early memories come back upon us, veiled in a shadowy mist; yet we go forward. This is the poem. The critics exhaust their variety of conjecture to show what it all means. Dr. Furnivall states that he asked Browning three times whether the poem was an allegory, and that Browning had said each time that it was simply dramatic,—as if any human being could tell where "dramatic" ends and "allegory" begins! Given what is dramatic enough, and every human being may draw its own allegory from it. Mr. Kirkman and Mr. Sears Cook think the tower means death; Mrs. R. Gratz Allen interprets the moral as lying in sin and punishment; Mrs. Orr and Mrs. Drewry find that it stands for life and truth; Professor Arlo Bates "can think of nothing more heroic, more noble, more inspiring," than the whole poem. As I said, every man finds in it his own tower; and, the more towers suggested, the greater tribute to

the spell, as woven by Browning. Life's supreme mystery,— that is the Dark Tower.

It is the scene of each man's problem, the point to which all the paths of his life for the time converge, the concentration of the soul upon its own crisis, its own conflict. It is rarely that any one else knows precisely what his neighbor's "Dark Tower" is. Even the time of his approach to it is very likely unknown to his dearest friend. In a long life, or one long in emotion, if not in years, he may even pass through several such towers in succession: he never forgets how he felt when he approached them; but, strange to say, he forgets his exit from them. When he passed through one and has turned round, the Dark Tower has disappeared: even Browning provides no outlet from it; but, fortunately, life does very often, and we emerge. Browning's hero naturally sees for the moment in imagination all previous adventurers as lost. Yet each may, without his knowing it, have lived through the day, and conquered his tower by facing it; and each commonplace friend by his side, did he but know it, may have survived a greater peril than his own.

I know of nothing in literature outside of Browning which is pitched upon the same key with this poem or carries us a step into the same world. Perhaps that which comes nearest it is a remarkable passage in an essay by Heinrich Heine, published in 1838, as an appendix to the second part of his 'Book of Songs,' and called *Die Schwabenspiegel*, 'The Suabian Mirror.' The essay is one of the keenest of his criticisms; and he closes by expressing indignation at those who call up the memory of the Suabian poet Uhland against him, an author whom he pronounces practically dead already. Heine complains that nothing is so hard in literature as to fight the dead. "They exhaust us," he says, "more by weariness than by wounds, and the combat becomes at last a duel of deadly ennui." Then he passes to this wild picture, in which we cannot fail to recognize some analogies to those in 'Childe Roland,' although published some twenty years earlier, in 1838, whereas Browning's poem appeared in 1855:—

... "Do you know the story of the young knight who journeyed into the enchanted forest? Golden were his locks, proudly waved the plumes o'er his helmet, through the opening of his visor glowed his cheeks with the ruddy tints of health, and under his bright and lustrous armor his heart throbbed with impetuous valor. But, oh, how strangely the winds whispered through the forest! The trees, some of which were hideously distorted, reminding one of misshapen human beings, waved to and fro most uncannily. From out the shrubbery peered, here and there, a white, spectral-like bird, with a mocking, tittering laugh. All sorts of strange and curious animals glided like shadows through the bushes. Occasionally might be heard the chirping of a harmless finch; and, here and there, from among the broad-leaved climbing plants, some sweet and modest flower nodded a greeting. But the young knight pressed ever farther on, and at last cried out defiantly, 'When am I to behold the champion who will measure swords with me?' Then a tall, meagre knight, with closed visor, drew near,—not with a quick, vigorous step, and yet with a not unsteady gait,—and ranged himself for combat. His helmet was all battered and dented; his armor not poor, but weather-beaten; his sword full of notches, but of the best steel; and his arm was strong. I know not how long the two fought with one another, but it must have been for a long time; for meanwhile the leaves began to fall, and the trees stood bare and leafless, and then again began to bud anew, and the sunshine and verdure came again, and so the seasons came and went,—without its being noticed by the two combatants, who still hewed and hacked at one another, at first savagely and ferociously, later less violently, and then even somewhat languidly, until, finally, they let their swords sink, and, gasping with exhaustion, raised their visors. What a sight was there! The one knight, he who had been challenged to the combat, was a corpse, and the opened visor disclosed a grinning, fleshless skull. The other knight, who had entered the forest in the bloom of youth, had now the sallow, sunken visage of an old man, and his hair was white as snow. High overhead from the tree-tops could be heard the mocking titter of those white, spectral birds."

(*'The Romantic School*, by Heinrich Heine, translated by S. L. Fleishman. New York: Henry Holt & Co., 1882, p. 233.)

You cannot fail to recognize a certain analogy in this with

Browning's poem, coming no nearer, however, than the prose versions of Omar Kháyyám approach to Fitzgerald's translation. Or, if you doubt this superiority I have attributed to the Browning poem over the Heine passage, I can suggest to you a time and place where you will recognize it to the full. It is a place where the volume containing 'Childe Roland' might well be your companion, and especially on some dark and gloomy day, in rain or fog or snow, or perhaps beneath a gathering thunder-storm or a frowning and lurid sunset; and this only in early spring or, better yet, in autumn, when the leaves are fallen, the grass is sear, and the wild flowers dead. You go out from the Boston subway by a trolley car marked Waverley, pass beyond the busy youthful life of Harvard Square, beyond the wilderness of memories in stone at Mount Auburn, beyond the recurrence of youth and joyousness at the Oakley Club, and dip suddenly down a little hill, where the car track ends at the bottom as abruptly as one of Browning's verses. It ends in a little suburban village with small houses and somewhat trivial aspect; but, as you walk forward, there at once spreads above you on the right the extensive hillside park which surrounds the McLean Asylum, while on the left the valley itself suddenly drops into a wilderness of great weird trees, just now leafless. First comes an irregular colonnade of sycamores, the upper stems and branches stripped of bark, and of a ghostly whiteness, as white as Heine's spectral birds. Looking over an embankment, you see coming from beneath it a stream, of which you can say with Browning:—

“A sudden little river crossed my path,
As unexpected as a serpent comes.
No sluggish tide congenial to the glooms —
This, as it frothed by, might have been a bath
For the fiend's glowing hoof — to see the wrath
Of its black eddy bespate with flakes and spumes.

“So petty, yet so spiteful! all along,
Low scrubby alders kneeled down over it;

Drenched willows flung them headlong in a fit
Of mute despair, a suicidal throng :
The river which had done them all the wrong,
Whate'er that was, rolled by, deterred no whit."

Raising your eyes from the brook, you see before and above you
the very tree that Browning describes : —

"Then came some palsied oak, a cleft in him
Like a distorted mouth that splits its rim
Gaping at death, and dies while it recoils."

Only this tree is not an oak, but the ruins of a gigantic elm, once the largest in the neighborhood of Boston, the top broken off, the upper part of the trunk gaping,—a palsied tree, spreading its mighty arms more than a hundred feet horizontally and seeming so far influenced by the oaks around it—for we are among the famous group of Waverley oaks—as to have borrowed more of their twisted curves and projecting bosses than is the manner of elms. It is so far palsied as now to rest on wooden stanchions for support. We have thus far been among the very properties of Browning's dramatic scene : we may go farther, and ford the little river, as I have done ; we may see in fancy the water-rat beneath our feet, the blind cripple on his seat under the tree, the stiff blind horse stupefied, the "great black bird, Apollyon's bosom-friend," or may press on where denser and denser woods at least suggest that they may conceal the Round Tower itself. Or you may, which is always safer, be content with the first glimpse, and turn to tread your hasty steps away toward common life again, past the wide Insane Hospital grounds,—grounds not tenanted by the images of a poet's vision, but by the sadder companionship of those living men and women, those Lears and Edgars, whom the Dark Tower no longer tempts, because their bodies are outliving even their imaginations.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

A FAUST PROBLEM: WHAT WAS THE HOMUNCULUS?

WHERE did Goethe get the name Homunculus? Perhaps he borrowed it from the ancients, who used it to denote certain small wax figures shaped in the form of men. They were used by dealers in magical arts. The name also occurs in the writings of the famous alchemist, Theophrastus Paracelsus, who says in his first book of 'De Generatio Rerum':—

"But now the *generatio homunculorum* is by no means to be forgotten. For there is something in it, although such has hitherto been held in the greatest secrecy, and there has been no small doubt and question among divers of the old philosophers whether it may even be possible that a man may be born without the natural mother. Thereto I answer that it is not at all contrary to the *Ars Spagyrica* and to Nature, but is quite possible. And, although such has hitherto been concealed from the natural man, yet was it not concealed from the sylvestres and nymphs and giants, but long ago revealed, whence also they originate. For from such homunculi they grow to full age, monstrous dwarfs and other like wonderful creatures, which are employed as powerful agencies, are victorious over their enemies, and know secret things, which men otherwise could not know. And by art they receive their life, by art they receive body, flesh, bones, and blood; by art are they born: therefore, Art is in them incarnate and self-existing, so that they need not learn it from any man, but are so by Nature, even as roses and other flowers."

Paracelsus gives a very curious receipt for the *generatio homunculorum*. He writes: "The ingredients must attain such a state of putrescence that the mass moves and stirs. After such time it will somewhat resemble a human being, transparent, however, and without a body."

Simon Magus, in 'Clementine Recognitions,' also claimed this power. He says, "Once upon a time I, by my power turning air into water, and water again into blood, and solidifying it again into flesh, formed a new creature,—a boy."

Possibly Goethe received a hint of the character Homunculus from Sterne, also. Sterne says in the 'Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy' (vol. i. chap. 2):—

... "Then, positively, there is nothing in the question that I can see, either good or bad. Then let me tell you, sir, it was a very unseasonable question at least, because it scattered and dispersed the animal spirits, whose business it was to have escorted and gone hand-in-hand with the Homunculus, and conducted him safe to the place destined for his reception. The Homunculus, sir, in however low and ludicrous a light he may appear, in this age of levity, to the eye of folly or prejudice, to the eye of reason in scientific research he stands confess'd — a Being circumscribed and guarded with rights. The minutest philosophers, who, by the bye, have the most enlarged understandings (their souls being inversely as their enquiries), shew us uncontestably that the Homunculus is created by the same hand, engendered in the same course of nature, endowed with the same locomotive powers and faculties with us; that he consists as we do, of skin, hair, fat, flesh, veins, arteries, ligaments, nerves, cartilages, bones, marrow, brains, glands, genitals, humours and articulations; is a Being of as much activity, and, in all senses of the word, as much and as truly our fellow-creature as my Lord Chancellor of England. He may be benefitted, he may be injured, he may obtain redress; in a word, he has all the claims and rights of humanity which Tully, Puffendorf, or the best ethick writers allow to arise out of that state and relation."

About 1808, also, the philosopher, Johann Jacob Wagner, uttered some of the most remarkable ideas in his lectures. He asserted that "all organisms are nothing but developed metals. . . . Chemistry would finally succeed in producing organic bodies, even in creating human beings by crystallization." These sayings were circulated throughout Germany, and it is probable that Goethe heard them.

What Goethe has himself said concerning Homunculus seems purposely to partake of a mystical nature. In talking with Eckermann, December 16, 1829, Goethe said: "You will have noticed, in general, that Mephistopheles appears to a disadvantage in con-

trast with Homunculus, who is his equal in intellectual clearness, and much his superior through his inclination for the Beautiful and for a promotive activity. Besides, he calls him Sir Cousin ; for spiritual beings, like Homunculus, who were not obscured and limited by a complete human incorporation, were classed among the Dæmons, and therefore a sort of relationship may be presumed between the two."

Eckermann answered : " Mephistopheles certainly appears here in a subordinate position ; but I cannot escape the idea that he is secretly implicated in the creation of Homunculus, according to our former knowledge of him, and also from his appearance in the Helena as a secretly working agency. Thus he is again elevated, as a whole ; and, with his superior impassiveness, he may overlook some of the details."

Goethe replied : " You have a very just instinct of the relation. It is really so ; and I have already reflected whether, when Mephistopheles goes to Wagner, and Homunculus is coming into being, I should not put some lines in his mouth which might make his co-operation clear to the reader."

Eckermann answered : " There would be no harm in that. Yet it is already hinted, when Mephistopheles closes the scene with the words : —

‘ Upon the creatures we have made,
We are, ourselves, at last dependent.’ ”

Among Riemer's posthumous papers was found the following additional note : —

" In answer to my question, what Goethe meant to represent in Homunculus, Eckermann said, ' Goethe thereby meant to present the pure Entelechie, an Aristotelian word signifying the actual being of a thing, the Reason, the Spirit as it enters life before experience ; for the soul of man is highly endowed on its arrival, and we by no means learn everything, we bring much with us.' "

Plato expresses the same idea in his system of philosophy. The world was opened early to Goethe himself, before experience came.

He absorbed it before learning it through stern reality. Wordsworth gives utterance to what we might call the Goethian idea of the high innate endowment of the soul in the following beautiful words:—

“Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
 The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
 And cometh from afar.
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
 But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
 From God, who is our home.”

Returning to the consideration of our subject, we find Herman Küntzel's view of the Homunculus as follows: “As a being to whom the present is perfectly clear and transparent, the Homunculus sees into the sleeping soul of the Faust, who, enraptured by a lovely dream, beholds Leda visited by the swans while she is bathing in a pleasant spot.” With reference to this dream, Eckermann remarked to Goethe: “It is wonderful to me how the several parts of such a work bear upon, perfect, and sustain one another! By this dream of Leda the Helena gains its proper foundation.” Goethe acquiesced, and said in reply: “Thus you will see that in these earlier acts the chords of the classic and romantic are constantly struck, so that, as on a rising ground, when both forms of poetry are brought out, and in some sort balance one another, we may ascend to the Helena.”

Let us examine some of the interpretations given by different critics.

Weisse says: “Homunculus is the objective expression, the hypostatic form of Faust's present spiritual condition, struggling for a new birth into another and unknown condition of existence.”

Düntzer considers him to be the type of thoughtful, self-conscious striving after the ideal, which cannot be conquered by storm, but can be won only by sustained and patient effort.

Rötscher considers that Homunculus is an “embodiment of Faust's imperious yearning for the original home-land of art.”

Horn considers him to be "the yearning for the creation of the Beautiful."

Schnetger considers "that Homunculus is the human embryo, the germ of the perfectly beautiful frame; he is the highest Beauty, developed through a scale of thousands of forms,—in a word, he is the embryo of Helena! . . . Homunculus is Human Beauty in the process of creation, Helena and Galatea are Created Beauty."

Leutbecher says: "He appears as the personification of that spiritual condition in Faust which, sprung to life in the realm of eternal, mechanical scholarship, and awakened by the keen irony of sensuous being, is furthered by the repose of the genuine and truly poetical spirit,—a condition in which he first overlooks the whole mythical world of antiquity, and through which it is possible for him to comprehend the being of the True, the Ethical, and the Beautiful which that world concealed."

Hartung's opinion is that "What Helena is to Faust, that is Homunculus to Mephistopheles,—a creation of his fancy, and, nevertheless, his ruling spirit." As Bayard Taylor says, "He ignores any connection between Homunculus and Faust."

Rosenkranz says Homunculus is a "comical figure who, at the close of the classical Walpurgis Night, manifests himself as Eros."

Kostlin gives the rather testy statement: "Grant that the new spirit is dramatically necessary, grant that he is cleverly invented, the figure is and remains an unedifying trick, a ridiculous image, with which the poet himself plays a game which totally annihilates it. It is difficult to say, indeed, what should have appeared in place of the Homunculus; but that is no excuse for the poet. . . . The figure suffers from the contradiction, that it is comical and not comical at the same time."

Deycks considers Homunculus to be an elemental spirit, perhaps of fire, and says: "He appears as born knowledge, yet yearning for the real, corporeal. He endeavors to find them in the natural knowledge of the ancients, and returns to the elements, as fire, like phosphorus in union with water."

Friedrich von Sallet thought him to be German poetry before

Schiller and Goethe, while Julian Schmidt interpreted him as a personification of Greek Romantic Poetry.

Bayard Taylor considers that "the Boy Charioteer, Homunculus, and Euphorion are one and the same elfish, elusive Spirit, which is the poetic genius of Goethe himself."

Our opinion of Homunculus is as follows. Goethe himself confessed that Mephistopheles helped Wagner in the creation of Homunculus. The Homunculus's first words show these two relations. To Wagner he says :—

"Nun, Väterchen! wie steht's? Es war kein Scherz!

Komm, drücke mich recht zärtlich an dein Herz!

Doch nicht zu fest, damit das Glas nicht springe.

Das ist die Eigenschaft der Dinge:

Natürlichem genügt das Weltall kaum;

Was künstlich ist, verlangt geschlossnen Raum.

[*Zu Mephistopheles.*]

Du aber, Schalk, Herr Vetter, bist du hier?

Im rechten Augenblick, ich danke dir.

Ein gut Geschick führt dich zu uns herein;

Dieweil ich bin, muss ich auch thätig sein.

Ich möchte mich sogleich zur Arbeit schürzen;

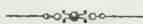
Du bist gewandt, die Wege mir zu kürzen."

We think that the Homunculus is a phase of development in Faust. Just as the upward impulse in Faust is stronger or weaker at times, is it a different element at different times. So we think it is with that phase of Faust which is personified in Mephistopheles. Under the influence of Wagner, who personified dry, hard research into a knowledge not pertaining to the æsthetic, the Mephistophelian phase of character has received an impress which changes it,—makes the phase of evil become obscure and give away partially to a new phase, that of a longing for æsthetic development, which forms a means by which Faust gains the key of Creative Genius which unlocks the realm of the Mothers for him.

Wagner represents that close application which is needful for creative genius, but which is likely to cause a rebound into exactly

the opposite direction. This dry learning, steadily continued, causes a craving for something directly opposite, something beautiful in its essence. In that way is Wagner the *Väterchen* of Homunculus. We see that Homunculus leaves Wagner and goes with Mephistopheles. He goes with Mephistopheles because he *is* Mephistopheles. The latter's connection in the creation of Homunculus is that he has allowed to a certain extent his own self-obscuration,—the Homunculus tendency in Faust becomes the dominant tendency, and it has taken the form of a craving for Greek ideals, with which Mephistopheles is unfamiliar. His home is in the North. Hence it is that Homunculus has so much more important a part in the Walpurgis Night than Mephistopheles. Hence it is that after the embodiment of Homunculus we find Faust in possession of Helena. The embodiment of the Homunculus marks the point where Faust, by means of the key of Creative Genius, the stimulus to which was that intense craving which Homunculus represents,—the embodiment of Homunculus marks that point where Faust gains his Helena, the personification of Ideal Beauty.

M. Earll.



WALTER PATER.

IN periods of artistic chaos, when the impulse of the spirit seems too deep, its aspiration too high, to mould itself in any form of art, and, seeking, but finding no new medium of expression, disports itself in loose wantonness,—in such periods always will appear a man rooted affectionately, wisely, to the past, temperate, because knowing, to call the race back to sanity and order, to a new appreciation of the dignity and consummate grandeur of the world's achievements, the hold and the claim of the past on the future; a man who will declare again and again the precedence of the form over the fact in matters of art; a man who will seek to convince us that art can only be at its greatest when dealing with the here and now, the concrete, the temporal, the sensuous, as opposed to the vague dreams of the hereafter, the

mystic abstractions of a soul contemplating itself. Such a man is Walter Pater, the burden of whose cry is ever, "In art the form's the thing."

To understand and appreciate his work, it is necessary never to lose sight of this decided stand in behalf of the mere form of a thing as opposed to its substance. For our every conception of substance is dependent upon our perception of form, as the shape of a flower, the swell of a ripe apple. Hear Pater himself: "That the mere matter of a poem, for instance,—its subject, its given incidents or situations; that the mere matter of a picture—the actual topography of a landscape—should be nothing without the form, the spirit, of the handling; that this form, this mode of handling, should become an end in itself, should penetrate every part of the matter,—this is what all art constantly strives after, and achieves in different degrees." Even in such a decided radical as Whitman this deep truth finds new proof; for his work is successful mostly because it presents a new form, not beautiful so much as strange. The same matter in good orderly prose would scarcely attract passing notice; but, vitalized and emotionalized in the naïve free style of Whitman, it becomes the legitimate subject of art criticism.

When Pater's attitude towards form in art is considered, we have perhaps noted the highest service he rendered to his age; and it is only necessary to recommend the reader to his printed work, too little read, too little appreciated. But we wish to dwell briefly on his style, and the impression that style makes on the receptive reader.

Pater's style, always highly finished, glittering with "the polish of the stiletto," though it seems labored, stiff, and without color, is, perhaps, a true reflex, an honest presentation, of his deep, sad intellect; for his was an intellect without keen joy or acute sorrow, lacking deep pang or high pulse, never given to lofty flight or profound dejection,—an intellect cold and steady, moving deviously, without fear or excitement,—leisurely, almost indifferently,—towards its goal, to gaze on the object of its quest

with placid and dignified delight. A man without enthusiasms, passions, or emotions, as these qualities are manifested in others, Pater consumed his entire life keeping aglow the "hard, gem-like flame" of his intellect. "The demand of the intellect is to feel itself alive." This is the ideal of Pater in his own concise words. Singularly free from perturbations, either those from without or that worse kind man makes for his own torment, he developed a power of reasoning and speculation that could not be annoyed or interrupted, that proceeded straight to its conclusions despite all distractions, that was ever calm and aloof in the centre of din and turmoil. One could easily imagine him calmly tracing a speculation to its conclusion, or finishing an imperfect phrase, with the news of his mother's death or the birth of a son, on the desk before him. This exterior calm and seeming indifference came from no lethargy of mind or body, but was the result of a nature peculiarly sensitive, highly nervously organized, trained by long habit to a power of concentration that excluded everything foreign to its operations.

As a critic, Pater is not only just, but sympathetic, finding with kindly eye always the beauties of a man's work and the commendable qualities of his character. With regard to the aspects of men and nature, he deliberately turned his back on the dark, and set his face ever towards the light, ignoring the sombre, the morbid, the pathologic, in quest of the cleanly and cheerfully beautiful. He had a peculiar capacity for building out of the confusions and contradictions of ideals and achievements, the interblendings of actual existence with the life of art and ideas, the work and the ways of men, with fastidious fingering, guided by a dainty but precise intellect, the concrete character and definite outlines of vague figures in literature, personages necessarily indistinct and shifting by the very constitution of their genius,—men played upon by opposing forces, and held from pursuit of any single object that might give them limits and easily measured proportions; men like Coleridge or Pascal, say, or Lamb or *Merimée*. With unerring finger he touches the very heart of hearts in such men, and

displays the one element, the subtle thing that distinguishes them from all others. Out of the most uncompromising material he erects, after deft selection and rejection, an edifice, ornate or severely plain, but always well defined, form and proportion easily discernible, like a column in the sun, Greek rather than Gothic. In the very complexity of his manner of working, his style,—the intricacies and involutions, the dexterous balancing of phrase with phrase, the skilful play of word against word, the qualifying and contrasting terms revolving around each other,—even here grows the perfect flower his genius designs, orderly and symmetrically.

While the style of Pater is pre-eminently impersonal, his quaint personality always fills the background of his page, standing there on guard, jealous and watchful, softening with his large shadow the sharp edges and acute corners of the written word. He was not quite original enough, or perhaps too timid, to speak out boldly in his own person, preferring to make of the characters he selected from history or art the mouthpieces of his own criticism of life. Treating the subjects of his careful election with the skill and penetration of a vivisectionist,—with the tenderness of a trained nurse,—he finally made of them but screens upon which to project his own refined speculations on life and art. No matter what the appreciation, no matter what the essay, it is always Pater one reads,—the supremest of conscious artists, the deft moulder of the precise phrase, the careful weaver of the perfect-blended sentence; ever polishing, ever condensing, winnowing the last useless word. A less scrupulous writer with the same equipment of learning and intuition would have doubled the output of Pater. He never tired of having the work on his hands, under his eye. There was no feverish haste to be done with it, no hurry, but always the calmest solicitude, the tenderest care; always the fear of the slightest imperfection, the apprehension of needed correction. Seeking perfection, enduring perfection, there seemed always to be one more delicate stroke needed before the figure could leave his hands. When Pater speaks of the “definite imagery,” “in the very midst of profoundly mystic vision,” of Rossetti’s verse, he unconsciously

characterizes the quality of his own prose,—prose that for “definition of outline,” concreteness, compactness, and freedom of rhetorical vagueness has been rarely approached and never surpassed. Profound to the last degree, he is never vague. Complex, with eyes on all sides of a subject, aware of antecedent causes and consequent effects, he always draws a definite image, something for the eye to see, the hand to touch, something easily assimilated in the operations of the intellect, a ponderable element.

The longing for immortality, if it found any lodgement in his nature, was so carefully concealed as in no wise to betray its presence in his finished work. If there was any tormenting yearning in his spirit for the unattainable, the far-off, the invisible, it never affected the concrete character of his creations, which were ever of the earth, of here and now. It is true he does occasionally essay a brief flight into the unknown; but he never becomes daring with despair, never entirely shakes the atmosphere of earth from the wings of his spirit. Long ago, in his youth, he seems to have answered all the questions of the spirit,—answered them with a philosophy of beauty, a refined and exalted Epicureanism, answered them by a silent quest for modest flowers in the garden of the world, by a denial of the stars and the sweep of comet dust. In an earlier age, Pater might have been an ascetic or a cloistered monk, fashioning with tireless patience exquisitely decorated vases, illuminating with delicate hand old manuscripts; but he could never have been a visionary, a rapt soul ecstatic in contemplation,—a Francis of Assisi or one of those strange mystics of Alexandria. Nevertheless, at times we feel that, although intellectually placid, almost to cold indifference, a quality attaches to Pater not so much mystic as strange, or, perhaps, *quaint* would be the term, with a something added, a hint of a thing hidden or unsaid. Realizing in himself all the beauty and truth of beauty in the world, it would seem that his spirit was not satisfied, that its wings longed to expand in the empyrean, that those youthful questions of life and death and immortality were not all answered, but only lulled to sleep by the curve of a Greek figure or the shadows of a Dutch

portrait, to awaken in the high noon of maturity, and cry in despair against the emptiness of art.

Pater is a bookman rather than a humanist. You feel that he has only gazed at mankind through library windows; that he has but one ear turned towards the murmur of the world, while the other is pressed hard against the silence of the past. The strong attraction of the past kept him from too familiar contact with the present. He would rather have blown the dust from an ancient tome than cut the leaves of the daintiest modern volume. And the results of his reading and reflection seem to justify this preference. He was not introspective, but retrospective, with wistful gaze to the past rather than eager glance to the future. He found all the good things of life perfectly done, and the world not yet ready for a new perfection. So he took up the old tools with stoical resignation, and gave them a new edge, using them with a firmer hand, with more grace and more minute precision. Fearing to cut boldly into a new cloth, he merely embroidered a few exquisite flowers on the hem of the old garment of art. His was the refrain of a child that might cry, "There is nothing to do but to do, no place to go but to go."

It might not be too much to say that he fled to the past to escape the present, that he felt more at home, more secure, in the Catacombs with the dead than on the heights alone with his fears. But it was more the pursuit of sensuous beauty than any spiritual impulse that urged him ever into the shades of the past, back to the so-called Golden Age.

We admit that he reared a high tower of books, and stood thereon, back to the world, peering down the vistas of the past; but we must also admit that he had a discerning eye, an acute sense of hearing, a sympathetic genius, that could point out beauty where it lurked modestly in the dark, or distinguish the note of truth in the confusion of ages. It is only just to forgive a man for slinking back into the shadows, if he bring to the light one line of beauty, a single word of truth or melody. Let us be glad that he has emerged from the gloom of time with "Eureka!" on his

lips and some lost treasure in his hand. Let us rejoice that he has brushed away the cobwebs from a few forgotten pictures or given a new meaning to an old myth.

William Mountain.



SCHOOL OF LITERATURE.

GEORGE ELIOT'S 'ROMOLA': SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

Topic: 'Romola' as a Presentation of Historic Life.

Hints: 'Romola' may be considered as a dramatization of Renaissance elements: the Greek, or classic, element, represented by Tito; the pietistic, or religious, by Savonarola; the popular, the crude native stuff, by the *contadina* Tessa; the "New Life," by Romola herself, for she is influenced by all of these factors, but subject to no one of them. She, in her own character, forms, through an intelligent and sympathetic consciousness of the various elements, both in herself and in the life of the time, a new human product and force.

If the characters be taken in this way, to stand each as a pure type of an essential element or outgrowth of the Renaissance, under these all the other lesser characters may be grouped, according to their relation to these main types.

Dolfo Spini, for example, although of the aristocratic party, is as thoroughly of the native element as Tessa, who touches no political party at all. Spini's only contact with the Humanistic, or classic, element, which utterly controls Bardo, is with its luxury, and that in a borrowed and barbarized form. His only contact with the religious element, which utterly controls Dino, is his opposition to it.

How may the other characters be grouped? Ask to which side each belongs. Or what mixed elements appear in each?

Notice the hints in the life of such historic personages as the fanatic, Ciriaco of Ancona, and of the young Greek, Georgios Gemistos, which may possibly have suggested the characters of

Baldassarre and of Tito. (For a definition and account of Humanism in the Italian Renaissance period, and for facts concerning the Greek scholars and the establishment of academic culture in Italy, see Symonds, 'The Renaissance in Italy: Revival of Learning,' chaps. iii. and iv.)

Compare the really historic characters of the story — Savonarola Machiavelli, etc. — with those on record, and observe how, in showing them with other fictitious characters in imagined relations of every-day life, the novelist has enhanced *historic* values.

How are the political parties of the time related to these main constituents of Florentine life?

Observe how in history the Medici strengthened themselves through their patronage of Humanistic learning; their opponents, the Arrabbiati, through their alliance with the Papacy; and the Piagnoni, or religious reformers, through their overtures to the French, etc.

Note how the mass of the people are used by all on some pretext, and how through that use its innate powers are in time, though with many set-backs and obstacles, developed.

George Eliot's treatment of the story suggests that the tendency of the Renaissance movement was toward the development of the people. How are all the elements welded together in the construction of 'Romola'? Notice how the underlying philosophy of an extraordinarily influential historic period is thus presented and made artistically beautiful, dramatically alive.

Topic: The Pictorial Quality of the Novel.

Hints: A striking feature of 'Romola' is the series of exquisitely imagined pictures which are presented to the reader. Such, for example, is the passage in chap. ii. where Tito wakes Tessa with a kiss, or, in chap. xxxix., the denouncing of Tito by Baldassarre at the Garden supper. Mention other examples that seem to you especially striking.

Tito and Romola themselves are always pictorial. Their persons and their immediate environment are set forth in a way that appeals to the eye. This spectacular side of the novel was brought

out vividly in the dramatization of it played a few years ago by Julia Marlowe and Robert Taber.

In considering this phase of the novel, it may be asked whether George Eliot has revealed the true power of the great artist by always restraining this remarkable picturesque element within proper bounds, never making a picture merely for effect, but letting the right effect grow out of the lifelike relation of the characters to one another and to the general habit of life of their time. Do many modern historic novels meet this test as well as hers does?

Has George Eliot been so alive to the artistic possibilities of Tito and so faithful to artistic beauty in presenting him that the meanness of his character makes only a secondary impression on the reader? Does artistic *truth* suffer through such a handling?

Topic: The Characters.

Hints: Who has the higher character morally, Romola or Savonarola?

Who has the more intelligent comprehension of the time, Romola or Tito?

Was Tito essentially bad from the first, and Romola captivated only by his physical attractions? Would she not have suspected his lack of principle if he had not been, at first, merely bad potentially?

Is Romola's going back to Tito at Savonarola's bidding inconsistent with her character? Is it also essentially wrong? Her resolve to take care of Tessa and the children is unnatural or not?

Compare the character of Tito Melema with that of the Greek in Browning's 'Pietro of Abano.' Both use every opportunity for the gaining of their own selfish ends; but, while Tito seems utterly devoid of conscience, a sort of unconscious hypocrite, Browning's Greek succeeds to some extent in deluding himself that he is doing all for the good of mankind.

Compare, also, in this one respect of consciousness in deluding others, with Djabal in Browning's 'Return of the Druses.'

The Greek in 'Pietro of Abano' represents in his person a degraded form of Platonic philosophy into which selfishness has crept.

In Tito Melema, selfishness unabashed is left : whatever good points there may have been in the Platonic position are completely annihilated. As the Greek in 'Pietro' regards it, Plato's governing of the many for their good (see 'The Republic'), the governing of the simple "Geese" by their superior, the "Swan," is an easy scheme for the self-indulgence of the Leader, or Governor. Is Tito's career a reflection, although more unconscious, of a similar conception of the natural prerogatives of those born intellectually gifted and able beyond the mass of men to make selfish use of others as inferiors ?

Queries for Discussion.

Does George Eliot mean Tito to represent, somewhat like Browning's Greek in 'Pietro,' a type of Greek influence and philosophy that is beautiful, but dangerous, needing to be checked by a sense of the equality of others and of obligation to them ?

Does George Eliot inculcate through Romola too grim an idea of justice, fealty, and duty ?

Is real love faithful in spite of any discovered unworthiness ? Or is it weak to be constant under certain circumstances ? Did Romola's submission accomplish anything ?

The Editors.



TENNYSON'S 'IN MEMORIAM': SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

"It is rather the cry of the whole human race than mine. In the poem altogether private grief swells out into the thought of and hope for the whole world. It begins with death and ends in promise of a new life,—a sort of Divine Comedy, cheerful at the close. The sections were written at many different places, and as the phases of our intercourse came to my memory and suggested them. I did not write them with any view of weaving them into a whole, or for publication, until I found that I had written so many. The different moods of sorrow as in a drama

are dramatically given, and my conviction that fear, doubts, and suffering will find answer and relief only through Faith in a God of Love. . . . It is a very impersonal poem, as well as personal. . . . When I wrote 'The Two Voices' (in the darkness shortly after Arthur's death), I was so utterly miserable that I said, 'Is life worth anything?'. . . There is, also, more about myself in 'Ulysses' than in 'In Memoriam.' 'Ulysses' was written under the sense of loss and all that had gone by, but that life must still be fought out to the end."—*Alfred Tennyson*.

Slowly read 'In Memoriam' itself, before any guides to it. Listen to the verse-music. Stop before the charm of phrases. Note what puzzles, and pass on. Make sure of the great passages, —greatest for you. Then read again, perhaps twice or thrice. Give each separate poem, and poem-group, its title, your own rubric, carefully choosing it, and so discover for yourself the inner plan, the "drama" of the Poem as a whole. Fix clearly the problems which rise in Tennyson's mind, and his answers, and his outcome. Not till then to the guides. Read 'In Memoriam' in this way, and you will always remember next winter.

And then go, first, to Tennyson himself, in whose Memoir by the son will be found an 'In Memoriam' chapter, besides scattered references. Knowles's article in the *Nineteenth Century* for January, 1893, also gives explanations by the poet, and his "nine natural groups" into which the poem divides. *Poet-love*, x. p. 609, has a curious list of what purports to be his own catch-word titles for the whole set of poems. Rolfe's ample notes in the one-volume 'Cambridge' Tennyson gather in many of these personal interpretations. (For the "nine groups," see p. 832.)

Of analyses by others, Tennyson himself preferred Miss E. R. Chapman's 'Companion to In Memoriam.' Gatty's 'Key' he calls "too personal," but helped him to remake it for a third edition, so that this (1885) edition has value. Genung's is more elaborate. Rolfe thinks it the most satisfactory. There are others by Frederick Robertson, Davidson, Tainsch. J. C. Collins, in his 'Illustrations of Tennyson,' picks out classic parallels and

the "pure Petrarchian notes." All these are more or less helpful and maddening.

All the Tennyson books have, of course, their 'In Memoriam' chapter. Read Stopford Brooke's, in his 'Tennyson: His Art, and Relation to Modern Life.' Brother Azarias's studies, in his 'Phases of Thought and Criticism,' and Joseph Jacobs's, in his 'Tennyson and In Memoriam,' are praised. An article called 'How to study In Memoriam,' comparing kindred poems of grief, will be found in *Poet-love*, vol. v.

Editions range in price from five cents ('Premium Library,' No. 32) upwards. The 'Temple Classics' volume (40 cents) make a light pocket-companion. Besides a few good notes, it holds Arthur Hallam's poems. Rolfe edits a special edition with fuller notes than in his 'Cambridge' edition.

I. A Talk on Arthur Hallam and his Life-mark.

II. Tennyson's Way of Faith in 'In Memoriam.' How do the poems within the Poem divide and group to you?

III. 'In Memoriam,' as illumined by Tennyson's Other Poems.

IV. Browning's Way of Faith ('La Saisiaz,' etc.) and Emerson's ('Threnody,' etc.). What Bible allusions do you find in 'In Memoriam' (without going to Van Dyke)?

V. The Charm of Phrase and Picture in the Poem.

VI. The Evolutionist's Way of Faith (Fiske's 'Destiny of Man'; Savage's 'Life beyond Death'). What *Evolution* lines in 'In Memoriam,' and what in Browning and in Emerson, do you recall?

VII. The Elegy in Literature (Bion, Moschus, Dante, Petrarch, Spenser, Milton, Gray, Shelley, Arnold, Watson, and others).

VIII. Doubt in Faith and Faith in Doubt. Poems cxv.-cxxxI.

William Channing Gannett.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE WORK OF LOUISE
IMOGEN GUINEY.

CONTEMPORARY WRITERS SERIES. III.

It is an interesting comment upon American letters, and so one already often made, that but few of our poets have confined themselves to a single chosen form of expression. Born to be the artists, the "makers-see" of their time and country, they have large liberty to speak their message in any tongue they will. Your true poet, it appears, can also be the keenest, wisest, and happiest of essayists; he can, though this is more rare, turn his hand to the building of romance, or the somewhat lighter structure of the short-story architect; he can even hold sway as the man of affairs, and use his pen to guide the policies of state. All these things have been; and not only so, but increasingly in our day do poets choose, when they list, other forms of expression besides their native tongue of measured melody.

Among our singers who have taken this larger liberty is Miss Guiney. Her work, if bulk be considered, is thus far more largely a prose than a poetic expression; and there is much that may be said of the former. But, since therein the poet-temper also reveals itself, we naturally turn first to the volumes where it finds fullest expression. The first to come is the book of short poems, whose title, 'Songs at the Start,' so aptly suits the content, since they both give confident, high-hearted promise of what shall follow. The poems are not of many moods. Most, like 'Gloucester Harbor,' have a minor key:—

"Woe, woe for the old fascination,
The women make deep lamentation
In starts and in slips;
Here always is hope unavailing,
Here always the dreamers are sailing
After the ships!"

Even in the first volume do the poems give evidence of a characteristic still more observable in the later ones,—an instinctive seizure of the picturesque moment. It does not result in drama. Miss Guiney has but once given herself dramatic expression, and that under certain limitations to be spoken of. But it results in a picture, the salient features of which leap out and challenge you, so that you cannot but see it as its painter did. Such poems are ‘A Ballad of Metz,’ ‘The Rival Singers,’ and ‘Charondas.’ A touch of humor in the volume is the whimsical little ‘*Lover Loquitur*.’ For the most part, Miss Guiney’s humor, so far as her poetry is concerned, is over the border line and into the pathetic.

‘The White Sail’ was published in 1887, acknowledging its inspiration, as the dedication shows, to Keats,—nay, not to him, but to that same virgin passion after the perfectness of beauty which is the outcry of the elder poet’s soul. That such was the inspiration of many of the poems in ‘The White Sail’ is clear both from their matter and their manner. The poem which gives the book its title is the story of the hero Theseus. It is the Greek theme, with all the Greek passion of beauty which the choice of it implies, that Miss Guiney is interpreting in her version. But there is a something more,—an admixture of a different and un-Greek motive, if we may use the word; for to Miss Guiney’s mind the tragedy of the sombre sail turns upon an ethical pivot,—namely, the moral lack in Theseus’s character.

“Remorse, and irremediable ache,
And ruin, following him whose manhood swerves
To the eased by-ways of forgetfulness.”

In her rendering such is the aspect which the legend takes. Yet one could not say that the theme is modernized: it does not cry “forward” to the sense of to-day any more than does ‘*Endymion*,’ and so is like it, not a message, but an absorption of beauties seen by the poet, and witnessing themselves again, having been given tongue by her. As for the manner, it is perhaps the conscious or unconscious mixture of motive above suggested that takes just

a thought from smooth inevitableness throughout. There are lines of haunting beauty and suggestive witchery, pure exquisiteness of sound, such as that of the ship when

“Forward she sobbed on black unwilling wing,”

and Rhodalus's reply to the king's appeal for music to heal his soul:—

“Our strings are jangled, wrested
From their discreet and silvern vassalage,
Snapped quite with languishment for Theseus' sake.
I cannot sing.”

Many of the other poems in the volume typify the same mood as that of Theseus, or another facet of the same. One of the finest, most ethereal to soul and sense, most blended together, of fancy and spirit is ‘The Wooing Pine,’ in which the lady, “star-shine in her look,” suggests Keats' own Madeline, but is still more herself, a being “from feud and uproar dewily distraught,” compact of fancies and desires whose yearning feels no thrall of sense. The story of the maiden and her mystic wonderful tree-lover illustrates well another characteristic of Miss Guiney's poetry. I mean her penchant for those realms of legend, of fancy, of the whimsical, upon which to dwell most lightly, most by means of skilled and delicate suggestion, is to dwell most lovingly and best. The characteristic is shown to its height in ‘The Wooing Pine.’ It is visible in ‘The Last Faun,’ ‘The Rise of the Tide,’ and ‘The Serpent's Crown.’

We learn from this volume, too, that Miss Guiney, like Chaucer's knight, ‘loves chivalrye,’ and finds with Stevenson, whom she quotes in her preface to ‘Monsieur Henri,’ that “the finest action is the better for a piece of purple.” Accordingly, in such poems as ‘Chaluz Castle,’ ‘A Chouan,’ and ‘Tarpeia,’ the splendid rash deeds flaunt in lavish martial color. ‘Tarpeia,’ in particular, is noteworthy for its perfection in choice of rhythm: one hears as in music the sound of the clanging brazen shields on the guilty head of her who betrayed her trust. In natural beauties,

however, Miss Guiney is again for the minor key,— the timid reluctant spring, the lingering mournful autumn of the year. One of her finest nature poems is ‘Garden Chidings,’ with a delicate significance, which, indeed, pervades most of Miss Guiney’s interpretations of nature with a subjective tinge:—

“The spring being at her blessed carpentry,
This morning makes a stem, this noon a leaf,
And jewels her sparse greenery with a bud:
Fostress of happy growth is she. But thou,
O too disdainful spirit, or too shy!
Passive dost thou inhabit, like a mole,
The porch elect of darkness; for thy trade
Is underground, a barren industry,
Shivering true ardor on the nether air,
Shaping the thousandth tendril, and all year
Webbing the silver nothings to and fro.
What wonder if the gardener think thee dead,
When every punctual neighbor-root now goes
Adventurously skyward for a flower?
Up, laggard! climb thine inch; thyself fulfil;
Thou only hast no sign, no pageantry,
Save these fine gropings; soon from thy small plot
The seasonable sunshine steals away.”

If it is as the seer of beauty in its more ethereal and pensive guise that Miss Guiney appears in ‘The White Sail,’ her next volume, ‘A Roadside Harp,’ has some pages of a robuster tone. ‘Peter Rugg the Bostonian’ is strong and virile, and still has that flavor of the fanciful that was to be noticed in the earlier books. ‘The Ballad of Kenelm’ and ‘Tryste Noël’ have a wonderful power of simplicity; and the two Irish peasant songs, ‘In Leinster’ and ‘In Ulster,’ something more than the wild lilt of Irish melody, though they have that, too. The first is wholly feminine, a plaint of the heart unrest that comes with the spring, and a mourning, rebellious refrain,—

“The foolishness is on me, and the wild tears fall.”

The second is the rollicking masculine mood that finds an added pleasure in the glint of a pretty Irish eye when it reflects the budding year in its laugh. Thus are *das ewig weibliche* and *das ewig männliche* playfully contrasted. From 'A Foot-note to a Famous Lyric,' as well as from some of the descriptive sonnets in 'A Roadside Harp,' we begin to gain the shrewd suspicion that Miss Guiney, like Sir Walter Scott, is a reverencer of admired authority, and much of a loyalist at heart. That she draws poetic inspiration from such a fount becomes more certain in later volumes.

A deeper interest than animates these scattered poems I have mentioned for some special mood or skill that each betrays is found in certain others, such as 'Vergniaud in the Tumbril,' 'The Kings,' and 'Summum Bonum.' They contain more outspokenly what is faintly suggested now and again in poems of quite a different turn: Miss Guiney's philosophy, her forward look, her creed. It has a stoic hint: it is more a gospel of despair than of hope, though Vergniaud in the tumbril, stancher than the others, hopes beyond and above despair, in a brave recognizance of the truth that

"Manhood has a wider span
And larger privilege of life than man."

On death's threshold he knows his failure but as a condition of ultimate success:—

"Out of the human shoots the divine:
Be the Republic our only sign,
For whose life's glory our lives have been
Ambassadors on a noble way
Tempest-driven and sent astray
The first and the final good between.
Close to the vision undestroyed,
The hope not compassed and yet not void,
We perish so; but the world shall mark
On the hilltop of our work we died,
With joy of the groom before the bride,
With a dawn-cry through the battle's dark."

The human is here encompassed with the divine, time with eternity. The complement to 'Vergniaud in the Tumbrel' is 'The Kings,' with its splendid reassertion of the individual. Naught matters it whether man wins or loses, says his angel. The event is not in his hands. His part is but

"To fear not sensible failure,
Nor covet the game at all,
But fighting, fighting, fighting,
Die, driven against the wall!"

After this, what a surprise it is to turn to the last of the three poems I have selected as striking the deepest notes of Miss Guiney's song! 'The Kings' is bravely pagan, acknowledging the unequal struggle, yet lifting the slug-horn dauntlessly to blow defiance to the end. 'Summum Bonum' is an expression not of defiance, but of submission. There is, to be sure, the same unregardfulness of the outcome which is part of the creed of 'The Kings'; but it is rooted not in faith in God in the individual, but in the Supreme Being of expressed religion. One guesses that the two views are not irreconcilable, that they perhaps express rather conditions than convictions, and differ from the artistic necessity of their composition. By referring, however, to Miss Guiney's latest published volume of poetry, one may find reasserted the view with which she finds herself in the greater sympathy. The poem called 'Four Colloquies,' in 'The Martyrs' Idyl and Shorter Poems,' is subdivided into 'The Search,' 'Fact and the Mystic,' 'The Poet's Chart,' and 'Of the Golden Age.' All four, in their form of question and answer, have a virile, objective treatment; but 'The Poet's Chart' seems to contain the gist of the matter:—

"Where shall I find my light?"

"Turn from another's track:
Whether for gain or lack,
Love but thy natal right."

"Whence shall I take my law?"

“Neither from sires nor sons,
Nor the delivered ones,
Holy, invoked with awe.
Rather, *dredge the divine*
Out of thine own poor dust,
Feebly to speak and shine.”

The italics are mine, as comprehending in a new reassertion of the divine in humanity itself, Miss Guiney's last word thus far on the subject of her poet-creed.

We have wandered somewhat away from the chronological track ; but, after all, clearer understanding of her significance as a poet is to be gained rather from a consideration of subjects than of times and places. To return : she has published two volumes of poetry since the ‘Roadside Harp.’ The first, ‘England and Yesterday,’ is in part a reprint of the ‘Roadside Harp,’ containing, in addition to the beautiful series of sonnets on London printed in the former, a second series on Oxford. ‘England and Yesterday’ is truly yesterday in England,—the poet's yesterday, drawing new visions from the storied spots where was wrought a splendid past, and showing yet more clearly than the former volumes that Miss Guiney is, indeed, a poet of the backward glance, that to her times gone are glorified with a glamour which the present lacks, and even the future. The exquisite lines ‘On Leaving Winchester’ illustrate well this native sympathy of hers, as also the gift of descriptive imagery which pervades the sonnets and lyrics of the whole volume : —

“A palmer's kiss on thy familiar marge,
My oriel city, whence the soul has sight
Of passional yesterdays, all gold and large,
Arising to enrich our narrow night :
Though others bless thee, who so blest before
Hath pastured from the violent time apart,
And laved in supersensual light the heart
Alone with thy magnificent No More ?

.

“ Bright fins against thy lucid water leap,
And nigh thy towers the nesting wood-doves dwell.
Be lenient winter, and long moons, and sleep
Upon thee, but on me the sharp Farewell.
Happy the shepherd (would that I were he !)
Whose early way is step for step with thee,
Whose old brow fades on thine immortal breast.”

Miss Guiney's one piece of work in dramatic form, barring some translations of the work of others which need not here concern us, is a Dramatic Idyl, in the volume of poems to which it gives a name, published in 1899. This Dramatic Idyl is founded on a narrative of early Christian persecution, taken from the ‘Acta Sanctorum,’ wherein Didymus, the Cappadocian soldier of Rome, learns, just at the hour when the spirit in him awakes to an immortal thirst, that the Christian maiden Theodora is persecuted, doomed first to foul disgrace and then to kindlier death, because she persists in faith to the Christ whom Didymus, but now enlightened, dimly yearns also to serve. He saves her by exchanging garments : she, having consecrated him to her religion, goes forth in his centurion's armor, and he remains behind. Interrogated by the prefect when the truth is discovered, he refuses, as had Theodora, to sacrifice to Roman gods ; and, being led forth to die, he and his captors are met on the hill of death by Theodora, retaken by her persecutors. The twain die together, joyful of spirit, uplifted beyond mortal pangs to the clear dawn of perfected faith.

Miss Guiney has chosen to call this dramatic work an ‘Idyl,’ and fittingly so, for the material in its simplicity of development is largely narrative ; but, with that same appreciation by which in her shorter poems we perceived her seizing the vital moment of legend or history, she adds much dramatic strength to the dramatic form in which the narrative is clothed, and makes the whole convincing. Throughout the ‘Idyl,’ long narrative speeches are a necessity of the material : this were a flaw in the dramatic effect ; but therein are some of the best of all Miss Guiney's powers displayed,— her

skill of distinctive subtle imagery, of inevitable epithet, of wooing pathetic fancy.

It would be amiss as yet to sum up the value of Miss Guiney's poetry, to cast up accounts when the page is not full. But before speaking of her prose the threads that have been gathered from a survey of her published verse may well be examined, that we may recognize them again if they are used in the warp or woof of another weaving. They are then, briefly, a passion of beauty, in form and spirit; an intermingling of imagination and fancy in deft proportion; an æsthetic pleasure in the pathetic; instant sympathy with the richness, the large beauty of tradition; a poetic sureness of touch and phrase, showing itself by skill to paint a mood, a battle, or a dying flower. In expression her art has been chiefly lyric, — a violin melody of a pensive unforgettable strain. She has walked but lightly in that province which is of the poet even more than of the prose-writer, and seldom cares to teach whom she gladdens the way to self-inspiration. The credo of 'The Kings' and 'The Poet's Chart' is rare, perhaps the more emphasized on that account.

I am tempted to quote, as the best introduction to her prose, some words prefixed to one of the most perfectly artistic and sympathetic of biographical writings, 'Monsieur Henri.' They are a guiding principle by which she has reached such a refinement of results as much of her prose writing witnesses: —

"I do not plead for pardon in treating an all-but-hallowed theme in a rather high-handed fashion, since every grain here has been painfully sifted and weighed, and the material, if not the proportioning of it, as true as truth. But, in so treating it, I bore in mind that excision is the best safeguard against decay, that time throws away as rag and bob-tail the political specifications thought to be precious, and that we must at once, and in the nobler sense, romanticize such dry facts as we mean shall live."

In all her prose, of which the most important separate volumes are the charming 'Little English Gallery,' 'Monsieur Henri,' the 'Memoir of Prosper Mérimée'; 'Patrins,' a collection of essays on various subjects, together with the half-whimsical 'Inquirendo,'

a glorification of his Majesty Charles the Second ; and, lastly, the volume containing four short stories, Miss Guiney's only published fiction, — in all these she has remembered to romanticize, and in the nobler sense, what she means shall live. But, more than this, she has chosen her facts by that instinct for the picturesque, for the chivalric, which we noticed in her poetry. That brave championing of a lost hope, called the Vendean insurrection, is all to her mind ; and the lovable boy who led the van and foremost fighting fell has his story fitly told by one whom we feel might have ridden with the Vendean women, had she lived in those stirring years.

Miss Guiney's literary sympathies, judged from the critical biographies in the 'English Gallery' and from allusions in 'Patrins,' as well as from some two or three pages in 'England and Yesterday,' entitled 'Lines on Various Fly-leaves,' are, as one might expect, for certain choice spirits among her kindred of the pen,—not the most famous nor even the most deserving of fame, which is a wide difference, but chary writers, who lived, as it were, a notch above the finest they could say, and had a gentlemanly indifference for results. Your true humorist is he who can include himself in the sorry jest with all humanity, instead of standing out to make quips at the rest of the world. And with all true humorists, even if they be unconscious ones, Miss Guiney has such comradeship that to see them through her eyes, to know them by her introduction, is to form lifelong friendships, for which you thank her ever after. Her sketch of Topham Beauclerk and Bennett Langton, gallant scapegraces after her own heart, belongs by right of its innate sympathy abreast of two other books on the robustious Johnsonian period,—namely, Fanny Burney's 'Letters' and Irving's 'Life of Goldsmith,'—and makes one feel that for pure deliciousness of emotion this is the scene of all others in England's literary past to be set down in at a moment's notice: "When the Turk's Head is ajar in Gerrard Street, when the unclubable Hawkins strides over the threshold, when Goldsmith poses in purple silk small-clothes, Sir Joshua fingers his trumpet, and the king of the hour is rolling about in

his chair of state, saying something prodigiously humorous and wise."

The same quality which in Miss Guiney's poetry manifested itself as an æsthetic pleasure in the pathetic has in her prose put on the laughing mask, and is a faculty and appreciation of humor. The two volumes of essays, 'Goose-quill Papers' and 'Patrins,' display this faculty abundantly. They are full of delicate fooling, of coquetting with their themes; of airy and flashing play of rapier, yet of sufficient strength for every now and then a keen thrust into the heart of the matter. Their range of subjects is not great, nor are their moods many. Chiefly they impress one as of a person wandering abroad of a pleasant day,—say, perhaps, in the late spring or early fall, for there is a warmth of atmosphere about them,—and reflecting lightly, but broadly, on whatsoever falls within his ken. They have a perambulatory spirit of meditation about them, and the wanderer is pleasantly philosophical over such fanciful slight adventures as 'An Encounter with a Pickpocket' and 'The Delights of an Incognito.' Other like whimsicalities of thought and expression are 'On Dying Considered as a Dramatic Situation,' 'On Teaching One's Grandmother how to suck Eggs.' As for the 'Inquirendo,' one would consider that, too, a delightful piece of foolery, yet may not altogether stop at such a view; for there is both interior and exterior evidence to prove that Miss Guiney is picturesquely-minded still to hedge about with divinity the house of Stuart, and bid hodge-morality stand aside for the artistic temperament. The Restoration period had, along with its dashing vice, some not inconsiderable virtue; and the two scowled not at each other after the inartistic Puritan fashion, but walked arm in arm and cheek by jowl, finding much amusement in companionship. It is this picturesque juxtaposition, one cannot but think, which induces Miss Guiney ingeniously to beg the question and enter her brief for that engaging ne'er-do-well, Carolus Rex.

'Lovers' Saint Ruth' is the title of Miss Guiney's only book

of fiction, published in 1895. It contains four short stories, spoken of in a prefatory note as "my apprentice work in fiction"; but one takes issue with the term. As a whole, they speak the practised hand. They are strong. They are human. They have narrative excellence, more marked than in her poetry, though we observed it in the latter, also. In return, her poetry has lent something of its richness, its effect of background, to her narrative prose. The literary workmanship of the four stories is on a lofty plane, higher than that of the essays, because achieved, apparently, in more serious and consistent spirit. They are artistic in showing not their art; yet a sort of fine polish which each character has, as also each event, each development of plot, shows them to be well-considered, careful studies. The plots of two turn upon incidents of human frailty, with their ever-widening ripples of consequence. The other two portray the crushing pitifulness of circumstance. Thus all four are in essence pathetic, yet not crudely so nor inartistically heart-rending; for their mellowness includes a restraint and balance of effect. Of the four, 'The Provider,' a mournful tale of unchildlike childhood, with its tragically peaceful close, probably strikes the most universal key.

There is, finally, yet another quality which Miss Guiney's prose and verse have in common,—a quality so obvious that it scarcely needs mention; namely, the fine flavor of letters pervading the whole, whether poem, essay, or fiction. This is an old-fashioned literary virtue, somewhat gone out of frequent use. One wonders whether the reason is that modern conditions of composition rarely give leisure for the assimilation of by-gone culture, or that with the proud sterility of a new shoot, the infant literature of the century to come chooses to grow unsupported by the parent stock. At all events, this modern bareness of adornment, be it a sign of progress or degeneration, is not to be found in Miss Guiney's work. She revels in all the richness of the literary past, having made it her own beyond peradventure. To read her is much of an education in the paths—particularly in the choice and least-frequented paths—of English letters.

Miss Guiney is a poet wayfarer who sings as she journeys, like a minstrel of old. In this errant spirit her books are named: 'Songs at the Start'; 'A Roadside Harp'; and, finally, 'Patrins,' which latter signifies, she says, "handfuls of leaves or grass cast by the Gypsies on the road, to denote, to those behind, the way which they have taken." This is Miss Guiney's own interpretation of her work, and should be ours, with the favoring hope, as we read, that more of her minstrelsy will sound as she journeys.

Helen Tracy Porter.



BOOKS HERE AND THERE.

As many of the magazines approach more nearly the plane of the newspaper and make a point of printing only articles that deal with topics of the day, the more serious essays are finding their way into print in the shape of attractive little books, whose pages run anywhere from fifty to two hundred pages, and whose contents may be read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested within the confines of a leisure hour, to the far greater advantage of the reader than if the same amount of time were "killed" with some sentimental short story. What sends one on one's way rejoicing so completely as a great thought? So, at least, I felt after reading in one of these little books (Stopford Brooke's 'Religion in Literature and Life,' T. Y. Crowell & Co.) the essay on 'Religion in Life.' "Put your religion into action," is the burden of his thought; and in these days of much theorizing, combined with the fear of economic or social consequences that may follow action, the advice is sorely needed. In his essay he gives a glimpse of some of the most primitive of reforms that to-day are crying for action in London, for the sake of common justice. The basis of his religion is love of the good and the beautiful; but what availeth such love, if it be not made manifest? Many ways he tells of by which this religion might become a living reality; but none strikes home so poignantly as

this, which interprets what the love of country might be, but does not show any immediate signs of becoming: "Moreover, to love one's country, and to shape that part of our religion into life, is to fight against the false theory that the principle of a nation's life is self-interest,—when it is self-devotion,—and to wage this sacred war in the city and in the country, in our business, in the municipality, as voters and citizens, in our professions, and in our place in Parliament. It is to work for a national condition which will enable all men to have an equal chance of self-development, and minister to the education of all in the things which are true in knowledge, beautiful in art and nature, sound and sane in intelligence, clear in conscience, ideal in the spirit; which in daily life increase gentleness and courtesy, loving-kindness, pity, grace, and good manners. It is, above all, to educate in every class of citizens that spirit of self-sacrifice which, accepting in the name of God and duty the burdens, diseases, and distresses of the body politic, is never satisfied till it has put an end to them."



Next to the stimulation that comes of a great thought is that which grows out of a disagreement with a thought. Why must this man, Stopford Brooke, with his fine sense of all that is high and noble and his broad intellectual judgments, stoop to the poor little game of throwing stones at the critic? Hear him!

"Along with this, and always accompanying this prolific littleness, is a terrible recrudescence of criticism. Every magazine, all the daily papers, every publishing house, is filled with essays and articles and books about poetry, carping, or denouncing, or satirizing or praising without knowledge, and in astonishing excess. I cannot tell how often I have lately seen in the papers and in books that a poet, if not superior, then equal to Shakespeare, has appeared on the stage. And all this overwhelming shower-bath of criticism has chilled the world, which wants, nay, hungers, for some warm and living creation."

This is the ugly shadow across his otherwise inspiring paper on 'Religion in Literature' in this same "littil Booke." The re-

ligion of love he so eloquently upholds in the other paper does not admit scorn even of the critic. Besides, he exhorts all men to give expression to whatever ideas are within them, even if they fail of success. Is it only critics, then, who are to remain forever dumb? The importance of fine poetry as an inspiration to high thought cannot be overestimated, and with all that is claimed for poetry in this essay no one can quarrel; but to the critic and the appreciator some meed of appreciation is also due. It is they who have doubled and tripled the value of poetry, not only by bringing it to the notice of myriads of people who would otherwise remain in ignorance of it, but by interpreting beauty and thought which all might not be aware of. Stopford Brooke is himself one who, as nothing more nor less than a "critic," has done much for the growth of poetic appreciation in this materialistic age. It is our opinion that the sincere, appreciative, and discriminating critic is only second to the poet in his powers for good; and to fly out against criticism in general because there are some who are neither sincere, appreciative, nor discriminating is as exceeding good-senseless as it would be to fly out against poetry in general because poets are not always good poets. In fact, there is a far larger proportion of bad poets than of good ones, but it is only the bad poets who come under the ban. Then why not only the bad critics?

One of the curious inconsistencies in relation to this subject is shown in the fact that the most exalted of poets, in spite of his superior attitude toward criticism, is much chagrined if he be not appreciated and interpreted by this much-maligned race of critics. It is much to be wondered if there is a poet or an author of to-day, or any other day, who would like to have criticism prohibited by law, and individuals who use their pens in laudatory panegyrics put in irons. Small, indeed, would be the poet's audience if it were not for the critic; and the bad critic is little behind the good one in building up fame.

One other way in which the religion of love may become active is in the recognition on the part of mankind that the critic has an important *rôle* to act in the drama of life, as well as the poet.

One more point. Do we need to be in such a terrible pass about the lack of the highest poetic creation to-day? The Victorian era has given us a royal feast in poetry. Wordsworth and Shelley and Keats and Tennyson and Browning and Whitman and Emerson have gloriously sung ideals which humanity in the large has hardly comprehended as yet, much less lived up to. This period of dearth in creation, so bemoaned by our author, may very well be spent in the assimilation of all that has during this century been so bountifully provided. In fine, why may not the ideals of these great poets be transmuted into action, in order that the preparation may be the better for the creative splendor the future will assuredly bring forth?

H. A. C.



SELECT NEW BOOKS.

A RAPID glance over the pages of the publishers' catalogues or through the titles of new books on the editors' table gives one a confused sense of love-letters and gardens; but more careful scrutiny reveals here and there some book that is not necessarily for the summer idler, but for the student and lover of books for all time.

Important new editions appear of several of the standard writers. The Cambridge Edition of Shelley is carefully edited by George E. Woodberry, adding one more volume to the already lengthy list of Cambridge poets. Another important addition is the Macaulay in ten volumes, including history, essays, and lays. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

Keats appears in a new one-volume edition, edited with introduction and notes by H. Buxton Forman, published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. The Macmillan Company announces new editions of Walton's 'Complete Angler' and his 'Lives'; De Quincey's 'Confessions,' 'Murder as a Fine Art,' and 'English Mail Coach,' in one volume; and selections from *Prose Tales of Edgar Allan Poe*.

The studies in French literature begun by Leon H. Vincent in his 'Hôtel de Rambouillet' which appeared last summer are continued in two other little books of the same series,— 'The French Academy' and 'Corneille.' (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

There are several important additions in critical literature. Some of these are the direct result of university research in the Universities of Cornell and Columbia. The former gives us 'The Philosophy of Friedrich Nietzsche,' by Grace Neal Dolson, A.B., Ph.D.; and from the latter the world gains 'The Classical Heritage of the Middle Ages,' by Henry Osborn Taylor,— a study of the transition from pagan ideas and sentiment in literature and art to the ideals of Christianity. The book is very broad in its scope, treating of the various elements entering into thought and life from the period of Greek and Roman culture to mediæval monasticism. From the same college comes 'A Study of Mistral: Poet and Leader in Provence,' by Charles Alfred Downer. Mistral is the leader of the new Troubadours, the *Félibrige* of Southern France; and the work is an important study of the life and work of this poet, who is to-day the creator of a new literary language. (New York: Macmillan Company.)

The volume which Mr. Hapgood, the dramatic critic of *The Bookman*, has published on 'The Stage in America, 1897-1900,' offers an important study of the conditions, product, and relative value of a short period of the American stage. The subjects discussed include whatever is produced in this country, whether in English or in German, Yiddish or French; revivals of Shakespeare, Goethe, and Lessing, or new importations of Ibsen, Rostand, and Hauptmann; humor and tragedy; with chapters on the limits of dramatic criticism, the theatrical syndicate, and the sphere of the theatre. (New York: Macmillan Company.)

Other important volumes in criticism, deserving more extended notice, but for the present merely cited, are George Saintsbury's 'History of Criticism,' 'Turner and Ruskin,' by Frederick Wedmore (both published by Dodd, Mead & Co.); 'Religious Spirit in the Poets,' by Right Rev. William Boyd Carpenter (New York:

T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.50); Professor Dowden's 'Puritan and Anglican' (Henry Holt & Co.); 'The Historical Novel,' by Brander Matthews (New York: Harper's); a new issue, with important modern chapters, of 'Modern German Literature,' by Professor Wells (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.); and 'Masters of French Literature,' by Professor George M. Harper (New York: Scribners).

Henry Holt & Co. have just issued the fourth enlarged edition of Professor Kuno Francke's 'Social Forces in German Literature,' which they now call 'History of German Literature as Determined by Social Forces'; and in its new form this book, already favorably known by review of it here to readers of *Poet-love*, gives more detailed attention to the works of Sudermann, Hauptmann, and Wildenbruch.

Among the smaller number of books that are "creative" rather than critical appear some volumes of poetry, notably 'Harvest Tide,' by Sir Lewis Morris (New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co.), and a collection of poems by William Vaughan Moody; a new volume of plays by George Bernard Shaw, including one which treats the great Cæsar in his relations with Cleopatra (Chicago: Herbert S. Stone); 'The Life of the Bee,' by Maurice Maeterlinck, full of his beautiful ideals and delicate mysticism (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

The renewed interest in studies of Eastern literature gives us 'A Bibliography of the Sanskrit Drama,' by Montgomery Schuyler, Jr., of Columbia University; 'Songs from the Book of Jaffir,' from the Persian translation of Jamshid of Yezd, the Guebr; 'The Jataka; or, Stories of the Buddha's Former Births,' translated from the Pali (all published by Macmillan & Co.); and 'Japanese Plays and Play-fellows,' by Osman Edwards (New York and London: John Lane). This is a charming account of the theatre in Japan, giving a history of popular drama from the beginning, which was, strangely enough, about the same time as the great drama in England, since the first date he gives is 1575. H. S. O.

LIFE AND LETTERS.

— THE effect of environment of literature is only too readily traceable in the case of the many love-letters, biographical and imaginative, that have lately seen the light. It is to be feared that it is but a spurious sort of environment, not so much the creation of natural conditions as the aping of the natural, which makes writers and publishers hasten to fall in line with a production similar to one that is selling well.

This is a relation of Life to Letters, to be sure ; but it is an artificial one. And it is turning the fair Soul of Literature into a twitching Nose for the Timely. If this sort of marriage for money is to be the relation of Literature to Life, little inspiration will it bring to either.

"The public likes love-letters. Actually, those queer affairs of Robert Browning and Elizabeth sold. Go to, then ! let us give forth freely of this Intimacy of the Celebrated. Ay, and salter and more quaint, such as a clever fellow can make up, and such as never passed yet between any man and woman under heaven !"



— So, also, is it with the "historical novels." The historic sense in art-appreciation is one of the traits peculiarly belonging to such a socialistically-minded time as ours, when the meaning of men to Man is guessed at more probingly and felt more sympathetically than ever before, perhaps, since modern Civilization was born out of the breast of Mediævalism. But it is hard for the most tolerant not to feel that the noble historic instinct, begotten of all time, is not being cheapened and hawked about to fill the till for a day, so does the merely sensuous, the pseudo-romantic, inaccurately staged, tinsel-dressed, and empty-headed masquerade as historical novels in the lists of best-selling books.

—AUSPICIOUSLY, out of them all, we get at least one that is an artistic masterpiece of historical reconstruction. Maurice Hewlett's 'Richard Yea and Nay' is of a new *genre* in fiction, poetic in conception and quality, creative in revivification of the time, and dramatic in the characterization of the person of Cœur de Lion. The dawn of the twentieth century may congratulate itself upon the insight and craft this fresh work shows. And, as for the exalted and luckless yet not unhappy love-story therein enshrined, how persuasively warm and faulty and human, with an old-time humanness, it all is! And what a cool touch of the right irony of life falls delicately, with the close of the story, upon the devoted head of this ardent French Griselda, who, offering herself a quivering living sacrifice to keep destiny at bay and her Richard alive, fulfils fate unwittingly, all the same, through the salvation she willed for him bringing about his death!



—IT would seem as if every possible construction had been applied to the reading of the Sergeant's "wild and whirling words" in 'Macbeth,' I. ii. 7-23, except one. Yet that one would make the passage convey the Sergeant's meaning without any change of line 21, marked corrupt in the Globe edition, and even without the change of the original word "quarry," in line 14, to "quarrel," as proposed by Johnson, and adopted in the Globe.

The situation, it will be remembered, is this: The king and his attendants, entering upon the stage, are made to meet by chance a wounded soldier, evidently fresh from the battlefield, whence disablement nigh unto death has won him honorable leave. This perceived by the king, the wounded soldier is asked how the battle stood when he left it. He answers in an excited, grandiloquent way, befitting a man full of battle-rage, sensible of this opportunity to make a telling reply before his king and these nobles, and almost beside himself with the effort to do so while giddy with loss of blood. He ends, "But I am faint: my gashes cry for helpe!"

The original text, the closest to Shakespeare that we have,—that of the first folio, 1623,—gives his answer thus :—

- “Doubtfull it flood,
 As two spent Swimmers, that doe cling together,
 And choake their Art: The mercileffe *Macdonwald*
 (Worthie to be a Rebell, for to that
 The multiplying Villanies of Nature
 Doe swarme vpon him) from the Westerne Isles
 Of Kernes and Gallowgroffes is supply'd,
 14 And Fortune on his damned Quarry smiling,
 Shew'd like a Rebells Whore: but all's too weake:
 For braue *Macbeth* (well hee deferues that Name)
 Disdayning Fortune, with his brandisht Steele,
 Which smoak'd with bloody execution
 (Like Valours Minion) caru'd out his passage,
 Till hee fac'd the Slaue:
 21 Which neu'r shooke hands, nor bad farwell to him,
 Till he vnseam'd him from the Nawe to th' Chops,
 And fix'd his Head vpon our Battlements.”

What do the “his” in line 14 and the “which” in line 21 refer to?

If they refer to “Fortune” in both cases, then no change is necessary to get at the meaning. The success of the battle stood in doubt. The rebel *Macdonwald* was so well supplied with men that Fortune seemed to smile on Fortune's fated Quarry, looking as if she loved the rebel and was his favoring lady, yet only seeming so; for *Macbeth*, disdaining Fortune and holding to force, like Valour's minion instead of Fortune's, carved out his passage through all these men, and faced this slave of Fortune which never showed any sign of abandoning him, of shaking hands with him, or saying good-bye, so sudden was the stroke that undid him, till *Macbeth* unseamed him from Nave to Chops, etc.

Of course, it is admitted that the gender of Fortune changes with truly Elizabethan swiftness of metaphor in line 14, and that the antecedents of the “which,” the “he's” and “him's” in lines

21-23 are unconsecutive, and are to be read, despite confusion, in the light of the context. Still, it may be held that there is reason in the situation for this irregularity, and that the meaning thus traced out is more consistent with the whole passage as it stands, changeless, than any other explanation given in Dr. Furness's great treasury of Shakespearian interpretation.

The idea of compelling a deceitful fortune, brought forward thus in this first scene, is a significant confirmation of a dramatic habit of Shakespeare's to introduce at the threshold of the action the master-idea prevalent throughout the play. Certainly, in 'Macbeth' the clash of force with Fortune and the deceitfulness of Fortune's favors are not alone prominent in these words of the Sergeant, but elsewhere, also.



— IN a recent book on the South African war, 'A Subaltern's Letters to his Wife,' is a saying of a valiant Boer *wrouw* which matches Antigone's famous saying in Sophokles. Antigone held that her concern for her brother's honor was foremost with her because,

"had I lost a husband dear,
I might have had another ; other sons
By other spouse, if one were lost to me ;
But when my father and my mother sleep
In Hades, then no brother more can come."

So likewise held this Boer woman. She bade her husband, "Go and fight : I can get another husband, but not another Free State."



— AN English reviewer in the *Academy* of the new revised edition of Ibsen remarks "with disgust that the renascence of English drama is a myth," that "there can be no renascence of native drama without a renascence of dramatic criticism and a renascence of general dramatic taste, and that the reception given to Ibsen's plays is an absolute demonstration that our dramatic

taste stands approximately where it did twenty years ago. . . . Masterpieces can only arise in a general atmosphere of good taste. Moreover, the neglect of serious foreign art is a sure sign of the non-existence of serious native art. In what country is Ibsen best appreciated if not in Germany, where dramatic art is truly alive, the country which can boast of at least two dramatic geniuses of its own?"



— IN 'Poets of the Younger Generation' Mr. William Archer wisely lets America do herself credit by including Louise Imogen Guiney, and Alice Brown, Richard Hovey, and Bliss Carman.



THE APOSTROPHE TO SLEEP IN 'HENRY IV.'

IN the midst of the fun and abounding youth of the play of 'Henry IV.,' Shakespeare has placed the meditative melancholy of the King's soliloquy on sleep. The thought of sleep as a release from care is used elsewhere in Shakespeare; and in 'Macbeth' it is presented as a release from the afflicted memory. There is strong dramatic necessity in the heart-wrung words of Macbeth, "Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more." The passage in hand, from '2 Henry IV.' iii. 1, is one of our dramatist's earliest dealings with this thought; and, as the dramatic occasion for it is not very strong, we reasonably look for some external occasion for its composition.

Half a dozen years before the writing of this play the 'Astrophel' sonnets of Sir Philip Sidney had been published, and had immediately been accepted as the standard copy for the abundant sonneteering of the next few years. One of these is on the theme of sleep as a release from care:—

"Come, sleep, O sleep, the certain knot of peace,
The baiting place of wit, the balm of woe,

The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
The indifferent judge between the high and low.

“ Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
A chamber deaf to noise and blind to light,
A rosy garland and a weary head.”

This sonnet attracted special notice from the swarm of sonneteers of the next five years, and its theme was a favorite for their rival improvisations. It was a Ulysses' bow among the aspirants for literary fame. Saintsbury quotes two sonnets as a result of this rivalry: First, Daniel's 'Delia,' 1594:—

“ Care-charmer, sleep, son of the sable night,
Brother of death, in silent darkness born,
Relieve my anguish and restore the light,
With dark forgetting of my cares, return;
And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill-adventured youth;
Let thy waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn
Without the torment of the night's untruth.”

And from Griffin's 'Fidessa,' 1596, just the year before Shakespeare wrote the passage in question, we have:—

“ Care-charmer sleep! sweet ease in restless misery!
The captive's liberty and his freedom's song!
Balm of the bruised heart! man's chief felicity!
Brother of quiet death when life is long!” (etc.)

When Shakespeare sat down to write his drama, the world was still interested in these sonnets. He seems to have read everything by his contemporaries, to have remembered all he read, and to have commanded for high uses, because of his deeper spiritual insight, whatever they had furnished him. With their work in mind, he enters their lists. He—though as yet he was chiefly known as a member of theatrical Bohemia rather than as an accredited member of literary circles—would vindicate his genius by matching it with theirs on their own much-practised theme.

So, rising above the dramatic necessities, he chants from the lips of the dying king his matchless invocation to the "care-charmer."

Some of the fragments of idea are borrowed from his contemporaries, as Halliwell-Phillipps has pointed out. His "Why rather liest thou in smoky cribs" is probably suggested by the crude lines from 'Misfortunes of Arthur,' 1587:—

"Behold the peasant poor with tattered coat
Whose eyes a meaner fortune feeds with sleep,
How safe and sound the careless snudge doth snore!"

His "Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast" again is occasioned by Churchyard's lines, published two years before:—

"The poet that can climb the clouds
Like ship-boy to the top,
When sharpest storms do shake the shrouds" (etc.).

But, borrowing thus in idea and expression, as he does, he interpenetrates all with his marvellous imagination, and surpasses all former improvisations.

It is perhaps worth adding that John Fletcher, who seems to have been Shakespeare's friend and coworker at times, improvises lyrically on this same theme thirteen years later in his 'Faithful Shepherdess.' The lyric has charm and is finely wrought, but seems flimsy by the side of the more thoughtful word of his famous predecessor.

The more we study Shakespeare in the light of his own age, the greater is our admiration for his genius. Starting from its ambitious attempts at flight, he wings his way aloft to the highest realms of poetry.

Charles W. Hodell.

WOMAN'S COLLEGE OF BALTIMORE.



—MR. KENNEDY writes to *Poet-lore* from Belmont:—

"I have had a vision—is it Utopian?—of a national Shakespeare Memorial Building, either on the Charlesbank in Cam-

bridge, commanding that noble Venetian view, or bordering the Fenway Park in Boston proper,—an architectural gem, small, it may be, as Roslyn Chapel, but a shrine to the genius of the world's poet worthy of wealthy America and objectifying the nation's Shakespeare enthusiasm. If we smart Americans can't beat that affair of plain brick, the Stratford Memorial Theatre, stranded off there in the river meadows of the poet's birthplace, it were a pity of our lives. If possible, there should be imbedded in the fabric a large amphitheatre for representations of Elizabethan plays. With the museum and art gallery should go of course a library of Elizabethan literature, dramatic and general,—a library not only of rare and early editions, but of tool books of all kinds for free use on the premises by *bona fide* scholars and students. The trustees of the Shakespeare Memorial after incorporation would open books for a national subscription.

“Even apart from the dramatic education which the theatre would afford, with its permanent antique stage and fixtures, the portraits, busts, paintings, and books would themselves be an inspiration to thousands of young pilgrims to Boston and a stimulus to the study of this poet in whom every man, woman, and child, the globe around, in whose veins runs English blood, feels or should feel a deathless pride.”



—THIS brave idea of an American Shakespeare Memorial Theatre,—a temple devoted to the higher service of dramatic art and study, linking the Bard of Avon with the most modern of those whom his genius has made his heirs in artistic appreciation,—this happy project has been greeted warmly by Dr. Rolfe and Mr. J. T. Trowbridge, whose letters are here appended:—

CAMBRIDGE, April 8, 1901.

My dear Kennedy,—Your plan for a Shakespeare Memorial Theatre in Boston is admirable, and it would be an honor to the city to carry it out. I sincerely hope that it may commend itself to people of culture and wealth, and that I may live to see it accomplished.

Cordially yours,

W. J. Rolfe.

ARLINGTON, April 11, 1901.

Dear Mr. Kennedy,—To say that I approve of the idea of a

Shakespeare Memorial Theatre seems as superfluous as to declare my approval of rainbows and the dawn of day.

Cordially yours,

John Townsend Trowbridge.



— THE Philadelphia Browning Society has an original and agreeable habit of giving an "Authors' Night" once in the season. At that one given this March the following lilt of graceful song by the president, Mrs. Florence Earle Coates, brightened the programme : —

PERSEPHONE.

The wild bird's first exultant strain
Says, "Winter is over — over!"
And Spring returns to the wold
again,
With breath as of lilac and
clover.

With a certain soft, appealing grace,
(Surely some sorrow hath kissed
her!)
She gives to our vision her girlish
face,
And we know how we've missed
her — missed her!

For on a day she went away,
Long ere the leaves were falling,
And came no more for the white-
throat's lay,
Nor the pewee's plaintive calling:

In tender tints on her brodered
shoon
Blossomed the leaves of the
myrtle,
And silky buds of the darling June
Were gathered up in her kirtle;

And fair, fair, fair, in her sunlit
hair
Were violets intertwining,
That seemed more fresh and un-
fading there
Than with dewdrops on them
shining!

She hid them all in her dim re-
treat.
But, heart, a truce to sighing! —
She's here — incomparably sweet,
Unchanging and undying!

We see her brow, and we rejoice,
Her cheek, as it pales and
flushes,
We hear once more in her thrilling
voice
The note of the woodland
thrushes;

And through her lashes, tear-
empearled,
A mystic light is breaking,
And all the love of the whole wide
world
Seems in her eyes awaking!

— THE truth about a book is occasionally effective in selling it. Witness the following concerning a firm at Toronto, which is said to have made a pile of money by saying sooth. They advertised, says the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*, thus:—

“On receipt of \$1, we will send, securely sealed, a beautifully bound book of 400 pages, full of good things. Every sport should have one. The most wonderful book ever written. French and English translation. Prohibited in some countries. Write at once.”

The detective department, scenting the circulation of improper literature, sent a dollar, and received a 15-cent Bible.



— WHAT writers of the nineteenth century did for civilization in certain specific wrongs they made men feel, and right in some degree, is exemplified as follows: Charles Dickens's attacks in 'Little Dorrit' on the Fleet Prison hastened the abolition of the old system of imprisonment for debt in Great Britain. Charles Reade's attack in 'Hard Cash' on the lunacy laws procured their change. Hood's 'Song of the Shirt' helped the "sweated" of his day a little. Elizabeth Barrett Browning's 'Cry of the Children' had a direct influence upon labor laws passed shortly after in Parliament affecting the employment of women and children in mines. Harriet Beecher Stowe's 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' enlisted the sympathy of thousands in favor of suppression of slavery in the United States.

The influence toward humanizing the merely dollar-bent mind exercised by exalted literature is so often indirect that it is the more interesting to trace its persuasive force in such special instances.

Who can point out more such cases,—cases where the poet or the creative writer has done his brothers service by acting, so Shelley finely words it, as —

“A nerve o'er which do creep
The else unfelt oppressions of the earth”?

—AMONG the letters in the Arnold Collection is one from Longfellow describing in this way his impressions of the first speech he ever made:—

“It shall be the last. It was only an inch long; but while impending it cast a shadow over my life for three days.”



—ON May Day a bust of one of the most gifted of the Southern group of poets, Henry Timrod, was unveiled and publicly dedicated in Charleston, S.C.



—DR. N. H. CHANEY asks, “In Browning’s ‘By the Fireside,’ stanza 31, occur these words: ‘With wide wings strained to a bell.’ Please explain the meaning.”

The reference is, probably, to the hunting hawk, or a species of falcon, on whom bells are tied so as to keep his owner informed of where he is, just as in this country, in Maine and Nova Scotia, the wily human bells his cows, to keep track of them in their widest browsings in wild or common lands. The weight of the bell, the poet supposes, is felt a little by the bird, straining his wings wide to sustain it in his flight.

The “little bird” next referred to is stilled, of course, by the approach of the hunting bird.



—ONE of the eleven copies known to exist of the first edition of Browning’s ‘Pauline’ sold in New York, at the Arnold sale, for \$700. In 1895 copies of it sold for \$210 and \$260, and one earlier for \$160. Proof copies of ‘Dramatis Personæ’ and ‘The Ring and the Book’ brought \$455 and \$680, respectively. Mrs. Browning’s ‘The Battle of Marathon’ sold for \$425, and the 1847 issue of ‘The Sonnets’ (afterwards called ‘From the Portuguese’) for \$440.



—‘ELIZABETH BROWNING and Idealism’ is one of the themes enthusiastically treated by Monsieur Joseph Texte in his recent

‘Études de Littérature Européenne.’ There is to the modern French critic among foreign poets “none closer to us and our present preoccupations than this Elizabeth Browning, of whom one can unqualifiedly declare that she is the most philosophic poet of our time, while also being the most exquisite and rare of gift.”

On re-reading ‘Aurora Leigh,’ the poem seems to him to belong “but to yesterday, its questions are conceived from so contemporaneous a point of view, so much is it as a whole an expression of the time, revealing a soul, as Taine has said, ‘generous, heroic, passionate,’ thoroughly ‘modern in its education, fire, audacity, and the continuous thrill of its intense sensibility.’ There is no book more alive. If there is in existence a gospel of that modern Christianity promised us, it is this. Pre-eminently the book of the seekers after the future, whose only fault for us Frenchmen is that it is written in English and in verse. Yet, assuredly, there is no other work in so high degree at once the expression of great genius and the poem of the age. A few details aside which are purely English, ‘Aurora Leigh’ is the poetic gospel of contemporaneous idealism.”



— THE trace of the Norse and the Dane left imperishably in our sea-talk, and not unlikely to come to the surface in our most land-lubberly affectation of the nautical along-shore this very summer, is illustrated in an article in the *New York Tribune*. The writer says : —

“It seems, if one dives a little into the etymology of nautical terms, as if dozens of old Danish words that were used in Mercia and East Anglia a thousand years ago as part of a people’s common talk had gone to sea and drifted about ever since.

“Some of them have ‘suffered a sea change,’ so that they are not immediately recognizable in the dictionaries of old Danish and Icelandic. With them are mixed in a few Saxon words that have long been missing from the ordinary vocabulary of the Latinized Anglo-Saxon language. Like so many missing heirs of great houses, ‘they went to sea and were never heard of again’ — or at least never recognized by their relations.

"For instance, the ordinary English-speaking landsman knows what is meant by a 'sheet of paper,' but it strikes him as paradoxical to hear a rope called a 'sheet': that is because the landsman does not know Danish, in which a 'seeot' is a point or corner. A 'sheet rope' is only a rope fastened to a point or corner of a sheet. The only other instance of 'sheet' used in this sense is, strangely enough, in the science of conic sections. Then, again, it puzzles the landsman to hear much about cats and rats on ship-board. Why 'cat' an anchor? Why not tie it up? Why 'rat-lines' on a ladder of ropes, when it is 'rungs' on a ladder of wood?

"These cats and rats have puzzled some land-lubber makers of English dictionaries until it has been desperately assumed that the primitive seamen invented them jocosely. The primitive seamen of this mixed breed were incapable of verbal jocosity: they could see the fun of swinging a 'karl' to the masthead by the heels while he slept, or jerking a 'knave' into the sea and watching him swim out if he could, or a bout with handspikes involving bloody heads, but *jeux de mots* and small zoölogical pleasantries were flat and unprofitable to them.

"They called 'rat lines' so simply because they are 'rat lines,' or, if you like, 'rad lines': landsmen call them 'rungs,' or 'rangs,' or 'gradus,' according as they may be half French, whole French, or Roman; but the idea is the same,—steps, ranks, rows, things set all arow. As for the cat tackle, cat block, the cat head, the cat tail, catch tackle, catch block, and so on, would be more correct. The anchor is 'seized up' by these apparatus, or, as they said in old times, 'catched,' when it is not arip, or on the swing. . . . 'The skipper's in the starboard gangway, standing on the combings,' is a sentence which is mainly Danish, not Saxon. To begin with, the Saxon form for 'skipper' would be 'shipper.' Nowadays people call the man by the Spanish name, 'captain,' and think the old East Anglican 'skipra' (shipman) a disrespectful expression. Then starboard is a corruption of 'stear-board.' In the very early days the snake-boat had no rudders on their stern posts, but were steered, or steared, by means of large paddles, or 'rodres,' rigged out always on the steerer's right, so as to give more purchase to his left, or weaker, arm.

"That made the right side, or board, of the ship the 'stear-board,' just as that end is the 'stearn,' which we ignorantly spell 'stern,' and pronounce to rhyme with 'burn.' The other side of the hull, which, having no 'rodre' on it, could be brought sheer up to the

wharf for lading, was the 'lade' board ; and this became, by the attrition of use, the 'labboard,' wrongly spelled 'larboard.' The Yankee sailors, mostly men of East Anglican breed, always said 'stab-board,' changed to 'port,' to avoid confusion. The whalers, however, still stick obstinately to 'goway.' A Saxon 'goes' or 'wends' : Dane or Norseman 'gangs,' like Hrolf the Gangera. And 'coamings,' or 'combings' in more inland Saxon, might be called 'borders' ; but the Dane saw the resemblance between a ridge of wood and the 'coaming' top of a breaker.

" 'Sparr' is the Danish way of pronouncing 'spear,' like the despised but historically correct 'starn' for 'stern.' 'Gaff' is the Scandinavian for a small stick : it appears in 'bowsprit' and 'spritsail.' . . .

"When it blows very hard, sailor-men begin to talk Saxon. They take in a 'reef.' 'Wrinkle' has taken the place of 'reef' on shore, except in west of England hamlets. The Danes, when they wanted to shorten sail, 'swifted' them. Under the same tempestuous circumstances, passengers also talk of going between 'decks' ; and 'deck' is plain Saxon for 'cover.' People used to 'deck' their heads when they put on their hats. Nowadays the phrase would suggest to a landsman the use of floral decorations, but the Saxon verb 'decan' has no connection with the Latin derivative. In a heavy gale, too, the skipper calls to his mate about a 'lee ship,' and 'lee' or 'le' is the Saxon for shelter,— not meaning that a lee shore shelters, but that it is in the sheltered, or off-wind, direction.

"And, when his day's work is over, the sailor-man does not retire to a comfortable Saxon bed, but to a 'bench,' which he calls, Scandinavian fashion, a 'bunk.' If he is lucky, he will first get something to eat, cooked up hastily in a skillet, which is, or ought to be, if it were true to its name, a little skull, skall, or bowl. And, whether English, Scotch, Irish, or American, if he belongs to any of the coast peoples of these countries, he is sure to have in him a goodly strain of the red-bearded, long-limbed, stark Scandinavian blood. Therefore, let him, in drinking his toasts after cleaning up his skillet, not forget to toast his ancestors, 'Skall to the Viking.'"



— THE Boston Browning Society was given a reception by its librarian, Mrs. Alexander Martin, held at her house on Brown-

ing's birthday, May 7, in honor of the anniversary ; and an interesting programme of Browning songs and recitations added to the pleasure of the guests.

The Philadelphia Browning Society commemorated the birthday of the poet by giving, at the Chestnut Street Opera House, its annual play, which was Rostand's one comedy, 'Les Romantiques,' never before seen in America.



— AMONG the old writings contained in the Prisse Papyrus, called the most ancient book in the world, in the 'Book of Ptah-Hotep' is found the following :—

"Be not haughty because of thy knowledge: converse thou with the ignorant as with the scholar, for the barriers of art are never closed, no artist ever possessing that perfection to which he should aspire."



— A NEW edition of the 'Index Expurgatorius' is announced ; that is to say, of the table of books prohibited by the Pontifical Congregation specially charged with the censure in regard to books.

"The present volume," says the *Courrier des États-Unis*, "differs from all the preceding editions. Leo XIII., as he himself says in the preamble of the decree which precedes the table, desires, in accordance with the request of the French, German, and Italian bishops, to apply to the old prescriptions certain modifications more in conformity with the spirit of the times. It is therefore a complete revision and also a reduction or commutation of the sentences formerly pronounced, or, as the Pope himself expresses it, it is an *adoucissement*."

"For example, all the condemnations previous to the year 1500 are effaced. Excepted also are the books which, notwithstanding certain reprehensible passages, are distinguished by elegance of language, abundance of erudition, and a multiplicity of useful documents. Lastly, all works dealing with forgotten disputes and con-

troversies which have long since been settled are taken from the list ; that is to say, pamphlets of an ephemeral nature.

“Notwithstanding this partial amnesty, the list of works which still remain under the ban is long, making up an approximate total of 3,286 books.

“It is a curious collection ; and many people will be surprised to find in it certain names illustrious in the Church,—Bossuet, Fénelon.

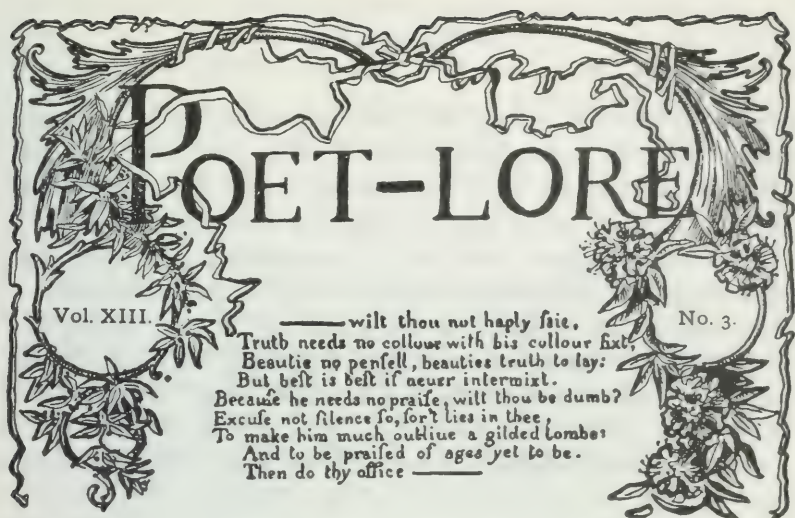
“Among the philosophers are Montaigne and Descartes, Malebranche for several works, even Pascal on account of his ‘*Lettres Provinciales*’ and his edition of ‘*Pensées*,’ annotated by Voltaire, Montesquieu, and Fontanelle, who stands condemned for his plurality of worlds.

“French contemporary writers hold a conspicuous place in the volume. Balzac catches it for all his love romances. So do Alexander Dumas, Eugene Sue, George Sand, Ernest Feydeau, and Flaubert. Paul de Kock is not even mentioned ; but Lamartine is stricken down for his ‘*Jocelyn*,’ ‘*Voyage en Orient*,’ and the ‘*Chûte d’un Ange*.’ Victor Hugo is condemned for ‘*Notre Dame de Paris*’ and ‘*Les Misérables*.’ Émile Zola is wiped out with the words, ‘All his works.’ The history of the French Revolution by Mignet is excluded, but that of Thiers is allowed to stand.

“We might mention also the names of Edgar Quinet and Michelet, the latter for six of his works, and Jules Simon for ‘*Religion Naturelle*.’

“The omissions are no less strange than the designations. For example, we seek in vain in this new edition for the trace of the censures which created such a flurry in 1859–60 in regard to the pamphlets and books published on the Roman question.”





PULSE OF SPRING.

THE BEGINNING.—I. THE BOY IN THE PRESIDIO.



T was night upon the Presidio,—a long slope of iris-covered ground leading down to the bay ; for spring had come, and with it the purple flags. Over the bay ran the line of Marin County hills, and, to the left, the sound of the Pacific.

All this in darkness ; for the iris waved black under a slight breeze, the hills over there were a mass, and the breeze brought the sound and the freshness of the unseen ocean. But, under the sky, the slope of the Presidio was the near thing felt.

And the one to feel it was a lad of fifteen,—the only figure in the night,—wandering in and out among the iris, stooping to pluck them.

It was a gay tripping,—hatless and the wind in his hair. The silhouette of his figure gradually added a great mass of iris ; and now and again he turned to the wind, and let it blow in his face. Dancing, he came to the crest of the fields. The wind rose, and a fog drifted from the sea.

He dropped his burden of flowers, and ran down the slope, waving his arms upon the breeze,—faster and faster,—until, landed at the bottom, he flung himself upon the ground, and looked at the dark, starry sky, with patches of fog drifting by.

Something awoke in the boy,—a recognition. He knew that he knew, and he could tell it,—the birth of the gift of creation.

God made the worlds. The boy, looking at the sky in the loneliness of the night, was one with the Infinite Soul that makes. It was the pure moment when, caught up, he could have made—worlds.

In truth, he will make pictures. He will say, “This is the way things look.”

And we shall say, “God shines through them.”

II. THE BOY IN THE STUDIO.

TOWARD the lower part of Montgomery Street, San Francisco, the buildings have the look of last year's garments. What, ten years ago, were respectable business houses have been put to strange uses. Bohemia, seeking quarters, found them here, at the foot of Chinatown. An old court room became a school of art, a photographer's sky-lighted suite served for the studio of an artist.

Since that night in the Presidio, Daniel O'Dair had tried to express things.

He went home full of his idea, and upon a sheet of wrapping-paper, with a wash of ink, drew the night's scene in its full impression. Crude, if you will; but the realization, the unconsciousness, the breadth of the sketch, meant genius. And the boy did not know it. He was doing what he must. Then came the delight in the thing done. He slept a lovely sleep.

This necessity to create did not come often, and it did not waste itself upon trifles: it was always the large impression which asked to be given.

Meantime he remained gently joyous as before the revelation, part of the loveliness of things,—“God's boy,” people said, as they might say “God's sky,” “God's world.”

The years went by. He knew the men of the craft, ran in and out of the studios, wondrously sociable with his kind. They showed him their work, and were proud of a commendation. He was shy with his own.

The class in the studio of the photographer's suite sat about their model. A dozen easels made a semicircle around the model-stand, where an elderly man of pathos leaned upon his cane. He had been selected for the marked accents of his head and the feeling of the past which came from him. He seemed to look, not into the room nor at the students, but back into himself.

There were men and women trying to express him, and one easel was empty.

Nothing was heard but the slight movement of the workers. Only the terrier, Jack, rose occasionally from his sleep, and scratched discontentedly at the folding-doors which led into the master's studio.

Presently the dog listened, and an expectant stir circled the room. A quick, light step sprang up the outer stairs, and rushed along the hall. The door opened; and, pulling his hat from his head and holding it to his side, Daniel was there. He was now nineteen, light and lithe of figure, with the movements of an outdoor creature, something which had danced about the woods. The face was dark and brilliant,—intellect and refinement in the eye's setting, an inexpressible delicacy about the outer corner near the temple, the long face and nose of a horse, not exaggerated to the detriment of beauty; in fact, a marvellously beautiful head, color first, then delicacy and dignity of line, and through all that emanation from the soul,—fine, spirited, gentle, retained, holy,—and gay he was.

The room felt satisfied with his coming. The model was given a rest, and they gathered about him. He went from easel to easel, jocosely telling what he thought. At the last was a new man, a lad of seventeen. "Ah!" said Daniel O'Dair, when he saw the work; and he said nothing when he saw the boy, but all his nature smiled.

They called the lad Donald Sherwood. So Daniel shook his hand, and declared it was "awfully good," meaning the work. Within he felt both the boy and the work to be "good."

It was like the night when he had found the Infinite. What he now found was the Serene.

III. THE WALK ON THE FLUME.

ANOTHER night, and moonlight.

The class made an excursion over the Presidio, to the fresh-water flume which runs beside cliffs of sand overlooking the ocean.

Twelve figures, single file, marched the narrow-boarded path, high in air. Waves broke below,—all along, all along.

The goal was the beach, to which they would presently drop, and a camp fire and a song and a feast to follow. So any bit of dry wood which the cliff furnished was seized by one or another, some vanishing up and down gullies, to fall into rank as branch-bearers.

And they tramped, and the full moon led the way.

The fire was built in a cove made by rocks running into the sea. Its red light made the head of Donald Sherwood stand out like a reincarnation,—the spirit of a head in the air, the body being lost in shadow. He sat on a rock in the background, and leaned forward to watch the flames. It was a head of short, curling auburn hair, calm blue eyes, and piquant yet manly features; about the lad such an atmosphere of serenity as the old masters give us in their portraits.

Unlike Daniel O'Dair, Donald worked constantly. Even now he was sketching the group about the fire.

Daniel waited for some imperious impression, and often wrestled in emptiness and dejection of spirit, by humor and sympathy subduing restlessness, yet, through constantly renewed *abandon* to the large thought, bearing upon him the brand of the eternal peace. While Donald never doubted his art, it was to him like the love of a man's mother,—unquestioned. It was the

reflection of all he saw, with himself back of it for quietness and beauty.

The fire burned low. The last thwang of the guitar sounded. Way over there on the horizon of the waters the moon was near its setting.

The return march would be with it at their backs.

IV. FAREWELL TO THE PRESIDIO.

It was early morning upon the Presidio, the dry grass gray-brown with the rime of the dew, its sweep broken by the red clay road which wound the slope. One could have bathed in the fog floating from the ocean to hide the Marin County hills.

Daniel O'Dair and Donald Sherwood came out of the fog, and briskly climbed the fields. When they reached the top, they stood looking down the road. Said Daniel: "There! I found that I wanted to paint. I haven't done it. You know you have, and that you will. You'll go home and paint this very thing; while I,—I'll like what you do! But I'm going to paint. Over the seas we'll see the old things, and then we'll come back and paint."

He zigzagged down the road, his hands in his pockets, rattling small coin. "I'm drunk with the thought of getting away. I've been bound to the ten, ten cents, and the five, five cents, and the beastly copper coin" —

He drew coin from his pockets, and dropped one by one. "I've done with my bonds."

Donald walked behind, and carefully gathered the coin. "Yes, you're drunk," said he. "We'll need it over there. We'll want photographs."

The sun came out, and scattered the fog. The rolling Marin County hills, dry-grass-covered, shone like great nuggets of Etruscan gold.

"An omen!" cried Daniel. "Gold to return to! It is the way I shall paint her, this old Presidio,—brown, golden."

"Farewell, as old and a younger earth than we shall see" —

LOVE OF MAN.—I. THE VOYAGE.

SHE went out under a lowering sky,—the ‘Pembroke,’ bound from New York to Antwerp.

A crowd strained the rope stretched near the end of the wharf, this crowd eagerly scanning the crowd on board.

November blew the first snow-storm against raised umbrellas, and skirts went seaward; handkerchiefs fluttered and flapped; the great black bulk of the ship moved slowly, majestically; the scene radiated the vital,—telepathic currents must have passed between the two humanities, the departing and those who strained after.

Busy little tugs snorted through the storm, leading this great leviathan to the sea. She turned amid-stream, distance hiding her people. And the crowd ashore relaxed, went cityward, facing the driving snow.

How Daniel and Donald revelled in the ocean! They were used to the sea. Yet to be living on her!

They lay on the deck those cold clear days, wrapped in rugs, watching the sun glint on the waters. The sparkle seemed to say a distinct word, as though all the fishes flashed to the surface with “joy.”

They walked the deck o’ starry nights. They would pace back and forth, silent for hours, uplifted; for the stars said “life.”

Nothing phenomenal disturbed this voyage. It was the time of storms, but no storms came. What happened was the close-knit-ting of two pure and virile souls, as the ship plunged through the space of waters.

Afterward it was a memory, a dream of a great security of wooden bulk, ever driving on,—wind in their faces, the twinkling of the sun on the waters or its inky swells at night, the monotonous saw of the engines, and through all a gladness of companionship.

“There’s no coin-casting bitterness here,” said Daniel.

“There was none in the Presidio,” said Donald, with a laugh.

“He has no bitterness,” Daniel thought.

II. UN PETIT APPARTEMENT A DEUX.

ANTWERP to land in, with its market, its dog-carts, cathedral chimes, and the Rubens Family in St. Jacques. Then Paris, and the students' 'Hôtel de l'Univers et du Portugal' (*sic*) and the Julian atelier, and the search for a little apartment in the Latin Quarter, found off the Boulevard St. Michel, on a street letting to sudden quiet. The house had once been a residence, a small "hôtel," as they say. There was a high stone wall, holding a gate, within which was a square court, with the *concièrge's* lodge near the gate.

Daniel O'Dair and Donald Sherwood had the apartment third story back, overlooking an old garden, amply treed. The door of the apartment opened to a very small brick-paved anteroom, to the left of which was a still smaller kitchen, with sink and French stove for charcoal fires. Going directly through the anteroom, there was the surprise of a well-sized salon with an alcove, and on the garden side two long windows, and to the right of the salon a bedroom.

For the winter they were to live here, the old *concièrge* doing their chores, and various *cafés* and *laiteries* furnishing their dinners.

The salon saw lively times. It became a gathering-place for the Americans. And it saw work, too. Donald stuck to the class. Daniel went less frequently. He did a lot of walking, and had many a model in this salon which overlooked the garden. However, he grew restless. The feeling of the place (Paris) sunk him. His friend's presence was his buoy. This soul shone pure.

The lad was on the verge of a fever, and in the spring they tried Barbizon.

One morning Daniel rose with: "*Au revoir*, old fellow. I'm a vanishing point. I go to Italy to-night. Put my dress-coat in camphor, and join me in Venice."

"Oh, don't bother about your dress-coat. I'll give it to the poor, but I'll pack your masterpieces!"

III. VENETIAN DAYS.

DANIEL O'DAIR to Donald Sherwood :—

Dear Fellow,—I'll truthfully admit that Venice was — a sad disappointment.

It was all my heart could have asked as we came into sight of it, — a beautiful blue-gray silhouette seen over the expanse of pale rose-colored gray marshes.

And how excited I was! I leaned out of a window, first one side, then the other; and then, as we drew nearer, the factories about the station made the air heavy and dull with smoke. There was the harsh jar of a machine-shop, the noise of the train, the hurry of the station — and the Grand Canal in the full glare of sunlight, — the sunlight of a most dreadful day. All I saw was shabbiness. And, when the gondolier called the names of the palaces, I would not look. As we ran into the open lagoon, and I knew that St. Mark's was right beside me, I looked off over the hot lagoon. I could not bear *that* should not be all I had hoped.

So I got to the Casa Kirsch, and, to give it every chance, took a room facing the Riva.

And I sat a breathless hot hour, looking through a crack in the blind. And it grew more and more beautiful.

Then I went to luncheon.

Hot as it was, I wandered up and down and over bridges and through the *calles*, until I reached the post-office. And by that time I was quite stirred by Venice.

I spent another two hours going about; and, after returning way up to the Casa Kirsch, I could not resist it longer. I tore down, fifteen minutes before dinner, and walked round St. Mark's and home again. And, oh! it's grown worse and worse. And now I have almost decided to stay three months in Venice, and I do not see how I am ever to leave all this beauty.

There are several of the Paris fellows here, and I am pig enough to wish they were not.

Daniel O'Dair.

Venetian days,— cut pomegranates, carmine and old gold, veined subtly by all color and hung against a sky. Is this sky gray, or gold, or blue?

SEPARATION.—I. THE RETURN.

THE ferry from the Overland train crossed from Oakland pier to San Francisco wharf. The sun dropped out of the Golden Gate and Mt. Tamalpais grew deeply purple, while the waters of the Bay kept up a chameleon change with the varyings of the sky.

As evening grayed, lights shone over the hilled city and ships at her wharves silhouetted,— hulls and crowded masts.

Landing sounds — the shout of the approach, tinkling signal bells, clinking run of chains over fastening wheels — were so vivid to two on board that they remained branded, marked out of the confusion of things heard in a lifetime.

The chains clink, clinked over the wharf's wheels. The ferry lunged to place, and the piles groaned.

Daniel O'Dair and Donald Sherwood rushed upon the wharf and ran into their own city.

II. A SERENE NIGHT.

IN the heart of that studio quarter at the foot of Chinatown there is a building which was once a hall for concerts. Straight from the street a wide stairway ascends to an unlighted hall. Opening into this is a spacious oblong room.

Here Daniel O'Dair established himself.

The day's work done, he was stretched before an open log fire. February kept chilly nights.

There was only the firelight, so the shadows played at mystery. Long working-tables ran the length of the room. Here and there upon the walls a cast shone out of the general dimness, and in one corner the firelight found the green plumage of a parrot asleep in its cage. It also played over an arm-chair in which sat Donald Sherwood. His red hair made a gold note to the parrot's green.

Before the darkness fell, they had been looking at a Max Klinger drawing,— a dead mother with the new child seated upon her chest, innocent and unimpressed beginning of life.

The drawing lay upon the hearthstone. "Death," said Daniel, "how small this sort of incident makes it! A picture of this kind robs me of my freedom, my privilege to conceive mystery as large and awful. Here is centred pain, blindness, mute anguish, nothingness."

Donald said: "I cannot realize death. I have never been near it, touched by it through any one for whom I have cared.

"I suppose I am still a child in the acceptance of things as they are. I have been taught beliefs in another world and I have been taught to pray; and all that is beautiful and unquestioned. But going to another world seems far away, when I am old, a distant time that I realize no better."

"It is hardly more real to me," replied Daniel. "My look at death is dramatic, the mystery large and awful."

"If I did realize it," said Donald, "I believe it would mean not mystery, but beatific clearness. I have not seen gloom here, then death should suggest radiant light."

For long they sat, looking into the firelight.

"To-morrow will be Sunday. Will you walk to the light-house?" Daniel asked.

III. A TRAGIC DAY.

A GLORIOUS day, sharp and clear, and the whole world new swept by the north wind. That violater had come toward morning, and still blew white caps on the indigo water of the Bay. Tamalpais cut the sky with the hardness of a glacier.

At 9 A.M. the Saucelito ferry landed Daniel and Donald in Marin County, and they betook themselves to the hills. Walking against the wind, hands pressed caps tight or doffed them to let the wind plaster their hair to their heads.

They grew excited, ran like young animals, played leap-frog.

The little farms showed a population blown daft: hens fluttered,

their feathers all a-blow; horses ran to the utmost limit of their enclosures, rearing and sending forth loud neighs; even the cows essayed to run,—possessed.

And the world grew more coldly clear under the besom of the north wind.

They had climbed and run down many a hill, when upon a last rise they heard the sound of the waters and felt the full sea-breeze strike them.

Here was a lagoon, the sea running in between hills. A stretch of sand divided this from the ocean.

They climbed a fence and descended upon a camp of Mexican hunters who lay in groups under an awning of boughs. The men gave them *buenos días*, and they passed, coming to a clear sweeping beach upon which the waves were rolling with a beautiful immensity. It was overpowering to these lovers of the sublime. Their young animal friskiness was suddenly subdued.

They stood elemental.

Daniel kept upon the sands, watching one great wave after another curl and slap the shore.

Donald wandered to the base of the cliffs which from the hill-tops sheered to the ocean. He felt his way along the rocks. The waters broke with boom and dashing spray. It was a furious scene, — cold sun, steel sea, wild wind-scattering spray,— as the great rollers sucked the kelpy sea-weeds from the rocks.

Apparently serene, the boy walked just over it all; but there must have been some inner tremor, for, when he tried to span a chasm between the rocks, his foot slipped. At the moment a wave struck. Like a huge serpent, it ran into the gorge, sucking down the kelp and bearing out the boy.

IV. THE DEAD FRIEND.

NIGHT, and the north wind gone; spent waters softly caressing the shore. They had placed him under the awning of boughs and covered his form with a blanket, top to toe. The Mexicans

squatted without, pitiful watchers ; while all the night Daniel stood erect by one of the posts, his arms twisted backward about it. And the waters said no comfort.

NIGHT OF THE SOUL.—I. A VANQUISHED WRESTLER.

DAYS had come and gone, unmarked.

They had laid young Donald away ; and Daniel was alone, “in solitude worse than death,” he said, “for death has its hopeful chances.”

One day he had wandered to the camping-ground below the flume. Long since the tide had swept all trace of the ashes of their camp-fire, but the rocks stood sentinel about the cove.

He sat upon one of them, head bowed, dead to the joy of the sea.

There was no taste to the world.

What moved men to do ? Why had he ever wished to paint ? Such thoughts drifted before him, inarticulate, unformulated, unargued. He had started upon this walk with some idea of the regeneration of the open air ; but now he sat, held to the rock by dull burdensome pain, forging chains which bound him to the spot. Why rise ? Why not sit forever, looking upon these grains of sand ; and he began to count them,—one, two, three. Suddenly a fog drifted over all. The water was wiped out, only a muffled lapping could be heard upon the shore. Over those million grains of uncounted sand lay the fog. And the beach winds sang :—

Whe-ew ! Why !
Rise and fly !
Whe-ew ! Whei !
Fly ! Fly !

II. FLIGHT.

HE bounded upon the flume in the blind fog, ran its narrow length up the Presidio, through the city, until he came to Chinatown.

The late afternoon fog had invited the lighting of street lamps, which shone upon damp color,—rags of gorgeous hue, reds, yellows, blues, drawn across curtainless windows; old shutters taking beautiful tones of olive-green; decorative signs in golds and red, golds and green, golds and white; balconies painted green, and red, gold, yellow; great lanterns suspended; little canopies overhead,—a swoop of color. The black or dark blue robed figures, wide-trousered, loose-bloused, bell-hatted, went slipping up and down the hills; and bits of children, stuffed out with gay clothes, rolled about curbstones, like bright worsted balls.

As ever, the life of color arrested Daniel O'Dair. He walked slowly down the hill, and entered one of the Joss Houses. His instinct for the decorative tried to medicine him.

His eye had been caught by a figure near the door, an old, old man, wearing a leathern apron, and cobbling, and a dark stairway for background. It was up these stairs Daniel went to the Fane.

Here were splendid brass bowls of smouldering punk, incensed to the imaged gods; dark green and gold banners, old, old, rusty and beautiful; before them a martial array of steel spears. High up hung splendid embroideries; and the intricate wood-carving, gold-tarnished, had its edges tenderly tooled.

All this he had loved; but, as he stood before it, a strange coldness came over him. Turning, he slowly descended the stair, passed the old man, who never raised his wrinkled face, and went quietly toward his studio. A rhyme kept running through his head,—

“A wrinkled wind Confucius sent
From the æoned stores of the Orient.”

Chinatown, like the whole of his past, had slipped its charm. Instead of being live with color, it was dank with opium and mummified vice.

III. THE WORLD SHUT OUT.

OFF the north Atlantic coast there is an isle.

A twelve miles' sail from the mainland, and a piece of earth, three and a half miles long by one and a half wide, makes a world.

There might be no other when you stand upon Monhegan. The beginning is here, the large design of first things.

For generations fisher-folk have dwelt upon the protected side. The other stands primeval,—rocky cliffs, higher by line than in truth; along the coast, monster rocks dropped upon the sea; Deep, dark forests of pine scattered over the isle, and fields of high grass, pathless. And the lashing Atlantic, the wide waters, with the sky over all.

Think of the sky at night over Monhegan and the sea.

It is at noon that this island is so young,—the sky blue without a fleck; the reflecting waters foaming upon bold cliffs which jut, unatmosphered; the velvety blue-green of forests seen across hollows and sweeps where tall grass waves.

Stars by night, the sun by day, repeat,—

“And God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night.
And the evening and the morning were the first day.”

DAWN.

DANIEL O'DAIR had summered and wintered in Monhegan.

One morning he was upon a height which on one side commanded the sea, and on the other looked down into the island's sheltered harbor.

He had come to paint the morning upon the ocean. As he looked over the pulsating sea, a fisher-boat hove in sight. She came prettily, nearer and nearer to the isle, her white sail swollen with wind. Like a gull, she swam the point beneath him, and grounded on the pebbly shore.

The fisherman went overboard and beached the boat just where a woman stood for greeting. Three children raced the beach, the

smallest landing between the man's legs, to duck its head the other side, in fun. The others piled into the boat, and threw out the red fish.

Daniel O'Dair looked into the harbor with its group of souls, then over the sea where the man had trusted himself for bread.

On the horizon the rifted sky was receiving a flush. As the red ball of the sun rose, and day broke, light shot through Daniel O'Dair.

He knew life, that he could live it,—the birth of the gift of being.

A feeling seized him, of hope, of gayety,—as he jumped the rocks to the shore,—

I'm not playing fair,
Sang Daniel O'Dair.

Eleanor B. Caldwell.



ON THE HIGHLANDS

(PA VIDDERNE).

BY HENRIK IBSEN.

[IBSEN, while rebelling with the intensity of his soul against the sordid tendencies of a compromising materialistic life, yet felt the hopelessness of an idealism which, centred in itself, is but a form of fanaticism. This little epic, written in the poet's younger days (1856), and instinct with dramatic incident, pathos, and scenic beauty, is a symbolical expression of this feeling; though, as usual with Ibsen, the mystic and the mystifier, much is left for the reader to interpret according to his idea. A Norwegian youth, yearning for the mountains, finds life there so inspiring that he might well remain, were it not for his mother and betrothed love down in the valley. Then he meets with a mysterious hunter, the Mephistopheles of the poem, whose frigid eye and mind scorn the lowland life. This stranger lays a spell upon him, which he vainly struggles to resist. Gradually, though with various relapses, he yields to the freezing cynicism of his tempter, and tramples under foot.

as mere sentimentalism, all ordinary duty and affection, until, finally, with his "love-dream shattered," his "life's tree cracked," "his heart turning to stone," he looks coldly down from his icy heights upon the lowland, with its "plodders."

Ibsen again, ten years later (1866), in his famous drama, 'Brand,' recurred with riper thought to a kindred theme, very differently treated. Even the efforts of a Titanic Brand, although a withering protest against that half-heartedness and paltry spirit of compromise which results in a fragmentary and colorless life, necessarily led, because unconsecrated by love, to the snowfields of sublime but barren idealism.—H. E.]

I.

THE wallet o'er my shoulder cast,
The rifle in my hand,
The damper closed, the latch made fast
(A willow twig the band),
Then to my lowly cottage near,
My mother love to see ;
A grasp of hand, a word of cheer :
"I shall return : wipe off the tear !
Till then God's peace with thee !"

Up led my narrow, winding way
'Mong groves of pine ; and soon,
In misty deep, the vale and bay
Lay silvered by the moon.
I passed my neighbor's in the clear
And tranquil summer night ;
Then sudden, in the hedges near,
A sound of trinkets struck my ear,
A tinkle clear and light.

And there in snowy white she stood,
And greeted me that hour.
And she was sweet as she was good,
Fresh as a mountain flower.

Half smiled her eyes,— the deep and blue,—
Half asked, as mine they met.
I smiled like her ; and, with a leap,
I reached her side, my joy to reap.
But then her eyes were wet.

Around her waist I wound my arm,
Then flushed and paled her face.
“ My love ” I called her, and “ my charm ” ;
Her bosom heaved and sunk apace.
I swore that she was mine, my best,
My first in joy or grief.
And she looked down, she knew no rest,
The trinkets tinkled on her breast,
She trembled like a leaf.

She begged me gently. I let go.
As we were wont, we played.
Loud beat my heart ; my blood did glow
With love to that sweet maid.
I urged ; and, with resistance slight,
She silent followed me.
And then methought in gathering night
I heard a sob of elf and sprite,
That laughed beneath the tree.

And we went up the winding way
’Mong groves of pine ; and soon,
In misty deep, the dale and bay
Lay silvered by the moon.
Upon a ledge — she half in fright —
We sat, and looked below.
We whispered in the mellow night.
The woods were dark, the moon was bright,
And all my soul aglow.

I drew her gently to my side,
 She rested on my knee.
And thus it was I won my bride,
 While laughed the trolls with glee.
And, though they laughed, I did not care.
 I only breathed her name.
No grinning goblin now could scare.
I only knew that she was fair,
 And felt her trembling frame.

II.

I lay upon the mountain, turned
 Towards the morning glow.
The snowfields gleamed, the glaciers burned,
 The vale was dim below.
Amid its shades I scarce could see
 My mother's lowly cot.
There she had worked, a busy bee ;
And there my mind grew strong and free,
 And what more I know not.

And, lo ! in sunny morning air,
 The smoke above her roof !
Methinks I see her wandering there,
 Among the bleaching woof.
Dear mother, ever thus astir,
 God bless thee from above !
There's hunting on the mountain spur :
I'll bring thee soon a handsome fur,
 And two, three, for my love.

And where is she? She dwells, perchance,
 In dreams of rosy hue ;
Remembers naught of our short trance.
 Dream, dream it once anew !

But, if awake, put it aside,
Forget it as do I !
Be sure thou art my bonny bride !
Then sew thy wedding-dress, and bide :
The waiting church is nigh.

Though it be ever hard to part
From those we love, at length
All longing to the hungry heart
Is but a bath of strength.
How calm, how strong, as if anew
My heart had taken root !
An aimless life, half-souled, untrue,
A life of weakness and of rue,
I trample under foot !

Each passion wild, each craven fear,
I drive from out my breast.
I am so well, I feel so near
Myself and God, the blessed.
One glance again upon the place
In silvered vale below,
Then up the crags to reindeer chase !
Farewell, ye two that I embrace !
Now up towards the snow !

III.

The western sky was yet aglow,
And flushed the peaks o'erhead ;
But in the valley far below
The misty shadows spread.
My eye was dim, my foot was sore,
And full of thoughts my mind.
The abysses darkened more and more,
A tint of blood the heather wore,
And shivered in the wind.

I broke a heather, fiery red,
And stuck it in my cap.
Below a bush I made my bed,
To rest in Nature's lap.
And thoughts came flocking in a throng,
Like folk on church-way road.
They met and mingled all along,
They tried and judged of right and wrong,
And solemn onward strode.

Ah ! could I reach thee with a bound,
My bloom on broken stem,
I'd lay me, like a faithful hound,
Before thy garment's hem ;
I'd swim into thine eyes, and find
My cleansing in their light ;
I'd crush in scorn, to dust I'd grind,
The troll that false bewitched my mind
Down yonder yesternight ;

And, flushed with strength, I'd rise and pray
A prayer to God above
For blessed sunlight every day
Upon thy path, my love ! —
But no ! for that am I too strong,
For that too young of day.
I know a better thing, and long
And pray that she may meet a throng
Of hardships on her way.

Where'er she pass, bid torrents meet
And tear her bridge in wrath,
Bid prickles sting her dainty feet,
Make steep her mountain path.
I'll lift her on my sturdy arm
Above the torrent's might,
My breast shall be her saving charm.

There try to do my darling harm,
And be prepared for fight !

IV.

From the southland came He hither,
Over waters deep and wide.
Bodeful thoughts around his temples
E'er, like northern lights, abide.

Tears are mingled with his laughter ;
And his lips, though silent, speak,
But in mystery, as the breezes
To the pines and mountain peak.

And that ice-cold eye, and gloomy,—
It is bottomless, I know,
As the darkling glacier-guarded
Mountain tarn that's fed with snow.

Heavy birds of thought are swooping
O'er its mirror. In their trail
Sudden comes the rushing storm-wind.
Save yourself then ! Down the sail !

Here we met upon the highlands,
He with hounds and I with gun ;
And a bond was made between us,
Which I keep, although I shun.

V.

"Why that longing, when it darkens,
To thy mother ? Where's the loss ?
Do you sleep below the cover
Better than upon the moss ?" —

"Ah ! at home, upon my bedstead,
Mother spinning sat with me,

Spinning, singing, till in dreamland
I was playing, happy, free." —

"Dreams and dreams! — But why this dreaming?
Better far are real things.
Better drain life's foaming goblet
Than to dream what nothing brings.

"O'er the highland fly the reindeer.
Follow them through wind and snow!
Better this than breaking stones from
Unproductive soil below!" —

"But I hear the church bell ringing
O'er the valley, clear and strong!" —
"Let it ring then, let it ring then.
Better far the cataract song!" —

"She and mother, with their hymn-book
Wrapped in cloth, are on their way." —
"There are better things, believe me,
Than to plod to church and pray!" —

"Sweetly peals, within, the organ,
Bright the altar candles glow."
"Mightier far the mountain thunder!
Brighter far the sunlit snow!"

Then come on! In storm or sunshine
E'er the snowy mountain waves!
Let him plod to church who wishes,
Higher up my yearning craves.

VI.

Cow-bells tinkle down the slope from
Herds returning in the Fall.
They shall change their highland's freedom
For a life within — a stall!

Soon the tapestries of winter
Hang in folds from rocky walls ;
Soon the snow will block the pathways.
I must home before it falls !

Home ! Have I a real home, then,
Where no longer dwells my soul ?
He has taught my heart oblivion :
I shall seek a higher goal.

Life to-day has other cravings
Than to grub in lowly dell.
Here my thought grows strong and stronger.
On the highlands will I dwell.

All my wealth into this simple,
Empty pasture-hut is brought.
I have wooden chair and hearthstone,
I have views for widening thought !

Witchcraft lures you in the darkness :
Wary hunter 'scapes the harm.
Tempt me ! Tempt me ! I shall conquer.
He has taught me now the charm.

Winter life on rugged highlands
Steels the weakened heart and brains :
Here no soft and mellow twitter
Courses sickly through the veins.

And, if steeled enough ere springtime,
I will bring them both to me,
Lift them from the lowland drudgery
To the lofty mountains, free ;

Teach them both my new-born wisdom,
Make them spurn their lowly home.
Soon on glacier-girdled highlands
They will learn, as I, to roam !

VII.

Here through weary weeks I've lingered,—
Cannot ever feel above
Haunting memories that assail me.
Down I must to those I love!

Only a day, and from my mother,
And, my bonny bride, from thee!
Up again to lofty realms that
In the spring will harbor three!

Out, then! Whew, the whistling snow-storm!
All too late my journey now.
Winter roars upon the highland.
Every path is blocked, I trow.

And weeks passed on. I grew strong and cold,
No more to my longing I listened.
The stream was hid by an icy fold,
The full moon shone upon snow and wold,
And the stars waxed large and glistened.

I was too well for drowsy sleep:
When touched by the morning kisses,
I flew with many a daring leap,
As free as thought, o'er field and steep,
Till checked by plunging abysses.

In yawning deep lay that valley fair.
I heard a sound as of singing;
It floated mild on the morning air.
Somewhere before I had heard that air.
I knew it! The church bells ringing!

They rang for Christmas, they rang with might.
How sweet the old bells' pealing!

My neighbor's dwelling appeared so bright,
From mother's window shone out a light
That strangely kindled my feeling.

My humble home at the mountain-side,
How rich with sweet recollections !
Up here was highland, rugged and wild ;
Below, my mother and bonny bride,
And thither strove my affections.

An icy laughter I sudden heard :
My mystic Hunter,— none other !
He had read my secret. “ Upon my word,
Methinks my friend is somewhat stirred !
That cosey home and the mother ! ”

And soon again I had steeled my arm,
And mastered my weak temptation.
The mountain winds had a cooling charm,
And Christmas tokens no more could harm
Nor hasten my heart's pulsation.

Then shone a light with a strange display
Round mother's house in the valley.
At first it seemed like the dawn of day ;
Then whirled the smoke, and a flickering ray
Flared forth with a sudden sally.

It flamed and crackled, lurid and red !
With pain I shrieked, and with yearning.
“ Why all this alarm ? ” the Hunter said.
“ What if that cabin, the poor old shed,
With cat and yule-ale be burning ? ”

He spoke so wisely, I gazed below.
How icy his consolation !
He saw, admiring, the flaring glow
Into the mellowing moonlight flow :
What splendid illumination !

He even looked through the hollowed hand
For a better view. How clever !
A song was heard o'er Gletcherland :
My mother's spirit ! Her mortal band
Was loosed, I knew it, forever !

"Peaceful in trial, peaceful and kind ;
Peace thy life's sweetening leaven.
Gently we bear thee, immortalized mind,
O'er the valley and snowfields, to find
Thy Christmas joy in heaven !"

And gone was the Hunter, and dark the night ;
And my heart,— my heart a damnation.
I felt a burden, a withering blight.
And yet, I must own it, it was a sight,—
That twofold illumination !

VIII.

Midsummer shone over mount and dell.
The sun-rays gleamed and trembled.
The bell was ringing,— the Christmas bell ;
And many people, I saw it well,
Upon the high road assembled.

From my neighbor's farm-yard they filed away,
And passed the birch at the turning.
And they were merry, I vow, and gay.
With smiles of gall, on my ledge I lay,
My tears in the breezes burning.

Methought a laughter of biting jeer
Came darting, winged with a feather.
Methought I noticed a song of sneer.
I leaned o'er the ledge, I crushed my tear,
I tore up the blushing heather.

The bride, how stately, as rang the bell,
She rode her horse through the alley !
Her locks, the golden, how rich they fell
Down to her waist ! I knew them well.
From that last night in the valley.

She passed the brooklet. She rode in glee
Beside her husband. How splendid !
Then had I sorrowed my heartache free :
No other struggle was left for me,
And all my trials were ended.

I looked triumphant upon the land :
The scenery was effective,
The cavalcade like a glistening band !
I looked again through my hollow hand,
To gain a better perspective.

The flaunting garments in gorgeous line,
Purpled and tinsel-spattered ;
The bride, the fairy, who once was mine ;
The church with hymns and with sacred wine ;
My love-dream forever shattered !

All that viewed I with a tranquil mien
From higher plains of existence.
A clearer light illumined the scene.
But that is not for the herd, I ween,
That grovels with dull persistence.

Then of a sudden I heard from behind
That Hunter's icy laughter,
" Meseems, my friend, you have conquered your mind.
I came to cheer you, but now I find
You need me no more hereafter."

All fear for me you may now dispel.
But thanks for your kind application !

My veins no more with emotion swell,
And in my heart I can notice well
All signs of petrification.

My final potion gave me the crown.
No more I tremble and shiver.
My life's tree cracked, my sail came down —
But, lo ! how lovely her purple gown
'Mong birches that sway and shiver !

They gallop homeward in joy, but now
They disappear in the hollow.
My sweetest memory, live happy thou !
All mine I offered unto my vow
Of a higher life than they follow.

My heart is steeled, on the highland sod
I wander above the others.
Farewell forever to lowland clod !
Up here is freedom, up here is God ;
Down yonder, the plodders.

Translated from the Norwegian by Hjalmar Edgren.



BY JUNE SEAS.

BECAUSE there was a young bride in the family, the Norchills were at the seashore early this year. The youthful and very contented Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Norchill rolled smoothly across the continent from California in the last week in May. Since their October wedding at New York, they had made of life a series of pleasure excursions. Did not Archie need a vacation ? During the three years since he had left college he had been in business, sitting at his desk regularly enough to please his father, and confidently enough to reassure his mother's anxious, "You're quite sure you understand all that great business ?"

"He was a pride, an exception," the parents murmured.

His heart had gone right, too. This little girl from France was so sweet, gentle, refined; she was *naïveté* itself; her quick glances, odd little gestures, and wondering questions amused them so much, and at the same time flattered the Americans, who explained things, and suggested. Then she was a great match, the daughter of a *comte*, while Archibald's grandfather — No matter. His portrait, hanging in the Fifth Avenue mansion, shows a handsome man of distinguished appearance. It is a picture that they are all proud of.

Throughout this past season the Norchills have been quite excited. "We are lost in love of our *petite comtesse*," Mrs. Percival explained.

"The children" flashed over America in luxury, viewing the mountains, the plains, the fields, and the woods. They made jests about the "natives," and noted wonderingly how a man's occupation left its distinctive mark, its stoop, its swing, its bulge, or its narrowness. The bride looked critically over her husband. There was no mark, and the daughter of the *comte* was glad.

The "old people" met them at the station of a little town on the northern coast. It was a town that had wavered for years. Should it be a great fishing and shipping port, or should it be a great summer resort? Each winter the hardy men of the sea were lords. Each summer the gayly decked men and women and children of fashion drove them to silence, reverent and aping or sullen and scornful.

Now the Percival Norchills had a grievance. That *this* should come just now to annoy the bride! "This" was one result of the famous April storm, an item of the year's news that they had nearly forgotten. One thing, however, Mr. Norchill recalled clearly: he had ordered that his cottage be repaired and made ready for them before June, and now — they must blurt it out — the cottage was not ready for them. Most exasperating! But the handsome groom laughed.

"Troubles," he cried musically, "are but material for new jests to the happy married ones."

Early in the afternoon they left the hotel, the young couple ahead, the old people following, watching over a little boy and girl, grandchildren, whose father was in Europe. The day was a perfect one. The June roses were budding in the little gardens set before the boatmen's houses. Soon the breath of the sea came on stronger and sweeter. They turned, and the ocean lay before them, with only a ribbon of sand between,—the ocean leaping in the sunlight of June, laughing and calling to them. The bride was silent for joy.

"But you, picking fruit over there in California, got no idea what this storm was," called the old banker. "The worst of the century. And it swept the coast from Maine to"—

"Why, the whole beach is altered, cut to new lines! See that bay up there!" Young Archibald was amazed.

"But the bathing is better than ever, they tell me," the father averred. And, as he came up, he pointed down past the line of pretty cottages, many of which were ringing loud now to the tune a hammer makes when the carpenter works by the sea in June.

"Look there," he said. "There's compensation,—that eyesore is gone. That row of huts and hovels is washed off the beach."

"Huts and hovels," murmured the bride; and the groom, fearing that the words had a hazy meaning to her, explained, "Uh—houses,—homes—Mimi."

"Oh, not homes, Archibald!" protested his mother. "My dear, down there where the sand pushes out to sea now, it ran inland last year; and facing the little bay there sprawled a row of dingy, weather-stained structures,—what we call shanties. There the poorest fishermen and boat-builders lived. They would spread their nets all over the beach to mend and patch; and so not only were they most unsightly, doubtless unhealthful neighbors, but, besides, they barred a portion of the beach from us. But for these people the place would have seemed given to us to make for all health and cheer and poetry. When the cottagers return and find those hovels gone, there will be a jubilation!"

"But the men,—where have the men moved?" queried the young bride.

"Away from earth." As he said it, the banker filled his chest with the bracing air. His cheeks glowed, his eyes sparkled with the beauty and joy of that June day. Life was good, breathing happiness.

"You must try to realize that this was a most wonderful storm. Its victims number over three hundred; and, as for these fishermen, some were caught at sea, others went out with the life-savers. Only a few old men are here now."

They walked along silently for a minute, then the little bride spoke.

"I wonder where the women and children from these — hovels have gone. Or were there no wives, no children?"

"Women and children these fellows have always with them," cried the banker.

"They are cared for, they are cared for," muttered Archibald. "These people have societies and refuges and all that. They know that these accidents may strike home at them any day, and so they prepare."

"Look, here is our cottage, dear," said Mrs. Norchill. "You see, Archie, the whole front was battered in. Look, child, at that man! Isn't he a picture,—a giant? Can you see such men in France? He is a life-saver. What a Greek!"

"What an American!" exclaimed her husband. "And he will tell you how our cottage was demolished,—a story worth hearing, my children."

The lean giant in the uniform of the life-savers stood abashed and murmuring before the ladies and rich men of New York. He could not take it seriously, could not believe that they really wished to hear his story of the rough night. Yet he must tell something, since they insisted:—

"The schooner lay right out there, close in, though we couldn't see her for the snow, nor hear them for the wind and surf. We had seen her, and once in a while we thought we heard cries. Anyway, we knew she was there. The trouble was in launching the boat. There never was such a sea against us. We ran out eight

times, and were beaten back. Two of the little houses of the fishermen up the beach were washed away, and some of our helpers; and two of our men had to go and try to save the women, who were crazy about their things and about the men caught outside.

"We stopped trying. Then the snow blew away one second, and we saw the schooner: we even saw the men aboard her. The boat was run down the beach half a mile, and dashed off there. It was pitched back, and a man was lost. An old fisherman reminded the captain of a point further down. At last we carried her off there. We had a long row, and the hardest work the men had ever been through; but at last we found the schooner. Four men got to us: the others were lost, and one of our men went with them. We had to turn back; and the boat,—our old 'Bay Dog,'—well, she lost her head then."

The tall man pulled himself up short with an effort like that of a huge engine. The awkward consciousness, some of which had left him as the memories of that night flooded in, now returned. But there was something else that made him pause.

"How romantic it all was!" remarked Mrs. Norchill. "And see how lovely the ocean is now! The ship lay right out there, tossing; but you couldn't see it, and great, strong men were drowned. Why, I could swim out there!"

The old lady stretched out her beautiful arms. Their cheeks were fanned to a rich glow, and the charm of the scene and the day was too potent for them to fancy a storm.

But the life-saver could see vivid, flitting sketches from that night. As he talked, he had watched those men about the boat. How they looked, running by his side, carrying the heavy load! How comically the old fisherman had lumbered along!

During the last attempt to launch the boat his younger brother had fallen; and the sweet glow of thanksgiving warmed him again now, as he saw the picture of that fisherman pulling his brother up and over the side. What silenced him was the look on the men's faces, so worn, so brave, when the 'Bay Dog' lost her head. Twenty-one men! And he had looked in every face! How paint for these creatures of June those faces, the romance?

"And all up on this beautiful beach, and here where these children are digging in the sand, the water came! Even in the house,—over all the carpets!" Mrs. Norchill paused, and gazed at her grandchildren digging holes before her cottage.

"Don't dig so deep, Harold," she admonished.

"Then you were in the boat that came—up here?" asked Mrs. Norchill.

"Yes," said the man, slowly. "Our boat lost her head. We flew. The captain hollered once. There was a grinding, crunching, splintering!"

With a long arm, he directed their eyes to the Norchill cottage.

"The 'Bay Dog' tumbled between these first two posts, hit just this side of the big window, and west, on through into your—uh"—

"My morning-room!" cried Mrs. Norchill. "Good heavens, man! Why did you tell me this? Harold, don't dig a great hole there!"

The life-saver turned his head and watched the boy, who kept on busily digging.

"How many—how many were"—timidly whispered the little bride.

"Saved? Only two,—the captain and me. And his back—He won't ever"—

"Oh, don't tell us any more horrors!" commanded Mrs. Norchill. "Think! Right into my morning-room, Percival!"

The life-saver smiled grimly. He had no remorse for letting her know. Without thinking it out, he felt that it would not hit her hard. She would not sit in her morning-room and conjure up the picture of the storm and see that boat driven home. She would not turn from the window, and see twenty-two great men lying on the wreck of a life-boat, right in her morning-room.

He saw, this moment, his own brother sitting straight up, with something running through his side. And he could see all the faces he had peered into before he found Tom's. He saw all that noble crew dead on her carpet.

All these dark pictures were too far away from this woman's eyes. A rush of true pity for her was on him, as he thought how far,—as far from her as this bright June day was from that night of storm, as far as was her life from that of the old fisherman.

The old fisherman had not been found on the cottage floor. They had guessed that he had been swept back, out through the plate-glass window or through the hole made by the boat; for, when they found him on the beach — The memories of the life-saver were cut into by the boy's shrill cry.

"Look, grandma! Look, look, grandpa! I found this way down in the sand,—an old rag, like a coat-sleeve! See! But look here! Here's an old, worn-out boot!"

The little fellow had the eyes of all now, and danced about wildly. The bride gave a short little cry. Mrs. Norchill caught the boy by the shoulder.

"Drop those things, Harold! Drop 'em! Oh! oh! At my very door, Percival! Come, we'll go back to the hotel, Mimi! You look ill,—quite upset. Ah! you of the old French aristocracy! Your nervous system is weak, child."

The older woman took the white little bride by the arm comfortingly.

"You'll come right quickly. Just wait till it's a bit warmer. Then a few baths in our ocean, my dear! Just a little sea-bathing!"

Edward Broderick.



THE PRICE OF SIGHT.

HE felt that his heart had been torn asunder; for she he loved was dead. Dazed, he walked along the street with nervous, quick, uncertain steps. "If I could go to thee, love!" he kept whispering to himself.

A dirty little newsboy went past him; and, turning, he looked after the ragged, shivering little figure. The tears came into his eyes; and, wondering, he brushed them away and plodded on.

On a stone at the corner crouched a blind beggar. The stricken man passed close by and dropped a coin into the beggar's hat, then, hurrying on, dashed the tears again from his eyes, asking himself how he had noticed that miserable figure.

An hour later he returned. His step was lighter and more firm. His eyes shone with hope and triumph over sorrow. "I understand," he was repeating to himself. "I see. My heart was taken from me, and I look for it in each fellow-creature's face; and in each I find it!"

Edward Broderick.



A COUNTRY RAMBLE.

*My long trudge through the heat
Has made the scene more sweet.
The railroad track behind,
I wander with the wind
Beneath a prairie sky
Wide as the All-seeing Eye,
Filled with such melting hues
As might themselves diffuse
About the unblinded sight
Of Him whose life is light.*

O deep and silent sky,
Type of Infinity,
Pledge of Eternity,
Unconscious majesty
Glows in thy outstretched wings
That brood o'er man and things
With tender, yearning love,
Yet stoop not from above!

The showers have left the grasses meet
To bear unsoiled a fairy's shining feet.

Oh, never have I seen so subtle green,
That might be light but for its deeper sheen,
As threads the brookside now,
Nor witnessed waters flow
With such transparent bliss
Through light and shade as this.
Pure little streamlet, tell
From what far, hidden well
Thou pourest forth thy heart,
That I may learn thy art !

Those clouds of willows seem
To hang above the stream
As though their splendor grew
But from the upper view
Of its sweet purity.
All mystical, they lie
Upon its waving breast,
The type of life in rest.

*How is't I love thee so
But that thou art for me,
And I a part of thee ?
Dear Nature, let us grow !
This is God's world,
God's love's unfurled,
And nothing is forlorn.
In Nature's arms, faith cannot die.
God's world is good, and so am I :
'Tis well that I was born !*

J. Wiseman.



WILD ASTERS.

WE dwell in arid places :
We lift our starry faces
From the bleak cliff,
Poising so fairily,
Tossing so airily,
To the wind's whiff.

Fragile, but brave are we :
Nestling at Autumn's knee,
While her leaves fall,
We, with the goldenrod,
Along the highways nod
Welcome to all.

When falls the killing frost,
Count not our lives as lost :
We, for a while,
Dream o'er the happy past,
Look on the earth our last,
Die with a smile.

Danske Dandridge.



THE ART OF THE FUTURE.



THE fact most obvious in all the arts at the end of the century is the breaking up of the boundaries which distinguish them one from another. The second and equally obvious fact is that the exponents of this breaking up, who number all the important exponents of art at all, are none of them of the first technical importance.

Both these phenomena, which are symptoms of the transition, are perhaps most obvious in the art of music. In music it is

necessary to consider only Germany. France has had no composer who was more than interesting since Berlioz (César Franck I do not include as a Frenchman). In end-of-the-century Italy, Dom Perosi, who stands alone among a host of opera-writers, is more significant of the past than of the future; and those opera-writers themselves, of whom there are almost a dozen of the cleverest, are only more or less faithful followers of the great Verdi. There is something that is interesting in the new Italian music and in that of contemporary Paris; but they both give the impression of waiting for something, and of not themselves knowing quite what. In Germany it is different. There the forward impulse has followed to its logical conclusion the idea of Wagner, which attempted to make music articulate by means of words and to make it paint pictures without words. The present height of the last tendency is astonishing. It may be said broadly that all modern music is painting. At almost any concert one may hear a landscape done into tone, perhaps a moon-view or a river-scene. The river will burble in the wood-wind, or the moon will rise in soft arpeggj. The survival of the old forms in Brahms and César Franck, whose ideas were often modern enough, is only an exception to the general rule. If Wagner and Berlioz and Tchaikowsky portrayed emotions and landscapes in tone, the living Herr Richard Strauss has boldly attempted to portray ideas: music has gone from painting to metaphysic; and we may perhaps expect translations of Kant and Hegel after the manner of 'Also sprach Zarathustra.' Herr Strauss, as the boldest exponent of expression against formal beauty in music, is certainly, from the point of view of the future, quite the most important composer now living. He does not mind filling the earth with cacophonies, if he can manage at the same time to express a few ideas.

In the art of painting the point of interest is Paris; and, in Paris, Monet. In England there has been during the last half-century little of interest outside the pre-Raphaelite school, and that school has left no children. The same must be said of Böcklin in Germany, who, though individually more interesting than anything

that Paris has for many years had to show, was an isolated phenomenon. That, however, can only increase the admiration which we feel for this great man who was able in himself to put life into German art, and who may be said to show the new in the spirit of his work as Monet does in the execution. As there is nothing national in the work of American painters, we are compelled to say that we have great American artists, but no American art, unless perhaps Mr. Whistler will be willing to admit that *L'art d'Amérique, c'est moi!* In Paris it is obvious that Monet is, so far, the last word in painting. But it is equally obvious that his principle possesses no more than a transitional value. For Monet and his school have come to an *impasse*. In his attempt to represent absolutely the values of nature, he has, as far as it seems possible to succeed, succeeded. But this invention, in its almost mechanical carrying out by himself and his followers, has resulted in no art equal to the art of the old method. After Monet's invention, landscape cannot logically go back to its former station. It would be death to stay where he has left it, and just where it is going to advance it is difficult to see.

In literature there seems to be more solid accomplishment and less indication of the new than elsewhere. In England, Mr. George Meredith, who is certainly the greatest of English novelists, who is perhaps the most truly creative mind in English letters after Shakespeare and who to many not the least discerning seems the chief literary glory of nineteenth-century England, is now only a great memory and possession. Mr. Hardy's talent seems to become more and more obscured than clearer with time. His truly great work is now so continually mixed with bad that he is a writer to be admired with great reserves. Mr. Stephen Phillips, whose 'Marpessa' volume promised a gorgeous dawn in the land of Keats, has since then published two undramatic plays where a self-conscious striving after phrases produces only echoes of the greater dead. It is unnecessary to say anything about a number of very clever London writers, though Mr. Bernard Shaw is a playwright as witty as Oscar Wilde, and though Mr. Max Beerbohm, sadly

reminiscent of the great age gone by, still gives us at intervals too rare his embroidered *argot* of Petronius. In the cheapness of present-day English literature we can still look up to the one idol in the person of Mr. Henry James, who long ago made delicacy sublime, and who continues — in writings continually more subtile, more wonderful, and more unknown — to be our one writer of perfection. The other writers of English have no certainty of style at all.

In France much the same conditions hold as in England. What one sees there is the careful and conscientious use of worn-out methods, and the best things in French literature of the present are the reverse of new. M. Zola, who is still formidably at the head of French letters, at least in the eye of the world, works his method now as successfully as when he began. Between 'Thérèse Raquin,' the first successful example of it, and 'Fécondité' the last, there is really no essential difference at all. And one wonders if it is worth while to have produced so much *ennui* and to have gone such a little way. M. Zola stands for a great success which can justify itself entirely without the aid of the Graces. But he is not open to any new lights, and he is not considered by the younger writers among his countrymen to belong to literature at all. The lesser literary thrones at Paris are obviously occupied by MM. Bourget, Lemaître, and Anatole France. M. Brunetière stands alone. M. Bourget was never, I think, to Americans, anything but a novelist of *chic*; and he is no longer that, even to them. M. Lemaître's vigorous, neat, but never penetrating mind, which said, however, perfectly well what it had to say, seems now sadly weakened and dulled. Very much the same process, which is perhaps no more than the process of age, has affected M. France, who was associated, somewhat unaccountably to his American readers, with M. Lemaître in the Dreyfus *affaire*. M. Brunetière, who is more important than any of these gentlemen, continues to dogmatize and to prophesy. But, after his recent declaration that he is at last ready to accept the supernatural, he cannot be considered anything but a prophet of the past.

An obvious exception to the statement that there is nothing new in Paris is the existence of that school who are not recognized at all by their recognized fraternity, who do not lecture at Harvard, and who, seen from my far-off Cantabrigian divan, seem to me the most delightful of contemporary French writers. I allude to the *décadents*, to the *symbolistes*, to the *hydropaths*, to the *trombonistes*, to M. Gustave Kahn, to M. Jean Moréas, and the one hundred poets of Paris. I allude also to M. Péladan (or, if he should prefer his more Assyrian title, *Sár*). I allude to many others. Stéphane Mallarmé, the possessor of an exquisite talent, and a respectable member of this group, is lately dead. And we have for some time had to lament the death of its one man of genius, the one lyrical singer of France since Villon,—Paul Verlaine.

All these slaves of the opal, as one of their obscurest members proclaims them, with their one great man and their hundred pathetic poets, it is surely a fitting thing to admire. "How nice of them," one feels like saying, "to be so dear!" They have not produced a new art, but they have amused. "Children" Rénan called them: it is their fitting encomium. In that case, their prose representative, M. Huysmans, is assuredly, it must be said, a very bad child: we have to thank the strange pages of 'A Rebours' and of 'Là Bas' for a great deal of extraordinary corruption and for Apuleian phrases. But a change has come over M. Huysmans: he becomes *dévo*t, he becomes dull. As through the pages of 'En Route' and of 'La Cathédrale' I behold M. Huysmans disappearing in the shadow of the monastery, I am reminded that we cannot serve God and the Graces. And in his old manner M. Pierre Loti, tirelessly tooting his little horn, writes sad volumes of foreign lands, so that we are quite bored with the exotic. Japan palls upon us, and we find only *cnnui* in the southern seas.

I have not thought it necessary to say anything of the literature of contemporary Germany, of Russia, or of America. In Germany, although Herr Hauptmann, Herr Sudermann, and the others, each in his very different field, are of the greatest interest

and importance, yet these writers are, for the most part, indebted for their tradition either to Norway or to Paris,—especially to Norway. And the modern Norwegian school, with Ibsen at its head, has done its work, and so does not enter into the discussion of the future. In Russia, as in Norway with Ibsen, so we come to the close of an era with the old age of Tolstoy ; and there is no indication of the next. In Italy, D' Annunzio stands alone ; but the purity of his art cannot be appreciated by the Anglo-Saxon readers of this magazine, as the music of his style cannot be heard by one who does not read his tongue.

Of contemporary America, really nothing need be said. A discussion which concerns itself only with the altitudes of literature cannot descend to the enumeration of magazine writers whose chief point of interest is the record of their sales, and whose only critic is Mr. Howells. To Mr. Howells be it left to distinguish between a dozen different kinds of mediocrity, and to tell us how many "poets" there are on the western side of the Mississippi and how many on the eastern.

As we are going in for a cosmopolitan outlook, and as we have wandered so far over the West, we may as well go the rest of the way, and step into the East. Of Turkey on the one hand and of Japan on the other, we may say that they are doomed for a long time to come to a Europeanized literature. While in Turkey and Japan the native languages are used to express European ideas, it looks as though in India the English language, in the hands of Hindús, may give rise to a real literature of the soil. Persia, almost alone among civilized nations, shows no European influence. Her philosophers sit in the seats of their forefathers ; and her poetry, which is still voluminously produced, is of the same form and essence with that of Firdausí and Háfiz. (May their fame be everlasting!) The beautiful genius of Persia, as perfect as that of Hellas, sleeps, but is not dead. The inimitable Ká'ání lived as late as the middle of this century ; and the Bábí movement, which is destined to make all things new in Persia, may in time produce a literature all its own. Indeed, who that has read

the sublime ghazals of the poetess Kurratu'l-'Ayn, to speak only of her, will deny that this literature is already begun?

I have no knowledge of Chinese, but I am told by a friend that the divine poet Li-Tai-Po is in no danger of contemporary rivalry. We may expect a new Chinese literature, a new Persian literature, a new Indian literature, a new literature in the East, a long time after this, when China, Persia, India, are themselves made new, and when the East is come to its own.

As for art, there is of course no art in Muhammadan countries. Japanese art, the art of Hokusai, has ceased to influence Europe, and is extinct at home. The enormous figure of the mediocre Bouguereau, with one foot in the houses of the millionaires of San Francisco, has the other planted on the islands of Japan. Of the music of the Orient, I have listened only to that of China. It speaks to me with a loud voice, indeed, but in a strange tongue.

We have now taken a rapid view of the contemporary world in respect to the arts of music, literature, and painting. We see that the great spirit is dead, that the practisers of these arts have no greatness and no promise of greatness. Indeed, there is a commercial dulness and petty triviality about *fin-de-siècle* art which must make a person who is at home with Pindaros and Aiskulos ask himself whether it be worth while to review it at all. Were it not better to write a masterpiece one's self rather than to review things which are not masterpieces, and which consume time better spent with women and wine? We look on contemporary Paris, on contemporary London, and exclaim, "This is surely not that great art of which we have dreamed!"

The very word "art" is become canting and trivial. The reason for this *triviality* of art has been found in many things: that artists do not write for the people; that they are not muscular and optimists; that they do not believe in God. But the plain reason is just that art has fallen into trivial hands, that the exponents of it are trivial persons, persons who strive to be *chic*, who exist to be talked about. They call themselves naturalist, impressionist, symbolist, and a score of other things. These words pro-

duce oceans of drool in the newspapers and bore one in parlors ; but the bearers of them fail to remark that the important thing is not to belong to a school, but to produce a masterpiece.

A serious consideration, therefore, of contemporary art and its developments must seem somewhat trivial, especially when we consider the really important developments which have occurred and are now occurring in religion and philosophy and the far vista which *these* open to our vision ; for, in religion and philosophy, not only is the old seen to be dying, but the new has already appeared.

The decay of old religions is apparent all over the world. It is the same decay which is lamented in the Pope's Latin ode, which is confessed by the mullahs of Islám, which is ancient history in Japan, and which the Protestant clergymen of America propose to remedy by wholesale reading of the Bible ! This decay manifests itself in European art, and manifests itself evilly because European art has nothing with which to replace it.

But with us,—I say it boldly,—not only is the past dead, but the future is born. It is this which His Holiness, in his creeping alcaics, fails to remark. We have indeed thrown away our heritage, but it is because we have a better one. We are not the converted of any new prophet. No Messiah brings hope to us. In Persia the Báb has appeared, but not for us. Nietzsche and Whitman are our prophets, indeed, but solely because they please us : we do not forget that Whitman was illiterate (like all prophets), nor that Nietzsche was a pedagogue. Neither are we made glad by any return to that old belief in a millennium, nor by any revival of belief in the supernatural : it would be too stupid if humanity must go back again to that kind of thing. But science has changed all that. Our confidence and gladness depend upon nothing whatever outside ourselves nor upon any belief in anything : we are confident because we are confident ; we are glad because we are glad. We have no desire to humble ourselves, nor to deny ourselves. We do not desire to return to Greece, nor to the Middle Ages, nor to the Cave Period. We are very tired of that mediæval humiliation, of that howling for mercy and that crouch-

ing in the dust ; we are very tired of disproved and shameless lies ; we are tired of patriotism, of legality, and of the *bêtise* of false morality ; we are tired of so many things !

The depressed conditions of art in all its branches seem to point with unmistakable finger, like the paling stars of morning, to a new future and to a great dawn. It is certain that the art of the future will be, from all the standards of the past, a vast change and regeneration ; and in this new youth, if any nation more than the whole earth is to be distinguished, it is certain that nation shall be America. Excepting Russia, the nations of Europe and of the East have had both their noon and their twilight. America, even more than Russia, has not yet seen its dawn.

We have as yet done nothing in America : we are all in the future. The writers of New England are not in question ; for the writers of New England are writers of a provincialism, and to the world in general they are not, except for Emerson and Hawthorne, either significant or interesting. Besides these writers, America has had one man of genius in Edgar Poe ; but Poe, apart from his immaculate art, was immersed in provincialism, and was strangled by it. The one man belonging no more to America than to the world, who has announced the future with a great voice, is Whitman ; and in him, with colossal roughness and colossal eloquence, America speaks. He is our Homer and our prophet. He has, as it were, foretold, in its height and its breadth, our music, our art, and our literature.

That music, that art, have yet to come ; that literature is as yet only superbly announced. But we may not doubt that beauty, in the great art of the future as in the great art of the past, with a fuller message and a more superb eloquence, will reign. We may not doubt that Germany will bow to our symphonies, and Greece, the admiration and exemplar of all time, to our monuments. As for the poetry in which from the Atlantic to the Pacific a continent shall find utterance, let those who doubt that all the splendor of dawn will make it glorious remember Whitman and that prophecy which he in large measure made true, "that the strongest and sweetest songs yet remain to be sung." *Park Barnitz.*

SHAKESPEARE'S ASTRONOMY:

DID HE EVER ACCEPT THE FACT THAT THE EARTH REVOLVES ON ITS AXIS AND AROUND THE SUN?



O one seems hitherto to have brought Shakespeare's works into court to testify as to his opinions on the solar system and the stellar universe, or such a makeshift of a universe as they knew in his day. You may say, "Shakespeare's writings show that he was a Ptolemaist." Well, I rather think they do; but I am prepared to point out three passages in his dramas that seem at first blush decidedly Copernican, or heliocentric, and which must be interpreted by the whole drift of his thought in natural philosophy and with the state of scientific development in his times, before we can absolutely pronounce them to be non-Copernican. Furthermore, after such research, we can be surer what cosmical theories he must have known about, even if he did not hold them as articles of his scientific creed.

It is nearly two hundred years since the last traces of the Ptolemaic system of astronomy disappeared from men's speech and writings. It is only with effort that we can picture to ourselves the solar system as the Elizabethans regarded it, looking up with their eyes at the starry heavens and in imagination seeing there those ten huge, rigid, transparent spheres, or shells, revolving above our heads, and, firmly fixed in each of seven of these invisible shells, a planet,—the Moon, Venus, Mercury, Sun, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn; above these the sphere of the fixed stars; then a crystalline sphere; and, outside of all, the *primum mobile*, or sphere of first motion (first, if viewed from the outside), carrying all things with it from east to west. Beyond all was the immovable empyrean, where God and the angels dwelt, and furnished the motive-power for the whole complex hollow-globular machinery. Indeed, each sphere not only moved with a velocity

different from that of its fellows, but was supposed to be turned by an angel (of the seven archangels, Uriel, for instance, presided over the sun) ; and the soft sliding of the shells over each other produced the "music of the spheres," though this was not the "music of the spheres" of Pythagoras alluded to by Shakespeare in 'The Merchant of Venice,'—"There 's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st But in his motion like an angel sings," etc. Shakespeare in this passage seems to exaggerate the doctrine of Pythagoras, who apparently taught that only the seven planets in their motion emitted the seven notes of the gamut. The number of spheres varied. Ptolemy had eight, and Dante nine. Dr. Furnivall, in the 'New Shakspeare Society's Transactions,' 1879, says Shakespeare believed in an eight-sphere system. But this redoubtable Shakespearean is a little hazy in his learning here. Professor Masson in his *Life of Milton* (vol. vi.) shows that the ten-sphere idea had superseded the others in Shakespeare's day. The hypothesis of Ptolemy, and of his master Hipparchus, was that the earth was immovably fixed in the centre of the universe, and that the stars and the comets were imponderable, inflammable bodies, manipulated by the supernal powers solely with reference to man. "My stars shine darkly over me," says Shakespeare's Sebastian, in 'Twelfth Night.' "Then I defy you, stars," said Romeo ; and the good Kent exclaims, "It is the stars, the stars, above us, govern our condition." The poet has at least a half-dozen allusions to the earth as the centre of the universe, for example : "The centre is not big enough to bear a schoolboy's top" ; "I will find where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed within the centre" ; "The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre." His writings, I find, contain about twenty-eight or thirty passages embodying the idea of the Ptolemaic spheres ; for instance, "O sun, burn the great sphere thou movest in" ('Antony and Cleopatra'), and "You would lift the moon out of her sphere" ('The Tempest'). Directly or indirectly, the poet must have derived his cosmological ideas from that absurd old text-book of natural philosophy, 'De Proprietatibus Rerum,' by Bartholomew

Glanville, which, translated into English as early as Chaucer's day, was, in 1582, when Shakespeare was eighteen years old, re-edited and augmented by Rev. Dr. Stephen Batman. Dr. Furnivall gives a full abstract of it in the 'Transactions' cited above.

The Ptolemaic system was not so crude and childish as it is usually thought to be. The 'Almagest' of Ptolemy, which was the astronomical Bible of the world for fourteen hundred years and more, taught the sphericity of the earth, and deduced the doctrine from the familiar facts still relied on for that purpose: the sinking of the northern constellations toward the horizon as one goes south, and *vice versa*; the hiding of the body of a ship or the base of an island by the curvature of the sea; and the earlier rising of the sun the farther east one goes.

Shakespeare, of course, understood that the earth was round, as every child in his day was taught. There is the line in Sonnet XXI.,—"All things rare that heaven's air in this huge rondure hems." There is the familiar brag of Puck in 'Midsummer Night's Dream,'—"I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes"; and in the same play, iii. 2. 52, there is talk about boring a hole through the earth, so that the moonshine may mingle with the sunshine of the Antipodes. In 'Measure for Measure' the Duke says, "Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting to the under generation." Terrestrial globes had existed since the eleventh century at least; *e.g.*, Behaim's famous globe of 1492, that of Mercator, and hundreds more, many of them still existing. Shakespeare had not long begun author when Emerie Mollineux, in 1592, brought out a big terrestrial globe in London; and Juan del Cano, in 1522, and Drake, in 1580, had circumnavigated the globe. Ptolemy had explained the puzzle of the world resting upon nothing, immovable in space, by asserting that it was kept in place by the impact of universal forces exerted equally on all sides,—an anticipation of universal gravitation, and a plausible solution of the mystery.

Be it remembered, moreover, that Ptolemy considered and deliberately rejected the doctrine, enunciated by some even in his

time, that the earth revolves on its axis; for he asserted that the enormous velocity of rotation — even if the air itself were carried around with the globe — would sweep off of the face of the planet all objects raised from the ground into the air or floating in the air itself. It was his error in calculating the circumference of the globe and getting this too small that encouraged Columbus to think America vastly nearer to Europe on the west than it is, and so directly conduced to the discovery of the New World. But, if Ptolemy had known the enormous bulk of the earth, and that any point on its circumference at the equator whirls through space at the rate of a thousand miles an hour, as it does, he would have been still more firmly convinced of the absurdity of supposing such motion possible.

The 'Almagest' further shows that all heavy bodies tend to fall toward the centre of the earth,—an anticipation of terrestrial gravity, of which I shall show that Shakespeare had a distinct idea.

This, then, was the earth of Shakespeare's day, and such his early ideas of the heavens. And a very snug and comforting little universe it was, too. It is pertinent now to ask ourselves how much must he perforce have known of the new heliocentric theory announced by Copernicus twenty-one years before he was born, and which set the great globe to turning on its axis, dethroning it from its proud pre-eminence as the centre of the universe.

It is, of course, possible for him to have had some slight personal leaning toward the new cosmology and yet not have permitted it to appear in his dramas. In literature proper, and especially in poetry, the phrases and formulæ of outworn theories long survive the disappearance of those theories from the educated mind. Judging solely by their writings, how would it be possible to tell whether our nineteenth-century poets did or did not believe in a Garden of Eden, the Miltonic cosmology, and the Jewish mythology, so saturated are their writings with the diction and the imagery of them all? What Whittier, Bryant, Longfellow, Lowell, thought of the tenet of man's descent from

the apes, or what were their views on the nebular hypothesis, their poetry gives no hint. Shakespeare's conservatism, his prehensility of tail, was innate, his scorn of democracy unbounded. As Mazzini says of him, the future is mute in his dramas, and his works show no enthusiasm for great scientific principles. Yet there are hints that he was well aware of what was going on in the scientific world around him. As Edward Eggleston epigrammatically puts it in his recent book, '*The Transit of Civilization*,' men may live at the same time and yet not be intellectual contemporaries. Shakespeare may have been (in his private thought) in advance of his times. Professor Masson shows that, while Milton in 1647 was teaching his nephews the pre-Copernican system out of the old '*De Sphæra*' of John Hollywood, he had himself become a convert to Copernicanism (*Life*, vol. vi. p. 534). But note that the cosmological scheme of '*Paradise Lost*' is formed on the Ptolemaic system, notwithstanding its author's private convictions, because it was next to impossible to him to adapt his poetical ideas to the new system, so firmly imbedded had the old become in his own visions and in the literature in which his mind was steeped. However, Shakespeare would probably have agreed with Milton's archangel Raphael, who tells Adam, after an elaborate discussion of both systems (*Book VIII. 15-178*), that it does not matter much which is true; man's relation to God and his personal duties are not affected by the choice of either one or the other.

To answer the question, "What must Shakespeare have known of the Copernican theory?" with more assured conviction, consider the ferment of scientific thought of all kinds in which he lived. Professor Draper tells us of the wondrous activity in the fields of mathematics, physics, chemistry, anatomy, medicine, and the like, that had prevailed in Europe since the pontificate of Nicholas V. (1447-55). London, in Shakespeare's day, was seething with scientific thought. There was William Gilbert, whose book, teaching that the earth is one great magnet, appeared in 1600, the first great work on physics written by an Eng-

lishman, and praised by Galileo and quoted by Bacon. Bishop Francis Godwin, born at about the same time as the author of 'Hamlet,' not only expresses his belief in the doctrines of Copernicus, Kepler, and Galileo, but, in his 'Voyage to the Moon,' written about 1601-3, affirms that terrestrial attraction diminishes directly with the distance. This is as shrewd an anticipation of Newton's doctrine of gravity as Voltaire's prediction of the two satellites of Mars was of their actual finding by Professor Asaph Hall, of Washington, in 1877. In fact, Shakespeare and his contemporaries knew as much as we do of the existence of the earth's gravity, or pull centreward; for it is as much a mystery or primal property of matter as is the existence of consciousness. All that science knows of gravity is stated in three lines of 'Troilus and Cressida,' iv. 2. 109-111:—

“ But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to it.”

There is a similar thought in iii. 2. 184-186 of the same play. Troilus says, “As true . . . as iron to adamant, as earth to centre,” where, I think, the meaning clearly is “as truly as every particle of the earth is drawn to its centre as to a magnet,” and not, as Professor Rolfe thought when he edited the play, “to its place in the centre of the Ptolemaic system.”

Notice also the lines in Shakespeare that show his knowledge of the circulation of the blood: for example, the passage in 'Julius Cæsar,' ii. 1. 289-290,—“As dear to me as are the ruddy drops that visit my sad heart”; that in 'Coriolanus,' v. 1. 54,—“These pipes and these conveyances of our blood”; and '2 Henry VI.,' iii. 2. 163-165, where the blood is spoken of as “Being all descended to the laboring heart, Who, in the conflict that it holds with death, Attracts the same for guidance 'gainst the enemy.” It is not at all necessary to assume Shakespeare's familiarity with the more or less private experiments which Dr. William Harvey was carrying on in London during the poet's residence there, in order to account for

this physiological knowledge. For even Hippocrates knew the blood to be in a kind of sluggish motion: the valves were known in Shakespeare's day, and the lesser circulation had been discovered in 1553. Even before Harvey, it was thought the blood had its course from liver to right ventricle, thence to the lungs; and Servetus knew that it passed from one ventricle to the other. But little black-haired Harvey,—who had studied, in 1602 in Padua,—by patient peering into the interior of vivisected frogs and pigs, at length made out the final truth of the half-minute merry-go-round (from heart to lungs, back again to heart, thence through arteries to veins and back to heart again), and in 1616—the very year Shakespeare died—announced his discovery before the College of Physicians and Surgeons, which was not far, by the way, from the Blackfriars' Theatre, and near Shakespeare's daily beat, or walk. All that I wish to do here is to call attention to the fact that Shakespeare had a scientific knowledge of the movement of the blood, as well as of the fact of terrestrial gravity.

Recurring now to the Copernican theory, my contention is that Shakespeare's writings show that, while his knowledge of general science was not altogether despicable, and while he could not have been ignorant of the new theory of the universe, yet, so far as his writings show, he did not accept it, for literary purposes at least. It is true that the great work of Copernicus, '*De Orbium Cœlestium Revolutionibus*,' had already, in 1543, placed the heliocentric theory on a strong basis, though he left much unexplained; and Kepler had still to show the ellipticity of the planetary orbits and get the sun at their common focus. And note that Kepler's two laws were not published till 1609, when Shakespeare's life-work was nearly done; and note further that Lord Bacon himself, a professed philosopher, shows no acquaintance whatever with Kepler's book of 1609. How unlikely, then, that a popular poet and actor should know of it, and, reading it, be able, in advance of the beliefs of his day, to decide between the warring systems! It was not till 1609, also, that Galileo constructed his telescope (you may see it, as I did, in the old tower in Florence, at this day), and, applying it to

Jupiter, revealed there in the vast void of night a system like that of the earth and her satellite, thus furnishing cumulative evidence that the planets could not be swinging around the earth, but that the latter is a kind of divine ship circling the delicate ether in far flight around the central sun, and tied to that thunderous and reverberant globe of fire by some infrangible rope the nature of which no one knew.

The news of Galileo's telescopic discoveries reached England on the longest day in 1610; and it is pretty certain that Bacon's two papers on astronomy, the '*Descriptio Orbi Intellectualis*' and the '*Thema Cœli*,' were written in response to the interest excited next year (1611) by the appearance of Galileo's '*Sydereus Nuncius*'; for he quotes from this several times. Remembering, as we must, the tremendous *boulversement* of thought involved in the acceptance of the Galilean, or heliocentric, teachings, is it any wonder that their adoption was slow? Even now, after two or three hundred years of familiarity with the Copernican theory, we catch our breath in wonder and awe as we think of it.

As for Shakespeare, remember that only during the last seven years of his life could the new astronomy be said to be cleared up; and even then the law of universal gravitation had to be added, to round out and perfect the scheme. Up to 1609 the sun was regarded as an inert mass, not situated in the centre of any of the planetary orbits, and his relation to these unknown; and here were the planets and comets thought to be of light, inflammable gas, there being no telescope or spectroscope to tell a different story.

Really, under the circumstances, it did not matter much whether one believed the Ptolemaic or the Copernican theory: it was a matter for the scientists to settle. To the poets and the people, astrology was a far more attractive theme. I fancy that Shakespeare took but a languid interest in the heliocentric hypothesis, probably was as sceptical toward it as Tennyson or Carlyle to the descent of man from ape-like ancestors, and that he cherished similar conservative instincts. Even in 1630 Hakewill's '*Apologie*,' a treatise on natural philosophy, does not even mention Copernicus, Kepler,

Galileo, or Tycho Brahe. In the middle of the same century, Howell speaks of Copernicanism as "the theory that has so stirred all our modern wits" (Letters, III., IX.). I am indebted for this reference, and for two or three more, to Mr. Eggleston's interesting new volume, before mentioned. He has shown that in England and America, up to the close of the seventeenth century, people rested undisturbed in the belief in the Ptolemaic system, although "in 1666, and afterward," he says, "one may read between the lines in the non-committal writings of some Harvard mathematicians a possible preference for Copernicanism."

Even after the forever memorable birth-year of the new universe,—or what seems to me its birth-year,—1609, Shakespeare introduced into 'The Tempest' a line about lifting the moon out of her sphere, or Ptolemaic shell, showing, apparently, that his faith in the time-honored view was unshaken. I cannot help seeing in a passage in 'All's Well,' ii. 3. 1-7, a personal opinion of the bard's, put into the mouth of old Lafeu. It rings out with such positive feeling, and seems as if it were inserted as a hit to draw applause, in view of some scientific matter then in dispute in London. Listen: "We have our philosophical persons to make modern [commonplace] and familiar things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it that we make trifles of terrors, ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear." This seems to me to be equivalent to: "I, Shakespeare, deprecate a too audacious and irreverent interrogation of nature. You gentlemen vivisectors around there at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and you hard realists, you Francis Bacons and William Gilberts, don't imagine you can eliminate the mystery of life and its terror." In other words, I find in the passage a smack of Tennyson or Carlyle, the right growl of the conservative Britisher. "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in this philosophy everybody nowadays is toying with" (for such is the meaning of "your philosophy" in the familiar passage in 'Hamlet': please don't make the polished Hamlet so ill-bred toward his dear friend as to sneer at his opinions).

And yet Shakespeare had a manly dislike of the superstition that leaves people unnerved and unwindlassed (to use Whitcomb Riley's happy metaphor). Like all men of powerful minds and wills, he detested, whether rightly or wrongly, the fatalism that denies to man free initiative in the moral sphere. "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings."

"Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie
Which we ascribe to Heaven: the fated sky
Gives us free scope; only doth backward pull
Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull."

Add what is said in the familiar passage in 'Lear' (i. 2. 132 ff.), "that we make guilty of our disasters the sun," etc., when the trouble lies in our own self-indulged wills.

On the protesting, conservative side of him, Shakespeare perhaps found all the new science about him too daring,—even that of the cautious Bacon, who expresses in his writings a thorough disbelief in the revolution of the earth, and advocates a reformed astrology. I imagine the deep-browed dramatist, the frequenter of the clubs and theatres, whose province was poetry and the human soul, looked into the domain of pure science with about the same sardonic amusement and cold distrust that Carlyle regarded Huxley's theories, or with the fiery scorn of Ruskin for Herbert Spencer,—caught glimpses now and then of what was a-doing in the scientific world, but was only supremely interested in his own department of poetic idealism, and in whatever affected the heft of the cash-box at the Globe.*

* That Shakespeare, however, did not know by sight Bacon and Harvey, and every other eminent scientist of the little London of his day, is simply impossible. London, with its population of 180,000, was then about the size of Boston, Mass., in 1860. To suppose that Shakespeare, the friend of Jonson and Southampton and Drayton, did not know (by sight at least) Bacon and Harvey, is to say that Longfellow and Lowell did not know Agassiz and Benjamin Peirce and Asa Gray. Or, if you seek to checkmate me with the supposed disrepute of the theatre, I will say it were as if Walt Whitman should not have known Bryant and

Even Bacon wavered as to the heliocentric theory. "It is easy to see," he says, "that both they who think the earth revolves, and they who hold the *primum mobile* and the old construction, are about equally and indifferently supported by the phenomena." In the 'Thema Cœli,' however, he boldly asserts that the earth does not revolve (Spedding, vol. v. p. 558), and, in iv. 348 says, "It is the absurdity of [these] opinions that has driven men to the diurnal motion of the earth, which, I am convinced, is most false." In another volume of Spedding's life I find this scornful allusion by Bacon to the heliocentrists: "Who would not smile at the astronomers, *I mean not these few carmen which drive the earth about*, but the ancient astronomers." Mr. Spedding thinks, if Bacon could only have got hold of Kepler's book of 1609, it would have led him to throw the weight of his opinion for Copernicanism. Had there been scientific journals then, he could not have missed it; for Harriott was in correspondence with Kepler, and repeated his experiments in England in 1609 or 1610 (iii. 723).

It is natural to suppose that two such profound thinkers as Bacon and Shakespeare would hold a somewhat similar attitude toward astrology, Shakespeare perhaps a little the more conservative. "For my part," says Bacon, "I admit astrology as a part of Physic, and yet attribute to it nothing more than is allowed by reason and the evidence of things" (iv. 349). He thought that "there is no fatal necessity in the stars, but that they rather incline than compel." He rejects as "idle superstition" the idea

Dr. Brinton and Horace Howard Furness, or that Edwin Booth and Mark Twain should not have known all their eminent contemporaries in New York City. If you can conceive Tennyson or Whitman or Longfellow totally ignorant of the work of Agassiz and Darwin, perhaps you might believe Shakespeare equally uninformed about Copernicus and Galileo. The opportunities of society in London—the taverns, social gatherings, and Paul's Walk, taking the place of our journals—must have given Shakespeare just about the vague idea of Copernicanism that our daily papers gave Whitman or Whittier of the doctrines of Darwin and Herbert Spencer,—if anything, a less distinct idea, but yet "enough to swear by."

that the hour of nativity influences any man's fortune, and yet, in his new "sane astrology" (as he calls it), would trust in the large revolutions of the planets as affecting men. He says, the nearer perpendicular a planet is, the stronger is the force it exerts on human beings, and allows that astrologers may predict events by a careful study of the positions of the planets in the past, at the time of great historical occurrences, and an application of the resultant deductions to the present and future (iv. 355). It is by a study of these utterances of Bacon, as well as of the hundred and odd allusions in the dramas of Shakespeare, that we can get a true idea of the latter's belief in astrology, and learn, to some extent, how much he probably rejected of the superstitions of the thing, and how far he believed in it. It will readily be seen that a poet who held to astrology would not stick at accepting the Ptolemaic (or Alphonsine) astronomy.

After the preceding cursory survey of the scientific status in Elizabethan times, we are now prepared to settle in short order the three apparently Copernican passages in Shakespeare's dramas which I alluded to at the beginning of this paper. They are: 'Antony and Cleopatra,' ii. 7. 124; 'Coriolanus,' ii. 2. 118; and 'Julius Cæsar,' i. 3. 3.

If a modern poet should write, in a convivial song, the line

"Cup us till the world go round,"

we should be apt to think he meant "till the earth revolves on its axis and morning appears." But a piece of wild radicalism like that would have shocked a London audience then about as a Bostonian popular audience, fifty years ago, would have been shocked by a serious allusion on the lecture platform to our fishy and simian ancestors. That the real meaning is "till the ground appears to spin around or swim" appears from other passages which I would point out; for instance, 'Richard III.', iii. 2. 38,— "It is a reeling world indeed,"—and in 'Cymbeline' (v. 5. 233) the consecutive exclamations of King Cymbeline and Posthumus respectively,— "Does the world go round?" "How comes these

staggers on me?" — as they gaze in amazement at Imogen risen from the dead. A "Bakespearian" would of course see in the 'Antony and Cleopatra' line — "Cup us till the world go round" — a covert intention of their Great Unknown to convey to posterity his secret belief in Copernicanism. But its phrasing is modern only by accident, as is that of the passage in 'Coriolanus,' where it is said by Martius that, "with a sudden re-enforcement," he "struck Corioli like a planet." To the twentieth-century mind this looks as if picturing the solid impact of a planetary body against an obstacle; but it is illustrated by the astrological term "strike," used by all Elizabethan writers to indicate the malignant transmission of supernatural power down through the sky from a planet: as, in 'Hamlet,' "Then no planet strikes," or in 'Titus Andronicus,' ii. 4. 14, "Some planet strike me down."

The words of Casca in 'Julius Cæsar' —

"Are you not moved when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm?" —

have misled all Shakespearian editors, I think, except Schmidt. Even so careful and scholarly an editor as William Aldis Wright forgets the poet's Ptolemaism and reads into the word "sway" the modern meaning, "steady and equable movement," illustrating by irrelevant quotations from Boëthius and Chaucer, when he should have studied the word as Shakespeare himself uses it. Dr. Samuel Johnson also defined "sway" in the line we are studying as "the whole weight or momentum of the globe," and Craik — worse yet — as "the balanced swing of the earth." Professor Rolfe edited 'Cæsar' in his salad days (*In re Shakespeare*), and has nothing to say in his edition of the play. Schmidt gives the true gloss on the word "sway," — "government and established order." I would confirm Herr Schmidt's interpretation by 'Troilus,' ii. 2. 35: "Should not our father [Priam] bear the great sway of his affairs?" (that is, have the government of his affairs); and by 'A Lover's Complaint,' line 108: "That horse his mettle from his rider takes, Proud of subjection, noble by the sway," — that is, by the *manège*, or

government. To Casca the cosmos seemed slipping into chaos that fearful night preceding Cæsar's execution: the government, the established order (sway), of the world seemed breaking up. There is no earthquake mentioned either by Plutarch or Shakespeare that would "shake" the firm-fixed earth; but the many unnatural portents, prodigies, and the tempest by land and sea made all the established order of nature seem to shake like a thing unfirm. Of course, it is very tempting to see in this one solitary passage an instance of Copernican imagery; and, possibly, some will so see it. But, to my judgment, the mass of testimony and the balance of probability seem decisively against such interpretation.

William Sloane Kennedy.



A PLEA FOR POE.



ALL lovers of genuine literature have admired the courage and appreciated gratefully the sympathy of the Poe Memorial Association in their beautiful tribute to America's greatest genius in poetics. Zolnay's bust of Edgar Allan Poe in its classic poise will symbolize forever the vague whisperings of eternal beauty which catch and hold our ear in the sensuously beautiful verse of Poe. To me, as I look upon its proof, there is revealed the same hidden force of sovereign strength and haunting grace that one finds in M. Faguière's copy of Balzac. Positive criticism of Poe will look always for these two dominant characteristics in any proof of him, plastic or pictorial; for the informing principle of his verse is naught save the directing and marshalling of the wild and haunting romantic memories of his temperament by the classic sprite whose "glory was Greece" and whose "grandeur was Rome." It was not Poe's life that made his poetry, but that intellectual cast of mind and richly endowed temperament,—a blend that shows itself only in an eminently great man of letters.

We cannot envy Virginia this honor, although the wish is father to the thought that it should have been done in a Northern city. Not that one would rob our Southern States of chivalry of an honor to their dead, but that the time was ripe for the setting aside of sectional variance in judging the real merits of this man. One recognizes that, for commercial purposes, geographical lines have been always, and perhaps always will be, tightly drawn, giving origin to a nation's several political parties, without whose honest clash no real progress is possible. But is this true in literature, whose appeal is to the abiding sense of beauty? Unquestionably, no! and therein lies the error of that dogged persistence of certain clans to close the eyes to the marvellous realm of ideal beauty in Poe's verse, vistas of which thrill us with ecstatic delight, the highest and ultimate standard of genuine poetry.

I do not care to quote from Poe's verse: it is not timely here. Suffice it to say that, conforming to the principles of his intellectually derived scheme of poetics, his verse, technically true to his poetics, and woven now under the spell of sunny Venus, now under that of Diana of the moonlight, has made its appeal to all souls that beat in unison with the weird throbs of the sighing nocturne or the plaintive roll of the elements of nature. Poe's life was blasted through his temerity in lifting the veil of Isis. Shall we say he lacked strength of character because he failed to live according to common standards after he stood in the presence of the Deity whose truth is revealed in the skies? Or, sadder yet, shall we judge the quality of his verse through standards of conduct? Certainly not! and yet that is exactly what we have been doing in this country, whether in magazine article or in high school and collegiate courses of American literature.

Strive how we may, we have no well-defined school of literary criticism in this country. Lacking this, we have no school of literature, although it was our opportunity with the advent of Poe's genius to go to school to him and learn the hidden art of verse-making, which has gained for him so wide and generous a following in England and parts of the Continent.

Save sporadic instances, the poets of America, eclectic as they are, lack that soul-piercing struggle of trying to realize the infinite in the domain of beauty. That does not argue that their muse is thin. Quite the contrary. Much of the charm of our verse lies in its eclecticism. The freedom of suggestion and form gives strength and beauty to much of our occasional verse. Poetry, however, to have the permanence of art, must submit to the laws of its being in their totality, and which are often deeper than the mere material laws of prosody. Our poets have failed to see this in Poe, and have left to Europe the pleasurable duty of following in his steps, creating thereby the architectonics which has reared a temple of poetics to enduring fame.

The query of Mr. Edmund Gosse in the *Critic* of a few years ago, why Poe was not honored in this country, together with his arraignment of our neglect of Poe, is so just that one feels it a pleasant duty to quote: "The omission of the name of Edgar Allan Poe from your list of 'The Best Ten American Books' is extraordinary and sinister. If I were an American, I should be inclined to call it disastrous. While every year sheds more lustre on the genius of Poe among the most weighty critical authorities of England, of France, of Germany, of Italy, in his own country prejudice is still so rampant that he fails to secure a paltry twenty votes. . . . You must look to your own house, but it makes one wonder what is the standard of American style."

As Mr. Gosse says, it is a question simply of prejudice and a standard of taste. No one will ever accuse the most generous nation in the world of niggardliness and stint of praise where its standards permit it to see a genius or a hero. Not only have the exceptional merits of our Admiral Dewey, who is now a public character, won for him just honor abroad, but in his native heath (if a sailor may be said to have one) he is the recipient of the untold sane and foolish praise of an impulsive populace. That we are not governed by the caprice of a mob in our recognition of him is shown by us in our praise for naval merit, whether of his contemporaries or those linked with him as stadia in our national progress

on the seas. The statement is self-evident, and will be confirmed by every man who reads as he runs. Can our failure, then, to see the real greatness in Poe be due to aught else save the ringing truth in the severe stricture of Mr. Gosse? In my opinion, it cannot be. Prejudice alone will account for the contempt, strong as that word may be, of many an American man of letters for Poe, although this root of evil in criticism may not be apparent in their dislike.

From a recent number of the *Sewanee Review*, where the writer commented at some length on the above citation from the *Critic*, I write as follows: "It is too recent yet to say to what extent Americans of taste, to whom Mr. Gosse appeals, have responded to his message. There are signs, however, of an awakened interest which we cannot mistake. Scarcely a number of our better literary magazines is now appearing without some direct or indirect reference to the chief poet of the South. The sad and unutterable feelings that play such havoc with one's ease of soul as one tries, with Poe, to apprehend the spirit of supernal loveliness, may be, as he says, limited to souls fittingly constituted. If this be true, there is as yet no danger of a Poe cult. The critical canons of healthy sentiment do not permit us to see poetic beauty unless it conform to their standards, which cannot be applied to men like Poe and Verlaine. The latter demand lovers and critics whose hearts will respond to the sheer beauty of their song. It is not necessary to respond *in toto* to the poet's mood; but there is a law of temperament stronger than the conventional canons of criticism that demands that he be loved in his way."

We need poet-critics in judging the literary work of men like Poe; men who, though they may lack the divine-given power to create, possess in fair degree the ability equally divine of recognizing, *in literarum caritate*, genuine poetry. That we are not charitable in American letters must be the sole explanation of our inability to grasp the higher truth and greater beauty of Europe's Bohemian men of letters. We have looked too long upon our so-called New England school as leaders, and have, in consequence,

associated right thinking with right living in the field of letters. Would that it were so! But, since it is not, must we, through our Puritanic standards, shut out those keen intellectual and soul delights which come from reading Goethe, Burns, Byron, Poe, Lenau, Verlaine, Mallarmé?

It were better, perhaps, if we banished all biographical reference to our modern men of letters in reading their prose or poetry, as the most of us do in the presence of the ancients. For how many a person of uncompromising attitude toward Poe has not stood in ecstasy before some of the masters in the European galleries, whose very blush would have rivalled the God-stolen glory of color which they were worshipping in rapturous awe if they but knew the secret of those lives interpreting Divinity in their pictures! For once these persons were ingenuous, thanks to their ignorance; and the adage is as pointed as ever. If one could see the possible bliss in reading Poe, out of his environment, all future reference to the frailty of his flesh would be forgotten; and, I am sure, we should add another great poet to our comparatively small list or at least we should make him the prince of minor poets.

It is true that we do not have the technical background necessary as yet to a full appreciation of Poe, Baudelaire, Swinburne, or the French Neo-Romanticists, notably Verlaine. Where poetry and its study, poetics, is not neglected entirely in America, Whittier and Wordsworth reign supreme as the world's greatest poets. This may account, in part, for the limited reception of Poe's ilk by the *hoi polloi*; but the inference is unfair toward our critics and men of letters, whether professionally engaged or otherwise. If there is to be a bone of contention, it is to the latter that it must be thrown. They must condemn Poe for failing to do what he professed, limited as that field may be; or, accepting, must give him the praise and love which Europe has sent after him into eternity. The very essence of his poetic principles, by a strange coincidence, in all justice demands this. "Inspired by an ecstatic prescience of the glories beyond the grave, we struggle," he says,

"by multiform combinations among the things and thoughts of time, to obtain a portion of that loveliness whose very element, perhaps, appertains to eternity alone." And is not this what every soul, conscious of its mission, tries to do? The only difference between the even flow in literature and the few who stand out salient is that the latter have been able to see, and, seeing, have given form and content to these visions of no time and space that win our intellect and hold our emotions. This is the key to those subtle flashes that strike us so often, full in the face, on reading those mighty Titans, Victor Hugo and Rudyard Kipling,—with the former especially, whose theory of the grotesque in art is related so closely to that of Poe.

In the face of this it seems to me almost sacrilegious to accuse Poe, wantonly and with levity, of an inordinate love of the morbid. With Poe it was as with all men who read the riddle of the Sphinx, but not what the world seemed to Goethe or to Schiller when they wrote 'Werther' or 'Die Räuber.' There is a wide margin between sentimental soul depression and the buoyancy of delight in sadness. When terror becomes a "tremulous delight," *les frayeurs nocturnes* are, like Hungarian rhapsodies, an infinite source of the sweets of sadness. The latter phrase may be called aptly a confessed principle of Poe, and has informed the present French school in their efforts to centralize the threefold aspirations of music, painting, and poetry.

In their desire to realize spiritual joy, M. Paul Adam says, "The joy of art is not gayety: the joy is grave, harmonizing with all the manifestations of living." There is no artistic contradiction there, only one of those striking sentient paradoxes similar to that which Goethe symbolizes in Mephisto, or to that of the so-called æsthetic poetry, whose theme is in seeming contradiction to its aspirations. It is the higher light which we struggle to apprehend in esoteric religious cults, something akin to the delirium of beauty which held the monk of the Middle Ages in moments of rapt vision. This is not the common possession of mankind; and yet it is the animating principle, conscious or other-

wise, of our genuine poets, taking rank according to their ability to express this unseen. Full of scenic anachronisms as William Morris's writings are, I wonder if the presence of the unseen Host in 'Guenevere' or 'Jason' does not lend greater beauty to England's landscapes therein portrayed than Wordsworth's objective pictures. There is, it is true, great ideality in the charming bits of scenic description of Wordsworth; but they cannot make their appeal to that unformed, nameless unit of all the senses which apprehends an object only in its totality, as do the beatic lines of Swinburne, Morris, and Rossetti, or the pictorial dreams of Burne-Jones and Puvis de Chavannes.

To admit unqualifiedly the genius of Poe is to understand with sympathy the efforts of these men, to whom, as well as to Goethe, Hugo, Baudelaire, Leopardi, Verlaine, Poe stands so closely identified, not only in the quality of his emotion, but in the technique of his verse.

The influence of Poe's prose tales in recent letters is quite marked. A notable example in England, perhaps, is Mr. Conan Doyle. In France, however, from Gautier to the present there is ample evidence that its *raconteurs* have gone to school to Poe, whose rare powers of narration of a single incident or striking episode, spun with the painter's instinct, will give him always a leading rank among short-story tellers. It is in poetics, however, in its narrowest field, that Poe excels. And this, too, not solely because of the beauty of his verse, but through the artistry of its form consciously derived. The graphic moods of Poe were not simple poetic impulse, as with Keats; but like those higher artists, Goethe and Hugo, he bared so subtly his soul by certain well-defined processes that he plays at will upon our feelings, producing the effect which he desired.

Confessional poetry of the present age is generally mawkish, save where one plays those minor chords which hold the ear in caressing concord. To this chain of verse, wedded to weird melody, from Tieck through Coleridge, Hugo, Baudelaire, to Swinburne and Verlaine, Poe is inseparably linked, and, through the

music of his syllables and the rich suggestive hues of his verbal soul painting, stands as immediate source to those whose consummate art is the aspiration of recent poetics.

G. L. Swiggett.



MODERN DUTCH AND FLEMISH POETS: NOTES AND EXCERPTS.

ONE of the most interesting of Dutch poets is Hubert Cornelisson Poot (pronounced Poat), the Hollandish Burns.

He was born in the year 1689, at Abswoud, near the city of Delft, where he died in 1733, twenty-six years before the birth of the Scottish bard, whose contemporary he therefore would have been if he had lived to the allotted time of fourscore years.

This resemblance to the great singer of Ayr in character, circumstances, and writings, is striking. Like Burns, he was a farmer's son and a farmer himself. Burns derived his chief inspiration from nature: so did he. Both in early life had no higher education than the country school could give; and both, through self-instruction, became men of culture. Both surprised the world when, unexpectedly, they came forth as literary men from their rustic seclusion; and both, through their merits, secured a respectable place for themselves among the cultured and aristocratic of their respective lands.

The subjects about which they sang principally were also the same,—namely, love, home, and nature; and, as Burns was the idol of the people of Scotland, so Poot was of the Hollanders. The character of their muse is also sometimes alike. Might not the following lines pass for a composition of Burns? I give a perhaps rude but carefully faithful translation of my own:—

WAITING.

“HERE I should wait, sweet Rose-lip told me,
Here by this tree that grandly thrives.

Where may my loved one so long tarry,
That not at this hour she arrives ?
Or did I come here somewhat early,
By love urged on, that troubles me ?
O lovely fields, O trees so vernal,
Here might the blessed wedding be !
But, ah ! how long I find the moments,
Each, looking back, it seems a year !
At eight o'clock she was to be here,
And nine already did appear.
Nightfall, should you not know your duty ?
Or are Time's wings crushed by a blow ;
Or has Apol' his whip forgotten,
That he should seaward ride so slow ? ”

In boyhood, Poot was not a lover of study : he had an aversion to school, and many a time the lash had to force him to its attendance. But three things he always loved,—music, drawing, and poetry ; and in the latter he became proficient.

When he grew up to manhood, he fully realized his defects of culture, and by close study and extensive reading became a well-informed man, which gave him such a command over his native tongue that he could express himself in verse with precision, beauty, and facility.

In the Chambers of Rhetorica (*Rederijk Kamers*), a literary society for the study of composition, organized by the rustic community, Poot found the first opportunity to develop his gifts ; but, as this was a very incomplete outlet, he soon resorted to better means, and became a faithful student of the poets Hooft and Vondel, the happy results of which soon could be seen in his compositions. To this he refers in the following lines. Here again, as elsewhere throughout this sketch, the translation is mine : —

“ I'm young, but ever have sweet poetry been praising,
In which I sometimes wild and rough myself did show,
Until in Vondel and in Hooft I found my masters.
Ah ! could my heavy wings the flight of those swans show ! ”

In 1716 he published his first volume of poems, which reappeared in 1721 enlarged and revised, and which was followed by a new work in 1727.

The poetry of Poot is characterized, throughout his life, chiefly by elegance of language, sweetness of expression, picturesque descriptiveness, pathos, and humor. In his pastorals he is exceedingly charming, especially in his 'Akkerleven' (Farm-life), which begins simply:—

“With what pleasure do the moments
Of the farmer onward flow,
Who would not exchange his treasure
For a Royal Crown, I know.”

Not less attractive are his sentimental poems; and who can read his 'On the 87th Birthday of my Father,' 'Birthday Greetings to my Beloved Neeltje' (Nelly), 'In Memory of my Mother's Death,' 'On the Death of my Little Daughter,' without feeling the loving heart of a faithful son, devoted husband, and tender father?

Like Burns of Scotland, however, this farmer of Abswoud found the chief inspiration of his muse in Nature, behind his plough and among his cattle, concerning which we have his own testimony: "In the midst of my kine and field occupation, I sing my songs, good and bad as they are, directly received from Nature, my only help and guide."

Concerning his gifts a literary authority of his time, Huydecoper, tells us that Poot was the successor of Holland's greatest poets, and his biographer that "it was Nature who placed him in the lap of the Muses."

In 1732 he married the daughter of the Burgomaster of Delft; and a happy union it was, Poot overflowing in his praises of his Nelly, who appears to have been a lady of refinement and amiable disposition. Previous to this event, in 1724, the poet had given up his farming life and removed to the city of Delft, where he soon found himself a favorite with the aristocratic and intellectual class, and which led to his union with this daughter of the Burgomaster.

But this did not affect his humility ; and his proud pretensions remained to the end,—that he was the son of a farmer and a farmer himself.

Poot, like Burns again, was a man of a very sociable disposition ; and, as this, as occurred also with the former, brought him sometimes in contact with those who indulged too freely in the cup, he sometimes fell a victim to their wiles. But this again, like the ploughman of Ayr, he sincerely regretted, and finally succeeded in steering clear altogether of the temptation. His home was his Eden ; but from that retreat he was rudely snatched away by death on the last day of December, 1733, aged forty-four years, deeply bemoaned by his friends, his family and nation.

Let me close this sketch with two selections from his verse :—

HAPPY LIFE.

“ WHAT shall my lyre produce to-day,
What tune do you think I'll give ye ?
Shall when folks cry, ‘ Ay, sing a lay ! ’
Yes, to be cheerful, I'll dare say,
Is life of life, believe me.

“ Why should man waste away with care,
And worry, worry, worry ?
Come, do as I. I have my share,
Enjoy life, overcome its wear,
As long as death don't hurry.

“ E'en if disturbance should appear
In heavenly spheres above thee,
Still be content and do not fear :
A man who will be happy here
Must not 'tween hope and fear be.

“ Should you forever troubled be,
Which keeps your joy from flowing ?
Ah ! banish inward pain, be free,
Not far from dear old Rhine are we,
Where muscatels are growing.

" But do you say, ' Dark grows the sky,
There will be heavy thunder.'
Don't be alarmed, man, calm draws nigh;
The tempest roaring in the sky
Has torn the clouds asunder.

" Do you complain, ' 'Twill night be soon;
The sun sets, and I tremble.'
Reck not of that: now comes the moon
With silver horns, bright as the noon,
And myriad stars assemble."

MY LITTLE DAUGHTER.

" JACOB A came against her will
Upon this wicked earth,
And in her childish innocence
Wept over her own birth.

" Hardly had she appeared below
Ere she from earth did go.
The mother kissed the lifeless brow
Of her sweet darling now,
And prayed her soaring soul to stay;
Yet was there no delay!

" It was already winging
Where God's good saints are singing.
There now its songs and plays are known
Around the heavenly throne,
Where, full of joy, it spreads its wings;
Where pain nor sorrow stings.
Ah! flower of but these thirteen days, we
Nevermore shall weep thee!"

William van Haren, born in 1710 and who died in 1768, July 4, was one of the principal Dutch poets of the eighteenth century, whose works, like those of his brother, Ormo Zwier, occupy a conspicuous place in the literature of Holland. He was a scion of an

ancient noble house, whose history dates back to the twelfth century, and which had produced some illustrious men before him, of whom may be mentioned Adam van Haren, who was one of the signers of the petition for privileges presented by three hundred Dutch nobles to Margaret of Parma, governess of the Netherlands, which was the signal of the eighty years' war, and who afterward was Stadtholder of Vriesland (pronounced Freesland) and Counsellor to William the Silent. His father was Ernest, the Baron of Haren, Grietman, or Burgomaster, of the district of Bilt, in the State of Vriesland, whom he succeeded in these important positions. He was a member of the States-General and one time ambassador to the Court of the Duke of Lorain, Governor-general of the Austrian Netherlands, now Belgium,—a man of great learning and statesmanship, and with much literary talent.

As an epic poet, Van Haren has especially achieved fame; and his work, 'The Adventures of Friso' (king of the Gangarides and Prasiates, an Indian by birth and progenitor of the Frisians), is one of the worthiest productions of the Epic in the Dutch language, which the great Hollandish literary critic and historian, Jeronimo de Vries, called "the only epic proper in that tongue." But, great as he was in that line of composition, in the lyric he was also eminent, which he especially exhibited in his piece, quoted so often, entitled 'Human Life,' the most of which we give at the close of this sketch.

The early days of Van Haren were attended with prosperity; but in his later years the tide turned, and heart-breaking reverses darkened his path. For a long time he battled nobly against the swelling tide, until his reason gave way; and during one of his irresponsible moments he ended his life by poison. He was laid to rest in the family vault in the Reformed Church of St. Anna Parodris, State of Vriesland, where the inscription over his tomb may be seen to-day, yet that tells the story of all, "*Mors et Vita.*"

HUMAN LIFE.

"ALAS! alas! how fast our days are speeding!

How does our glory hasten onward with the hours.

How sorrow pains, how peace, receding,
Has made more pain than joy be ours !

“ Oh happy time, between three years and seven,
When all greets fair the eye and charms the heart.
Ah ! that to stay these years were given,
When sport and smiles their joys impart !

“ Attractive child, spend thy young days in playing ;
For worldly glory cannot give to us the joys
Thy wooden wagon is conveying,
Of pasteboard house and other toys.

“ Soon masters stern will tell thee what oration
Demosthenes of old uttered in Pallas town,
What Cicero told to his nation,
When Rome wore yet the imperial crown.

“ O labor hard, O hours of sad depression !
They are but shadows of the troubles that appear
When fate shall come without compassion
And deal her blows some later year.

“ What scene is this on which mine eyes are resting ?
Ah ! young man, how thy soul awakes, how boils thy blood !
The passions now thy tender heart investing
Have roused a fire unquenchable by flood.

“ Ay, if you poured thereon the streaming rivers,
Unfathomed seas, you'd not put out that fire :
How, then, can Reason master and compel it,
Her baby eyes just open on Desire ?

“ Like to Aurora through dull clouds out-shining,
Nay, fairer far, hot-breathing Love appears ;
But pestilence her kiss is, her eyes 'pinning
Fling forth destruction like a thunderbolt.

“ Amid such tempests, days crowd thick as hosts
Of flowers in a garden that upthrust thronging heads.
You, too, are grown — a man ! But, ah ! what dreary ghosts
Crowd with the multiplying days around you !

- "Now sleep deserts you in the early morning,
Now has the night for you no rest;
Cares, fears, despair, resist all scorning,
And put the brakes on progress, study, zest.
- "Now, first, life's instability is shown you,
How little the Will's bridle Fortune minds,
How mortals suffer like a dream's swift passing
Conditions through which none a straight way finds.
- "While in your hand you hold the flower of pleasure,
Death strikes a dear friend,— song and light depart;
A loving wife,— above your life the treasure;
A child,— the pearl locked up within your heart!
- "Fly hence, then, seek from sorrow's haunts to sever,
Cross the meridian, reach the far South-land,
The once loved image stands before thee ever:
It's waiting for you there upon the strand!
- "Grief shows the quality of creatures savage,
Is fiercer than a lion trapped in snares;
A worm throughout the vitals making ravage,
A vulture that the live heart rends and tears.
- "Who's coming there? bent down, exhausted, weary;
His brow is like the entrance into night;
His eyes are like the moon's light, chill and dreary;
His head with snows of many years is white.
- "He is Old Age. At what points he his finger?
What picture draws he there afar in gloom?
What heavenward hope doth in his spent soul linger?
'Tis but the end of everything,— the tomb.
-
- "Ah! such is man with all his proud pretences.
When Death decrees, though hosts surround the throne,
The king falls prone, amid his best defences,
Imperial power expiring in a groan.

"Thou, thou alone, Supreme, Eternal Being,
 Thou, Father, King of what was and will be,
 Whose sceptre's power shall never know gainsaying,
 Shalt rule throughout Eternity.

"Past ages, in oblivion lost to mortals,
 And those remote in future which shall be,—
 Thou callest them, and, lo! from mystic portals
 They issue forth, obedient, fronting Thee.

.

"Fate kneels before thy feet, great God, and makes no stir,
 And in thy volume reads thy strong, fixed will;
 But when thine eyes, expressive, look upon her,
 Lo! all is moved, or, lo! all standeth still.

"There the eternal light of the Most High an ocean
 Of happiness and peace abroad doth shed;
 There sorrow is no more the human portion;
 Grief shuns the soul, for Death himself is dead."

Jacobus Bellamy was born in the city of Vlissingen (Flushing), November 12, 1757. His parents were poor, and could not afford to give him a higher education than could be obtained in the common school. When quite young, he became a baker's apprentice; and his talents would probably forever have been buried if they had not been discovered by the parish clergyman, who took him in his care, secured the necessary funds for his education, and prepared him for the university.

In the course of time he was enrolled as a student in the University of Utrecht; and there he made rapid progress in his studies, and soon attracted attention. Especially did his poetical gifts make him conspicuous there.

In 1782 he published, at Amsterdam, his first volume of 'Sentimental and Anacreontic Poems,' followed in 1785 by his 'Patriotic Songs' (*Vaderlandsche Gezangen*), both full of merit, and to which he added another volume soon after, not less remarkable. Bellamy was a man of glowing spirit and vivid imagination. To these he

added excellent taste and ease of expression, fitting him well to become one of the chief restorers of the Dutch national literature.

Unfortunately, he died in the flower of his years, March 11, 1786, aged twenty-nine, after his final examination, just when ready to enter life with the brightest prospects before him.

One of his most popular poems is his country ballad, 'Rosa' (*Roosje*), of which we give here a translation of the opening stanzas, which may preserve their artless simplicity:—

“THERE was in Zealand once a man,
A lovely child had he,
Beloved by every one as e'er
A child beloved could be.

“The man, as might expected be,
Took pride in this dear wealth,—
The more so, as his wife had died.
Daily her loss he felt.

“How oft he lifted Rosa up,
With sighs that heaved his breast,
Her little red cheeks glowing warm
His fervent kisses pressed.

“Then said the good and tender man,
‘Your mother is no more.’
‘I know,’ said then the little maid,
‘Angels to God her bore.

“‘Some time ago you told me this.
But say, why did she go?
She loved me not so well as you,
For she left me below.’ ”

The gifted Rosalie Loveling was born in the town of Nevele, East Flanders, Belgium, March 19, in the year 1834.

She and her sister Virginie are among the most popular of the Belgian poets of the nineteenth century. Rosalie's poetry bears the marks of originality, fluency, and strong expression of noble

sentiment. She has not written much, but what she has given is beautiful ; and, if she had lived longer, she would no doubt have added many excellent pieces to Flemish literature. This, however, was not to be ; for suddenly, to the regret of all who love true poetry, death cut off the rich vein of her muse. She died in the flowery season which she loved so well, May 4, 1875, forty-one years of age.

The poem that follows here is one of her most popular productions : —

THE CABIN IN THE DUNES.

“ THE ship’s crew weighed the anchors,
The ship’s crew shouted, ‘ Hail ! ’
The ship shot through the billows,
The wind sang in her sail.

“ High up upon the mast-top
Is seen a little hand,
Amid the flags and topsails
Waving towards Fatherland.

“ There sits the little ship-boy,
With on his lips a smile ;
But his thoughts are on the Cabin
Among the Dunes the while.

“ They’re with his ailing mother
By the window sitting there,
Or kneeling to the Virgin
At night in earnest prayer.

“ Or his thoughts are on the garden
Fenced with the crumbling wall,
Or on the violier-plant
In the crevice growing tall,

“ Or on the time that evening
She wept before he went :
Since then how many a twilight
On deck their light had spent !

- “ He brushed away the tear then,
And tried to hum the song
His mother once had taught him
So long ago,— so long !
- “ Above him there was some one
Who looked down, too, on him,—
A face,— the far-off moon’s face,
Solemn and pale and dim.
- “ So looked on him his mother,
Kindly and silent, long,
When she had seen him standing
Where the loud, rough seamen throng.
- “ Soon now he’ll be at home again,
And with her, trouble past,
Rest, like a tired swallow
That lights upon the mast.
-
- “ In the dunes there stands the cabin
Which the ruddy evening laves ;
And he stands outside close by it,
Back glancing toward the waves.
- “ But tempests are forgotten,
And the coming home is bright.
How the little windows greet him,
All a’ glitter with sunlight !
- “ He draws near, and pushes open
The quickly yielding door.
He looks around, he searches ;
But mother ’s there no more.
- “ Only a sun-ray sees he
From a crevice in the wall
Where dance the gleaming dust-motes
In dizzy whirl and fall.
- “ He searched the lonely garden.
Where was his mother,— where ?

His heart sank with the question.
To ask he did not dare.

“ Ah ! grass is growing o’er her,
Storms break without her care ;
Her peace they cannot startle,
So sound she slumbers there.

.

“ Into the sails the wind blew,
Again the ship flies fast ;
And no one marked the little lad
Who climbed the topmost mast.

“ On him none but a star peered
The mist through,— one large star :
An eye brimful of sorrow,
A tear of love afar.

“ On sped he like a birdling
By an arrow wounded sore,
Winging his hard flight onward,
To nestward go no more.

“ In the dunes among the thistles
Stands the little cabin still.
Between the stones the grass grows ;
In the ground, moles work their will.”

Jan van Beers has been very popular, both in Belgium and Holland, and was pre-eminently the poet of the people, sympathizing with them in their sorrows, entering with all his heart into their joys, and advocating their rights. The poor received his special attention ; and his poem, ‘By the Cradle of a Child of Poverty,’ gives evidences of the largeness of his heart.

This eminent Flemish poet was born in the city of Antwerp, February 22, 1821. His early poems appeared under the title of ‘A Young Man’s Dreams,’ on which principally his fame rests. This was followed by two other volumes entitled ‘Feeling and Life’ and ‘Life’s Emblems,’ both also of high merit. A new

collection of his poems, under the title of 'Travel Pages,' was issued by the Elzevir Publishing Company in 1885, which was awarded the fifth annual State Premium of Belgium. Years ago the poet had the misfortune to be stricken with blindness; but, happily, he recovered his sight,—an event which he celebrated by the composition of his grand hymn entitled 'Light,' an outburst of his joyful feeling. A fragment of that hymn, which was written in unrhymed verse, is here put before the reader. The original form and rhythm I have retained in this translation.

LIGHT.

"LIGHT,

What is light!

Depth of heavens,

Depth of the oceans,

And thou, O earth, tell me

What, what is light!

"Lo! in the east at the dawn, when the heavens

Do sing, then sparkles with joy

The infinite blue of your spheres; then adorn

Ye the clouds to the highest, in purple and gold.

"And ye blush,

Lovingly blush ye,

Like a virgin

Who from afar sees

Her betrothed one approaching,

Her countenance beaming

With love as he comes.

"Behold, in the east when the dawn comes, the sea,

From abyss of abysses,

Flows a-murmur with love, and sweetly

Her endless expanses do smile.

"And this earth here?

Hark, when with kisses

Of lips of dew,

And of roses, the meaning

Arouses her!

“ Hark ! what a hymn from the earth then ascendeth !
Thousands of millions of creatures
Singing ! Be welcome, sweet light !
Forests and mountains and valleys,
And rivers and streamlets,
And the awakening birds everywhere,
And the opening flowers all around
Saying, ‘ Be welcome, sweet light ! ’

“ Earth, sea, and heaven,
When ye with joy are shouting,—
When the light appears,
Earth, sea, and heaven,
Do you know what light is ?
Is’t not reflection of splendors alive
Above, on which angels
Are floating and rocking ?
Or the breath of God,
Which, all animating,
Makes vocal creation ?
Is it not His goodness ?
Is it His love, perhaps ?
Yes. His love it is
Which, over the universe,
Spread out in the beginning her wings.
Yes, His love it is
Which, every morning,
Over the universe still spreads her pinions.

“ His love which is watching
In motherly way,
Her creatures beholding,
Her creatures caressing,
Oh, tell me, is light not the love of our God ? ”

Karel Lodewyk Ledeganck was born in the town of Eecloo, November 9, 1805, East Flanders, Belgium, a few leagues from the city of Ghent. His father was the schoolmaster of the village, and

both he and his mother appear to have been excellent people. The poet was especially loud in his praises of his mother, who was a pious woman of the old stamp, and, according to his testimony, versed in the writings of the pious priest, Poirters, and the wise sayings of Father Cats. It was chiefly through her influence that Ledeganck's poetical gifts were aroused and developed, and the effect of her pious training is also strongly reflected in some of his writings.

Unfortunately, they were in poor circumstances and could not afford to give Karel a higher education than the village school afforded. But the brilliant boy saw his way open, and, resorting to self-culture with indomitable energy and perseverance, found himself, after a few years, not only familiar with the modern languages, but so well stored with general knowledge that he could enter the University of Ghent.

During the course of his studies there he remained with his parents, and daily walked from Eecloo to Ghent, to attend the university recitations. This was, no doubt, a trial; but Ledeganck underwent cheerfully these and other hardships to enrich his mind, and finally he saw his efforts crowned with success, graduating in 1835 with the degree of Doctor of Laws.

Some time afterward he was appointed Justice of the Peace at Zomergheem, and later was commissioned by his government as Inspector of Public Schools in the city of Ghent. But his poetical talent had meanwhile been active; and many a beautiful verse had come from his pen, which was received both in Belgium and Holland with enthusiasm,—as might have been expected, since Ledeganck handled those subjects which are so dear to the people of the Netherlands; namely, home, the home land, and the sentiments of religion.

Those pieces which he wrote in memory of kindred and friends are especially beautiful; and all who know what it is to love a parent dearly will be touched by the tender eulogy of Ledeganck on his mother, while his trilogy to the three sister-cities,—Ghent, Brugge, and Antwerpen,—in which he extols their glorious past

and bewails their present insignificance, will charm every lover of the beautiful and the noble.

Ledeganck was not the poet of the highest order, not the genius whose bold creations engage our attention : he is the poet of the heart, of tender emotions. The testimony which he gives of himself is true : "Originality was my aim, and feeling my source." But in that we find his true greatness, the principle that charms and attracts.

Our gentle Ledeganck was not to live long ; and he succumbed to the disease of consumption March 19, 1847, in the city of Ghent, aged forty-two years.

The following lines of this Flemish singer exemplify his work : —

TO MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS,

"BELOVED ones who, like me, out of the same trunk sprouted,
Art following fate's course, one here, the other there,
Do you remember yet the time when we were thriving
Around our common stem, of trouble not aware ?

"When yet beneath one roof we all found our protection,
Where love and work and song your Eden made and mine,
When mother's tender voice would wake us up each morning,
To prayer to call us and the daily task assign ?

"We sported like the birds, that up and down are flying,
Or pondered o'er a book, or played on grass and moss ;
And, when the noontide hour or twilight drew us homeward,
Then, opening the door, we asked where mother was.

"And when I sometimes now a sister meet, or brother,
It seems to me as if their voices still I hear,
Asking with tongue and eye, that stabs me through the heart now :
' Say, where is mother ? Come, can'st tell us, brother, dear ? '

"Yes, where is mother now ? Ah ! where are all the spirits
Which God in mercy sent, as blessings here below,
Who like the morning dew for a short while descended,
And then again, from earth departing, upward go ?

“Where are they whom we knew their pure and holy lives through,
Who, with their eyes on God, spent life in doing good,
Who made our home for us a garden of sweet roses,
Who died with shining eyes in hopeful, happy mood?

“Where is love’s fatherland? Where are the living fountains
Of virtue their hearts showered in generous display?
Yonder, in that great light, of which the suns above us,
Like drops of a great sea, but show a reflex ray.

“There, as one mighty voice, they swell the choir of angels;
There melt they in the glow of a higher firmament;
There in the lustre of the Unborn One are blended;
Sing they in that great land, by space or time unpent.”

Nicolaas Beets, born in the year 1814, is the “Poet Laureate” of Holland, who has written many a stirring verse for the celebration of some of the great national events and State occurrences of his interesting country.

When Holland commemorated the death of Adolph of Nassau, the first noble hero who fell in her memorable struggle with Spain for freedom, erecting on that occasion an equestrian monument in his honor on the battlefield of Heiligerlee where he fell, Beets came to the front with his beautiful poetical effusions, ‘On the Battlefield of Heiligerlee,’ ‘At Wedde,’ ‘At Winschoten,’ three poems which will be esteemed by his people as long as any remain to love liberty and truth.

In 1869 he wrote his ‘Festival Cantata’ for the unveiling of a monument at the Hague, commemorating the deliverance of the Netherlands from the yoke of Napoleon in 1813, about which he gives the following account:—

“It was the desire of Prince Frederic, the president of the high commission for the national monument of 1813, that I should write the text for a cantata, to be delivered at the date of the unveiling, at an evening festival given by his Royal Highness, the musical composition of which was to be intrusted to Heer (Sir) Nicolai, director of the Royal Musical Academy.

"With pleasure and the best of my ability I fulfilled the honored task assigned to me, which first of all gave me an opportunity to become acquainted with the gifted composer and which resulted in a delightful correspondence between us.

"Our common work at the appointed hour was brought before the audience in the presence of the king, the queen, the Prince of Orange, Prince Alexander, Prince Frederic, Princess Maria, the ministers and corps diplomatic, on whose behalf and the rest of the distinguished large assembly invited by Prince Frederic translation of the text was given in French."

When the coronation of Queen Wilhelmina drew near, he also wrote, at the request of his government, the Coronation Hymn for the occasion, a very able piece, which, set to music, was so admirably rendered at that time in De Nieuwe Kerk (New Church), "Holland's Westminster Abbey."

As an author and poet, Beets made his mark early in life, when a mere student in the university of Leiden, writing, under the pen-name Hildebrand, his '*Camera Obscura*,' which at once made him famous,—a work which, up to this date, has been the most popular of his prose writings.

In his youth, Beets was a great admirer of Byron; and many excellent translations from him has he rendered in his native Dutch, such as '*The Prisoner of Chillon*,' '*Mazeppa*,' parts of '*Don Juan*,' '*Childe Harold*,' and others.

In 1837 he published his three long poems, '*Guy de Vlaming*,' '*Jose*,' and '*Kuser*,' of which the Dutch literary critic "*De Gids*" (*The Guide*) says this:—

"'*Jose*' is an expression of strong passions, which was liked all the more because our charming poet of the legendary never would depict passion. '*Jose*' is his first-fruit. The defects of it were, perhaps, happily balanced by its beauties, but the first were imitations, whereas the latter were originals; and what talents these latter betrayed!

"The description of the cloister on the Ebro gives strong testimony of the poet's open eye to nature's beauties and his masterly talent to depict them. And '*Kuser*,'—how much more

original it was, what gigantic strides the poet had made in the character sketching of his women, how worthily he maintained in his poetical sketching of nature his former name!"

The subjects, however, of these three poems, and the manner in which they are treated, bear unmistakable evidence of the influence of Byron; but from the volumes of his later years, such as 'Korenbloemen' (Cockle), 'Nieuwe Gedichten' (New Poems), 'Madelieven' (Daisies), and others, the romantic spirit of the English poet is absent, and those subjects so dear to the human heart, and especially the Dutch, are treated,—home, country, religion, and nature.

Another literary critic, after having pointed out some of the errors of Beets's works, closes thereupon with these remarks:—

"When he expresses his soul (and nothing but his soul) in melodious sounds, our ears and hearts open and our tears flow, and we grasp the hand of the noble singer who remains dear to the heart of the Fatherland."

Beets is a mild Puritan, a minister of the Established Church of Holland (the Reformed). He received his training at the University of Leiden, and began his pastoral career at the village church of Heemstede, where he wrote the greater number of his numerous works. To that sweet retreat he many a time charmingly alludes in his writings.

He is a man of considerable learning, familiar with several modern and ancient languages, at home in history, philosophy, and the sciences, and is an able teacher, preacher, and religious writer. As a proof how well he knows how to express himself in English, his poem entitled 'A Destined Nun' may be adduced, which is an English version of one of the verses of the Dutch poet Hasebroek, and inserted in the edition of his Complete Poetical Works published by Sythof, Leiden, 1874.

Very few poets have been so generally esteemed by the Hollanders, and very few have had such marked success from the beginning. Of this he himself gives playful testimony in the

introduction to the Complete Edition of his works just referred to, when he says :—

“ For forty years I’ve figured
As poet ; and to-day,
As ere I did in years since,
My zither I still play.
Quite obviously, my readers
My utterances do like.
Still, as a rule, my judges
Not very hard do strike.”

With all winds and currents in his favor, idolized by his people and honored by princes, Beets has remained the humble, gentle minister of the gospel ; and all who read his works will see his beautiful soul shining through the lines. The author of this sketch, who has had a correspondence with him, has during this had opportunities to observe and admire the noble traits of his character.

Years ago he was appointed professor at the University of Utrecht (National),—a position which he filled with great credit, and from which he retired in 1884, since which he has resided in that city as an *Emeritus*, devoting his declining years to literature and the contemplation of the higher and enduring things to come. In the lines that follow here the present writer has endeavored to give a translation of two lyrics, whose humor mixed with pathos has been much admired.

WHEN WE HAVE REARED THE CHILDREN*

(*Wanneer de Kinders groot zijn*).

“ WHEN we have reared the children,
Wife, whom I love the best,
Then after toil and care there dawns
A day of wholesome rest.

* ‘When we have reared the Children’ has received the approbation of Dr. N. Beets, who pronounced it a successful translation.

I'll be a little gray then,
Your brow be smooth no more ;
But, when the heart is young yet,
We'll calmly pass that o'er.

“ Four daughters and three sons, wife,—
That means somewhat, I know,—
The youngest not yet two years old,
The oldest fifteen, oh !
How much anxiety for all
The mother-heart has known !
Work, work by day and care by night.
Still, soon they'll be full grown.

“ To friends you don't attend much,
The children take your care.
The family, all know it well,
Leaves you no time to spare.
Your pallet is neglected,
Books long have idly lain ;
But, when we've reared the children,
All good will come again.

“ Our wedding trip, my dear one,
No long one could we call.
We journeyed to the parsonage
Of Heemstee, that was all.
We never have together
Been far away from home ;
But, when we've reared the children,
Then we'll together roam.

“ I had but half enjoyment
When travelling abroad.
My heart was home, it was with you ;
And thither flew my thoughts.
I rushed through all my outings,
And soon returned to thee ;
For, when we've reared the children,
You'll go with me, you see.

“ Then places I will show you
Which I so lovely found.
By Rhine and Mosel, Clyde and Thames,
I'll lead you then around.
Winandermere and Edinburg
I thought were extra fine.
To them I'll take you some day, too,
Before our lives decline.

“ When we have reared the children,—
But don't look that way, dear :
Pray don't begin with such a smile
That must end in a tear,—
When we have reared the children
(And time goes very fast),
Then we will have a happy while,
Wife, whom I love the best.

“ The children all did prosper,
Maturity they neared ;
But, ere the eldest was full grown,
A little one appeared.
' Be welcome, my dear sonny :
You have not come too late.
You, too, will be a man, soon,
God's goodness to relate.

“ ‘ Don't be afraid. Your mother
Gladly receives you, too.
She has brought up so many,
It's easy to raise you.'—
Alas ! there at a sudden
My light turns into gloom.
The children are fast growing,
But on their mother's tomb.”

IN THE SUMMER.

“ OH, let me wander, let me wander
Through groves and over lea.

Let me breathe freely and experience
That there is life in me.
Let me behold the brook pursuing
His course through this lone vale,
Where lovely flowers bloom solitary
And none this life assail.

“ Let me behold from heaven descending
The sun’s sweet, glorious ray,
Things beautiful on earth selecting
In splendor to array.
Let during these few precious moments
The tender harmony
Refresh my senses and my soul
By what I hear and see.

“ The light wind through the foliage rustles
Where a wee bird doth sing,
And o’er the flowers with honey laden
The bees are on the wing.
The sportive little fish, arresting
The music of the stream,
Above the water shows his armor,
Which in the sun doth gleam.

“ Whatever breathes, now peace is breathing,
In silent joy at rest ;
And with the calm that is prevailing
My soul feels itself blessed.
And everything, air, plant, and water
And creature do appear
To ask, “ Man, who alone hast feeling,
What doth thy heart feel here ? ’

“ Let, let me here recall the moments
When my life’s morning glowed,
When nothing e’er perturbed the pleasures
With which my soul o’erflowed,
When all around me shone so brightly
And flowers thrived at my feet,

And opening buds, rich promise giving,
My watching eye did meet.

“ Let, let me from this rest so quiet
Look back upon the strife,—
The battles fought within my bosom
’Mid noontide’s heat of life !
Blows fell, and I was sorely wounded,
With wounds unseen upon my brow ;
But they have healed. I have recovered,
And taste their blessings now.

“ Let here my heart and soul get ready
For the long evening of my day,
Which, ere I know, will spread its shadows,
And waft its chill this way.
Before I see my life’s sun setting,
The nipping of my last sweet flower,
My pleasure and my labor’s ending,
And hear the parting hour !

“ Ah that the Sleep might close mine eyelids
In such a land of bliss,
My latest rest be e’en so tranquil,
So undisturbed as this !
My slumber beneath turf along which
Runs gambolling the rill,
Far from the sepulchres displaying
Man’s pride and artist’s skill ! —

“ Where love alone will visit there
To shed a silent tear
Upon the grave in which forever
My dust will disappear,
And, from the lonely place returning,
Of sorrow be set free,
Knowing that there will be reunion
In blessed eternity.”

Sipko Rederus.

BROWNING'S '*A SOUL'S TRAGEDY*.'

THE briefest and, in many respects, the simplest of Browning's dramas is '*A Soul's Tragedy*.' It is hence well suited as an introduction to the poet whose subtle thought is often so compact and involved as to make him a difficult study. Neither here nor elsewhere, however, is it true that he who runs may read. This poet never plays lightly over the surface of things; and the sharp and simple antithesis which a careless perusal finds between the first and second acts gives place, on a more thoughtful reading, to a far profounder psychological analysis.

In the '*Browning Letters*' Miss Barrett writes, "Chiappino is highly dramatic in that first part, and speaks so finely at times that it is a wrench to one's sympathies to find him overthrown." This hints the whole question of his interpretation; for upon inquiry we shall find that Chiappino is in every sense "dramatic," and that only those whose regard can be won by mere fine speaking can give him their sympathies and approval. Indeed, the hollowness of the hero is so great, the character so soulless, that we question whether the title, '*A Soul's Tragedy*,' be not a misnomer. One can hardly ask for dispassionate criticism from Miss Barrett; but her summary, "a work full of power and significance," is no sound deduction from her earlier comment, while both seem to me to rest upon a superficial understanding. Far truer is the author's epitome,—"*It is all sneering and disillusion*"; and one even hears with tolerance his discouraged epithet,—"*manqué, failure*,"—for in its hazy ambiguity one cannot but feel that the poem has to a degree missed its aim. How far that is true and how far the tragedy is a genuine conflict will appear as we study the narrative.

The scene is laid in Faenza, Italy, in the sixteenth century, during one of the political upheavals so common in that time and land. A sentence of banishment against the chief agitator had provoked an assault upon the ruler. The blow was spark to tinder: the city

rose, the wounded Provost fled, the supposed assassin was the hero of the hour. Then came the papal legate to administer, and through his adroit handling the old order was restored.

These events, of course, are not the prime interest of the play. They are merely the enveloping action. But the added value which comes from having the few characters relieved against such a background is great. Through all the conversation that eager, tumultuous Italian life is present to our consciousness; and the speakers have a reality and a dignity that people and events presented with no historic setting inevitably lack.

The soul whose tragedy we are invited to contemplate is Chiappino, the leader of the revolt. The first act — the play has but two — shows him in conversation with Eulalia, while Luitolfo, his lifelong friend and her betrothed, is interceding with the Provost to secure a reversal of his sentence. Chiappino has little hope of the issue, and in this supposedly last interview permits himself to speak with absolute unreserve. It is a gloomy hour. He recounts his life in Faenza, where he has fared always in "the shadow," his friendship with Luitolfo and their joint but unavailing patriotic efforts, and his love for her; for it now transpires that the disappointed man had himself hoped to win Eulalia. During this bitter arraignment of others for his misfortunes, they are interrupted by the entrance of Luitolfo with exciting tidings. Enraged at the Provost's implications against Chiappino, he has fallen upon and slain the tyrant; the officers are upon his heels; his friends must flee, to avoid sharing his doom. Chiappino grasps his opportunity. His revulsion of feeling is complete. The moment transforms him from a cynic to a hero. He thrusts his own disguise upon Luitolfo, pushes him out into obscurity and safety, wraps himself in the blood-stained vesture, and stands proudly awaiting the penalty for Luitolfo's deed.

But the second advent is no less dramatic than the first. The insurging throng comes not, as was anticipated, to avenge the murder, but to applaud their deliverer. Intoxicated by their adulation, Chiappino obeys their request to "harangue us in the market-

place," goes out from the reproachful presence of Eulalia, and Act I. of the tragedy concludes.

One month later Luitolfo, who has been in concealment and only partially apprised of passing events by Eulalia, reappears in disguise. From citizens in the public square he learns something of intervening events,—not wholly true nor wholly false, as the news of such authorities is wont to be. But that Chiappino's political star had been rising, and that his relation to both Eulalia and Ogniben is mysteriously close, becomes puzzlingly obvious. At that point he enters with Eulalia, and under her questioning admits that his attitude toward his friend, his country, and his love, has been wholly changed by those brief weeks. He attempts sophistically to justify his departure from former principles, vindicates his assumption of Luitolfo's act, and with it as a fulcrum proposes to gratify his ambition; nor has he aught save self-complacency for the loss of continuity with his former life which the change involves. Then enters the ecclesiastic, Ogniben. With his wily argument he leads Chiappino on still further, and wins his glad consent to accept the once hated office of provost. In the fateful moment, however, an impossible condition is laid. Should the true assassin be discovered (for Ogniben judges Chiappino too keenly to credit him with the passion and *abandon* needful for such an act), his punishment must be swift. Luitolfo in a superbly dramatic moment steps forward with "I avow the deed," and Chiappino's confusion is complete. Like the young ruler in Palestine, he "went away sorrowful," leaving Ogniben to chuckle over the general discomfiture.

Such is the action. Plot, in the strict sense of entanglement of forces and circumstances, can hardly be predicated of the play; and it is obvious that the conventional arrangement is wholly absent. The arch-like plot movement, gradually rising from the situation in Act I., through the development in Acts II. and III., to the final complication of Act IV., and finding its quiet resolution and adjustment in Act V., is not found here. We have instead but two acts, each giving us the existing moral status of the hero.

There is no character development unless, possibly, in the four weeks' interval. We have presented to us simply moral situations as brought out by the words of Chiappino and his interlocutors.

What, then, is this character which we have to contemplate? What the tragedy of his soul life?

The drama invites us to survey him from several standpoints. We have Chiappino as revealed by others and as presented by himself, and, further, his own presentation differs according as it is indirect and implied or direct and purposed. This last, his own conscious résumé, is, of course, the least valuable index to his character, whether in Chiappino's case or another's. Yet, for the sake of completeness, it may be well to consider it.

Chiappino, then, regards himself as having a "peculiar lot," enjoys the permission "to study" it, and feels "a little pride" at his isolation. He is keenly alive to the pathos of his situation, — "the homeless, friendless, penniless, proscribed, and exiled wretch"; and later, in his declaration to Eulalia, he pronounces himself "a banished fool, who troubles you to-night for the last time." But for these external misfortunes he finds ample compensation in his pride of character. His terse disclaimer, "Seeing these men [his fellow-citizens] and myself, I protest against their claiming me. I would not (broadly) do as they have done," resembles the memorable "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are." The arrogance, however, seems not baseless. What nobler creed than this could one hold?

"I trust in God — the right shall be the right
And other than the wrong, while he endures :
I trust in my own soul, that can perceive
The outward and the inward, Nature's good
And God's."

And out of this stern self-confidence have grown, Chiappino holds, many of the Stoic virtues. He admits his severity. He has not minced matters.

"True, I thank God, I ever said, 'you sin'
When a man did sin : if I could not say it,

I glared it at him ; if I could not glare it,
I prayed against him."

And the power of that severity is felt by all.

"My voice that greatens when there's need to curse
The people's Provost to their heart's content,—
My eye, the Provost, who bears all men's eyes,
Banishes now because he cannot bear."

But this severity is rooted in a profound truthfulness ; and out of it issue earnestness, loyalty, and devotion. "God, give me truth," he calls,—

"Truth, power to speak —
And after be sole present to approve
The spoken truth !"

Because of his austere truthfulness, he declines to temporize.

. . . "I won't bear
These pretty takings-up and layings-down
Our cause, just as you think occasion suits.
Enough of earnest, is there ? You'll play, will you ?
Diversify your tactics, give submission,
Obsequiousness and flattery a turn,
While we die in our misery patient deaths ?
We all are outraged then, and I the first :
I, for mankind, resent each shrug and smirk,
Each beck and bend, each — all you do and are,
I hate !"

Toward his friend he professes loyalty. Luitolfo had paid his fine, interposed to save him from misfortune. "Henceforth," says Chiappino to Eulalia,

. . . "There stood by you
My benefactor ; who might speak and laugh
And urge his nothings, even banter me
Before you,— but my tongue was tied."

And the softer side of his nature finds utterance in his reverent love for her : —

"We all aspire to heaven; and there lies heaven
Above us: go there! Dare we go? no, surely!
How dare we go without a reverent pause,
A growing less unfit for heaven? Just so,
I dared not speak."

The passionate avowal of this love gives us the most beautiful lines in the poem. Witness the daring figures here:—

"Then my days spoke not, and my nights of fire
Were voiceless."

And the lingering tenderness of these verses:—

"... Love like mine must have return,
I thought: no river starts but to some sea.
And had you loved me, I could soon devise
Some specious reason why you stifled love,
Some fancied self-denial on your part.

If I knew any heart, as mine loved you,
Loved me, though in the vilest breast 'twere lodged,
I should, I think, be forced to love again."

How does Chiappino's unconscious self-revelation accord with this? Does it supplement or oppose? Of his fellow-citizens he does not conceal his contempt,— "the liars I have lived with," the glib "common mouth," this "town full of born slaves, bred slaves, branded into the blood and bone, slaves!" That is not the attitude which genuine reformers have been wont to hold toward the people. Rather, it is the spirit of those who have used the people for personal ends. It suggests not the patriot, but the demagogue. Are we reminded that these terms were employed in an hour of crushing disappointment, when recognized failure not unnaturally provoked resentment? So be it: we will not press the arraignment.

Turn, then, to Chiappino's words with Eulalia, his tried friend, the fiancée of his closest intimate. The three had, by his admission, striven for a common cause. In the time of his defeat has

he any wish for her success? any prayer that the cause may march prospering, even though not through his presence? Not for a moment in this last hour together do his thoughts transcend himself. And of his declaration of love to Eulalia, his iterated question to her, what shall be said? Are we asked to let the despondency of his mood palliate that also? Could any man of generous impulses wish to wring from the woman whom he loved so humiliating a confession? Grant that the admission, had she made it, would have been more than a temporary triumph for him, a joy stretching into untold years. Yet a genuine lover, not an egoist, would have felt such joy too dearly purchased, and repressed his question.

And what of Chiappino's indictment of Luitolfo, the tried comrade with whom from infancy he had "side by side still fared," — Luitolfo who at this very hour was imperilling himself by intercession for Chiappino? "Poor Luitolfo's part . . . in the wide offence" seems gravest of all. He had paid Chiappino's fines, held him up when his fortunes fell away, loaded him with benefits; and these kindnesses rankled in Chiappino's heart as veriest injuries. The slurs, innuendoes, hints of interested motive with which he reviews them, would fit Shakespeare's Mark Antony. Hear his ironic reference to Luitolfo's absence,—

"And now . . . gallant intercession
Goes forward — that's so graceful."

And note the imputation of cowardice when, as Luitolfo returns from his bloody errand, Chiappino fancies him saying,—

"He [the Provost] shrugged his shoulder — I say, shrugged it!
And fright of that drove all else from my head."

What but the envious wish to strike any one happier than himself inspires this characterization of Luitolfo,—

"The very man
Whose slight, free, loose, and incapacious soul"?

And remember it is to Luitolfo's betrothed wife that Chiappino

speaks thus. Nor has he any object. Not for the sake of accomplishing anything, not with the thought that in this last interview he should warn her against giving herself to one so unworthy, but merely for the sake of venting his own spleen does he heap these insults upon his so-called friend. "It had not looked so well," he says, "to let me drop." A pity that, if motives of honor failed to touch him, that vulgar one could not.

What now can we learn of Chiappino from others? As we take our stand in the market-place and listen to the passing talk, we are reminded, as when we hear "One-half Rome" and "The Other-half Rome" talk of the murder of Pompilia by Guido, of how poor a guide is current opinion. All believe it was Chiappino who struck "the God-like blow"; all, with a half-hearted exception, honor him as "thrice-noble savior." But the way in which the events of the past month are garbled on their tongues forbids our attaching weight to their opinion.

It is to the three people most closely associated with Chiappino that we should look for a guiding judgment of him. And that three promptly narrows to two, for Luitolfo's estimate is too meagrely indicated. He is, by Chiappino's confession, a generous friend, by our observation a self-sacrificing one. But he is too perplexed and bewildered, both on the night of the murder and in the public square, to aid us in our problem. And, were it otherwise, he would have been of little use. It was not his wont to weigh and consider.

"A happy-tempered bringer of the best
Out of the worst"

he seems, whose custom it is not from reasoned motive, but from ready affection,

"To place [Chiappino] o'er himself
In all that challenges respect and love."

Such a nature finds "childly wont and ancient use" the sure ground for devotion, and does not analyze or help others to analyze the character of its dear ones.

Eulalia, however, has more keenness. She loves Luitolfo, and that love obligates her to a certain loyalty and affection toward his friend. She hears with a patient tolerance born of sympathy the bitter cynicism of his accusations, grieves for his wrongs, and generously explains rather than resents the insulting language heaped upon her and Luitolfo. Her forbearance makes her cry of "Shame!" her demand for "Justice," tenfold more forcible. How this patience vests with a rich meaning her constancy to Chiappino during the following month! How she hopes against hope to hold him to high ideals! How she must have writhed under the popular misconstruction of her "experiment," and despaired of accomplishing her purpose when she at length notified Luitolfo that "Chiappino was in urgent danger"! And, when her incisive questions in the market-place win the defiant admission that touching his friend, his country, and his love—his three objects of professed loyalty—he has readapted his principles more adroitly, we are uncertain whether to echo the womanly lament, "Nay, I only think, what do I lose?" or the moralist's stern censure, "So we profess, so we perform."

And Ogniben, with his "certain love of composing differences," finds a clear path for composing the differences between Chiappino's professions and performances. Not that he instigates Chiappino's obliquity any more than the witches instigate Macbeth's. He is not, as the Italian ecclesiastic goes, wholly unscrupulous. He is astute and wily, using people for convenient ends, but using them along the lines which they themselves indicate. "I insist," he says, "on your simply pleasing yourselves. I help men to carry out their own principles. If they please to say two and two make five, I assent, so they will but go on and say four and four make ten." The Churchman's subtlety aids Chiappino, helps him to justify his faithlessness, and establish that four and four make ten; but the formula is a corollary of his own earlier position. Ogniben's keen insight discerns that position, and makes it politically useful. But his contempt is as apparent as his acuteness. His stinging dismissal of the would-be Provost, "Let

whoso thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall," leaves no note of scorn unsounded. What further word of sarcasm could be uttered than the "Still silent, my patriotic friend? . . . I have known *four-and-twenty* leaders of revolts."

Such and so varied is the testimony concerning this enigmatic person. Shall we accept his own estimate, and believe that the mistake of the mob gave to him, the disinterested patriot, the opportunity he craved to bless his native city? Shall we agree with the usual interpretation that that mistake brought a temptation before which the moral purpose of a lifetime went down like driftwood on a swollen stream? Or shall we rather discern in that mistake a mere unveiling of a life self-centred and egoistic, with generous impulses no doubt, but without moral conviction or earnestness? Before answering this question, let us observe his conduct in that crucial hour.

As Luitolfo enters, refuting Chiappino's ascription of cowardice by the blood-stains on his cloak, Chiappino instantly frames another derogatory hypothesis: "This comes of temporizing." And — note the quick assumption of superiority — "Now see my way!" When this way is proved futile, a still surer opportunity of distinction opens. Luitolfo shall have the disguise, the flight in the darkness. He will remain the centre of interest, the hero. But is it genuine heroism? He makes no response to Luitolfo's pathetic "Save Eulalia!" and, again, "Is Eulalia safe?" He never echoes Eulalia's "At least Luitolfo has escaped." His thought is of his own proud part in the spectacle. His artistic temperament revels in his effective rôle. Again and again he calls attention to it as the crowd surges on and the exhilaration waxes. Indeed, the generous substitution is first proposed in no self-abnegating words, — "I am master here!" and later, as challenging Eulalia's plaudits, "I am master here!" When she begs him to avoid apprehension as "our accomplice," he scouts any such secondary part in the drama. "Mere accomplice? See!" and draws the convicting cloak about him. His declaration to Eulalia that he will "die for him [Luitolfo]" for an instant shakes our theory;

but the next moment assures us that it is in the mere intoxication of the dramatic situation, not in solemn recognition of the possible consequences, that he dons the cloak. He is eager for the dénouement,—“How the people tarry!”—and in the passionate impatience for the approaching crisis can hardly await their coming with dignity.

“I can't be silent; I must speak or sing —
How natural to sing now!”

No manly attitude this in the face of death. The stately seriousness of Eulalia's reply has no effect. His thought is all on the coming crowds; his wish, that they would drag him to the market-place,—there he might speak. And, when they enter, what possible occasion is there for his prompt and ringing “I killed the Provost!” save a childish joy in the spectacular, in being himself the centre of interest and regard? No, it needs not the popular blunder to expose him as a man without earnest purpose, without moral character.

The theme, then, of the drama is something more than Ogniben's text,—“Let whoso thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall.” It is the older and graver one, “Know thyself.” Chiapino was not a villain, a Richard III. His refusal to pay the price of the Provostship, the sacrifice of Luitolfo, establishes that. He was not a thorough humbug posing for what he consciously was not. He might so have held the populace, as many a demagogue before and since has done. But he would not have held Luitolfo and Eulalia. Nor was he wholly self-deceived. Had he been, the probings of Eulalia and Ogniben had laid open the rottenness to his gaze. Keen enough with others, he had too much penetration to be a slumbering sentimentalist. He had simply refused to know himself. The knowledge had been humiliating: he chose comfortable ignorance. Like the young ruler in the Gospel, he “had great possessions.” Power of swaying people, imaginative insight, generous impulses, were his abundantly. But, like the young ruler, he let his life drift. The definite choice of the true and good he de-

clined to make. And so, when the test came, there was no genuine tragedy; for to the contending forces which conspired to wreck his career there was no resistant power to oppose.

One hesitates, however, to affirm that this sad drama is misnamed, to insist that nothing may be entitled tragedy where a conflict of forces does not exist. That element is lacking, is it not, in Aristotle's famous definition? One would be loath to say that the supreme dramatist had miscalled his 'Tragedy of Macbeth'; and yet the Scottish king, hardly more than the Italian agitator, opposes the powers that ruin him. Indeed, the characters of the two men have much in common. Each is self-centred, confusing the subjective with the objective. Each is profoundly sceptical of virtue or goodness anywhere. The Scot is more savage, the Italian more cynical; but both are equally joyless. These sentences from Professor Dowden's study of Macbeth's character are the psychological analysis of Chiappino's: "Macbeth is excitedly imaginative, and his imagination alternately stimulates and enfeebles him. The facts in their clear-cut outlines disappear in the dim atmosphere of surmise, desire, fear, hope, which the spirit of Macbeth effuses around the fact." What is the verdict on the man who makes his imagination the rudder of his life? Clouds without water, driven by the winds, wild waves of the sea, and wandering stars are not more uncontrolled and futile.

If now we have rightly estimated the content of this drama, little remains save a few comments on its form.

That the play is a closet drama appears from the name. The 'History of a Soul' is too delicate, too elusive a thing, to be presented before the foot-lights. Yet there are situations in it which would satisfy the most exacting of stage managers. Such are the sudden entrance of Luitolfo to Chiappino and Eulalia, the arrival later of the mob, and Luitolfo's avowal of his deed in the marketplace. Yet it must be confessed that in variety of devices for enhancing either the dramatic or literary effect this drama is poor. The movement proceeds almost wholly by mere dialogue. There is no under-plot, no stage business. There are no exquisite songs,

as in 'The Blot in the 'Scutcheon' and 'Pippa Passes'; none of the impassioned poetry which makes 'Luria' a bugle-call; none of the meditative reflections which the dramatic monologues would lead us to expect. This last omission is surprising. Save for two brief *asides*, which furnish rather clumsily needful external particulars, the method of soliloquy is entirely absent.

The play, as has been stated, has but two acts, with no division into scenes. The relation between the acts is formally one of contrast, but a contrast, as has been shown, of externals, not of essence. Why Browning phrases Act I. in verse, Act II. in prose, is a question not fully answered. He replies to it measurably in his title, which reads, "Act First being what was called the poetry of Chiappino's life, and Act Second its prose." There is immense significance in that relative clause, "what was called." Called by whom? By the poet? By Chiappino himself? Or by the populace and the reader? We admit that the first chapter of Chiappino's history has in it more poetic elements than the second. The tale of his aspirations contains possibilities of beauty lacking in that of his disloyalty and defeat. Again, the first narrative is given us, in the main, by himself; the second, by others. When we note that he speaks considerably more than one-half of the first act and less than one-fifth of the second, it may be needless to ask further why the one is called the poetry of his life, the other its prose.

But, granting this opposition in the quality of the subject-matter, is its embodiment in literary form desirable? The boldness of the device is obvious; and, like many bold devices, it is at first effective. Shakespeare makes his heroes speak in verse, his clowns in prose. Why should not the dramatist of the soul incarnate beauty of purpose or achievement in verse, and moral ugliness in prose? But, when he makes his division line coterminous with the division between the two acts, he lays an unworthy fetter upon himself. If any speaker, for instance, merits the dignity of metre, it is Luitolfo when, in the moment of Chiappino's triumph, he comes forward from the throng in the market-place, assumes responsibil-

ity for his assassination of the Provost, and declares loyalty and confidence toward his quondam friend. This illustrates the restrictions which the arbitrary rule imposes, and shows that the contrast, while striking, rests in no nice sense of fitness. It exemplifies the too familiar idea that Browning, though a great thinker, was not a great artist. The sensitive appreciation between the relation of literary form and content he often lacked.

The characteristics of the verse have been sufficiently indicated. There is not the beauty which one finds in the 'Dramatic Lyrics' and 'Men and Women'; nor, on the other hand, is there the obscurity which sometimes baffles in 'Ferishtah's Fancies,' still more in 'Sordello.' Browning is never inconsequent and fugitive. Sufficient application always enables the reader to think his thoughts after him. But the kangaroo-leaps natural to his agile and vigorous mind make large demands on the average slow-plodding thinker. Here, however, no such demands are made. The verse moves simply and vigorously, with enough of music to justify it as verse, but marked chiefly by the pedestrian excellences of clearness and force. The prose of Act II. has these in full measure. It is compact, incisive, epigrammatic, a model of colloquial style. The sentences are generally short and brisk or broken into clauses which gives the same effect. There is abundant simile, irony and sarcasm. Browning has left but little prose aside from this and parts of 'Pippa Passes.' As we note its virility, we are disposed to regret that in some of his later writing he did not use the same medium.

So much of Browning's method and message 'A Soul's Tragedy' reveals to us. How we shall value them depends on our individual taste. If we ask that a poet be first, foremost, and always a melodist, then Browning must yield to many a singer in the century now closing. If we believe that poetry is primarily a criticism of life, that the physician of the human soul who can diagnose and treat its disease is the man of divinest power, then for us Browning is excelled by no writer in the Victorian era. Like Goethe,—

“ He took the suffering human race,
He read each wound, each weakness clear,
And struck his finger on the place,
And said, Thou ailest here, and here ! ”

But, unlike Goethe, he prescribed a surer remedy even than art. His faith in man's spiritual capacity equalled his insight into frailty. He was a preacher not, as Wordsworth too often is, of ethical commonplaces, but of the profounder spiritual truths. It is this that makes significant a sentence from the preface to ‘Sordello,’ which he might have written as the epitome of his life-work : “ My stress lay on the incidents in the development of a soul : little else is worth study.”

Ella Goodenow Willcox.



‘AROINT THEE, WITCH, AROINT THEE.’

ALL lovers of Shakespeare remember the opening lines of the third scene of the first act of ‘Macbeth,’ and the speech of the first witch : —

“ A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And munch'd and munch'd and munch'd : — ‘ Give me,’ quoth I :
‘ Aroint thee, witch ! ’ the rump-fed runyon cries.”

That he should also remember the assumed mad talk of Edgar in ‘Lear’ (iii. 4. 129) is not so certain : —

“ Withold footed thrice the old ;
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold ;
Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,
And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee ! ”

As to the signification of the expression, there is no question : all are agreed that it means “ Be gone ! ” But the origin of the word and its true form have been the subject of much discussion. The various theories will be found collected in Furness's Variorum edition. They are all philologically impossible. But, now that we

have in Wright's 'English Dialect Dictionary' ready access to the wealth of English local usage, the explanation of this old crux is easy.

The passage in 'Macbeth' has in the first and second folios *aroynt*, in the third and fourth *anoynt*. The 'Lear' passage has *aroynt* in the folios and *arint* in the quartos. This *arint* for *aroint* (compare *jint* for *joint*) shows that we have a genuine *oi* to deal with. Both forms are also reflected in living English dialects; for example, in the milkmaid's 'Rynt' or 'Roingt thee!' to a cow when milked (see Webster's 'International Dictionary'), and in the phrase 'Rynt you, witch!' (See Ray's 'North Country Words.') The form *anoynt* of the third and fourth folios points the way to the solution. As *aroint* cannot be explained in any independent way, it is most natural to suppose that *anoint* is the original and that *aroint* is only a dissimilated form of it. The recurrence of the same sound in different neighborhoods offers difficulty to the mind, and we are likely to fail to produce it in one of the two places or to change it in one to a similar but different sound. Thus the first *r* is likely to disappear in words like *wa(rr)ior*, *lib(r)ary*, *sec(r)etary*, etc., or to become *l*; for example, in *pollinger* for *porringer* and *Plesbyterian* for *Presbyterian*. Compare also *marble* from Latin *marmor*, *turtle* from Latin *turtur*, etc. So *periwinkle* is for older *peniwinkle*, modern German *glitzern* for Old High German *glizzinon*, and Latin *carmen* for older *canmen*. The form *aroint* for *anoint* is, therefore, perfectly normal.

But now for the semasiology, or development of meaning. From the 'English Dialect Dictionary' we learn that *anoint* is frequent: (1) in the sense of "whip,"—for example, "Maister's 'nointed me to-day for talking in class," "I'll 'nint ye when I gets home"; (2) in the sense of "move quickly," "run," "hasten,"—for example, "Now, lad, 'noint it," "They wun comin' along as fast as the pony could 'ninte." The change from "anoint" to "thrash" is not uncommon. It is either a case of the euphemistic use of an opposite (compare "blessed" for "accursed") or implies such severity that surgical treatment will be needed, the attitude of mind

being the same as that revealed in "If you don't quit that mighty soon, there'll be a funeral hereabouts in a day or so." Compare the development of "baste": (1) to "stitch" cloth or skin; (2) to "dress" wounds, especially with application of liniment or ointment; (3) to "thrash," implying the necessity of subsequent surgical dressing. So, too, we speak of giving a man a good "dressing" for a good "thrashing." Compare the German *Ich werde ihm den Buckel schmieren*, "I'll anoint his back for him"; *Man sollte dir den Buckel mit buchigem Holz salben*, "We ought to anoint your back with beechwood" (like the north English "to anoint with the sap of a hazel rod"); *Der hat's ihm eingerieben*, "He gave him a good rubbing"; *Sie hat's ihm hinter die Ohren gerieben*, "She gave him a good rubbing"; *Sie hat's ihm hinter die Ohren gerieben*, "She gave his ears a good boxing." So, too, *wichsen* and *durchwichsen* have passed from "anoint" to "thrash." The change from "thrash" or "whip" to "hasten" is not so strange as might at first sight appear. It simply involves a change in the form of the rapid movement. We find exactly the same change in the word *whip*. Compare: "He whipped out his pistol," etc.; "She whipped around the corner"; "With speed from thence he whipped," Sackville, quoted in the 'International Dictionary.'

We have, then, in "Anoint thee" or "Aoint thee" nothing more than "Haste thee" or "Speed thee." That Shakespeare wrote "aroynt," and not "anoynt," is clear from his use of it in alliteration:

"'Aoint thee, witch!' the rump-fed runyon cries."

George Hempl.



SCHOOL OF LITERATURE.

LONGFELLOW'S 'MICHAEL ANGELO,' DE STAËL'S 'CORINNE,' HAWTHORNE'S 'MARBLE FAUN,' ESPECIALLY IN RELATION TO ITALIAN ART: A STUDY PROGRAMME.

READINGS FROM 'MICHAEL ANGELO.' I. The Artist in Relation to his Work. Part First. 1. Monologue, 'The Last Judg-

ment.' 2. On Architecture, "Ah, to build, to build," to end of scene.

Part Second. 4. sc. i. "And you like this picture" to "'Tis easier done in oil than in distemper." 5. "And will you paint no more" to end.

Questions for Debate: 1. Should the artist be governed in his work entirely by his own desires, or should he be willing to use his great talents in satisfying the desires of others?

2. Are Michael Angelo's arguments in favor of the superiority of architecture over all the other arts satisfactory?

3. Does church architecture in your estimation magnify the glory of God more than any other art?

4. Is architecture a higher art because it exists in itself and not as a shadow of something else, or should you say that was most truly art which exists as the idealization of something real?

5. Is Michael Angelo's opinion of sculpture as superior to painting in line with his argument in regard to architecture, in that it reproduces as closely as possible the real?

6. What do you think of his argument against oil painting? Is Leonardo's defence of it good? What was distemper painting done with?

7. Do you agree with him that pictures which produce the effect of sculpture are finer than those which do not?

8. Is Michael Angelo right in saying that all arts except architecture are mere imitation, and not creation?

9. Do the opinions he is made to express here agree with history and the character of his work?

II. Michael Angelo as Critic. Part Second. 4. sc. i. "Now I am angry with you" to "And the world is fairer that he lived in it." 5. "Pray unveil your picture" to "I am not a painter."

Part Third. 3. "I have not time to stay" to "All other artists of his time." 5. Beginning of scene to "Wrought by the hand of God."

Questions for Debate: 1. Is Sebastiano an example of the fact

that comfortable worldly circumstances are destructive of high aims in art, or is his laziness merely due to his especial individuality?

2. Do you agree or not with those sociologists who say that, if competition in getting a living were done away with, all aspiration in art would cease? Give examples to prove the contrary.

3. Is it true, as Michael Angelo says in this poem, that he and Raphael influenced each other's work?

4. What accounts are there as to their followers representing them as rivals?

5. Is Michael Angelo's appreciation of Titian's picture somewhat contradictory to his insistence upon the superiority of sculpture?

6. Do you think his attitude toward painting might have been prejudiced by his preconceived theories of art?

7. Is Angelo's opinion of Benvenuto Cellini indorsed by critics?

8. What is the story of his Perseus? (Cellini wrote a life of himself, which has been translated by Roscoe.)

III. Contemporary Criticism of Angelo. Part Third. 2. scs. i., ii., iii. 5. "Is Aretino dead to throw stones," etc.

Questions for Debate: 1. Did Angelo suffer much from rivals and critics?

2. Which Julius was pope at the time Angelo was engaged on St. Peter's?

3. Was he paid for this?

4. Has Longfellow succeeded in reproducing a lifelike picture of the artist's relation with the pope and cardinals?

5. What is the modern criticism of 'The Last Judgment'?

(A good account of Michael Angelo is given in Mrs. Jameson's 'Early Italian Painters.')

IV. Thoughts on the Art of the Past and the Art of the Future. Part Third. 4. On the Coliseum. Part Second. 5. From beginning down to "We must make room for others."

Questions for Debate: 1. Does it show the highest possible artistic development when one can view a thing simply as art detached from moral considerations, or should the highest art always make an appeal to the moral sentiment?

2. Michael Angelo has been represented elsewhere as placing architecture highest because it was for the glory of God. Can that be reconciled with his present mood?—here he seems to be lost in admiration of the form simply.

3. Is it usual, as Titian and Angelo are portrayed here, for a decaying generation to look upon the rising generation as promising much either in art or morals, especially if it descries signs of changing ideals?



READINGS FROM 'CORINNE.' I. Literature and Literary Customs in Italy. Book II. Corinne at the Capitol. Chapter i. to end.

Questions for Debate: 1. Is there anything in the history of Italian literature upon which such a scene as that of Corinne at the Capitol could be based?

2. Have women held a prominent place in Italian literature?

3. Do such descriptions as the following agree with our nineteenth-century ideals of womanhood?—

"Her attitude was noble and modest. It might indeed be perceived that she was content to be admired; yet a timid air blended with her joy, and seemed to ask pardon for her triumph. . . . But, in the midst of all this success, it seemed as if Corinne implored the protection of a friend, with which no woman, however superior, can dispense."

4. Is this more like the modern ideal?—

"She was no longer the shrinking maid, but the inspired Vestal, who exultingly devoted herself to the worship of Genius."

A Talk on Improvisation. Book III., chap. iii. Begin "The conversation turned on the talent for improvisation" to "I am indeed a poet while I admire or hate," etc.

Questions for Debate: 1. Are the Sicilians especially noted for their power of improvising verse, and what is the nature of this verse? (Alma Strettel on 'Italian Folk Songs' may be consulted on this score, also Browning's 'Fra Lippo Lippi' and notes in Camberwell edition of Robert Browning.)

2. Does it seem at all likely that the poetry produced by improvisation is as good as that which is thought over more carefully?

3. Is not the charm of improvisation largely due to the pleasure experienced in the sense of spontaneity rather than in the actual value of what is done?

4. Is Corinne's brilliancy in this line probably somewhat exaggerated?

Literary Opinions. Book VII. to chap. iii.

Questions for Debate: 1. Are Corinne's criticisms of Italian literature and her comparison with other literatures just?

2. Do you agree with her that French literature is barren because of the national literary orthodoxy that admits of no innovation?

3. Do you agree that England has more true poets than Italy?

4. Is the best poetry that which is dependent for its beauty almost entirely upon form or that which depends upon the inspiration of fine thoughts and ideas?

5. Is not form at its best the natural modelling of the thought, and therefore to be judged in relation to the thought rather than as separate from it?

6. What do you think of the criticisms of Italian dramatic art?

7. Is it possible to have the highest form of drama accompanied by music or the highest form of music accompanied by acting?

8. Is not music's especial quality the power of putting abstract beauty, thought, and emotion into form, and must not this power be curtailed by fitting it to concrete dramatic action?

9. Did Corinne claim as much as she might for Italian literature as the source of inspiration to other literatures of Europe,—in the works of Chaucer and Shakespeare, for example?

10. Do you not think the criticisms of Alfieri just? Does Browning's 'Soul's Tragedy,' for example, give a better picture of Italian personality than Alfieri's Tragedies?

II. Thoughts on Architecture. Book IV., chap. ii. through v.

Questions for Debate: 1. Compare the talk about St. Peter's and the Coliseum with what is said of them in 'Michael Angelo.' Is Corinne's criticism—that the multiplied adornments somewhat impair the beauty of the whole in St. Peter's—just?

2. What is to be said of Neville's objection that such wonderful art as that of St. Peter's had done nothing for Italian character?

3. Was it not the manifestation of a man great both in genius and character?

4. Is it the function of art to exert a moral influence?

5. If not a natural function, can it be made to exert a moral influence through the cultivation of the love of the beautiful, leading on from artistic to ethical and spiritual beauty?

6. Is Corinne's feeling similar to that of Michael Angelo's when he praises the Coliseum, where she declares,—

"The wonders of genius always awaken holy feelings in the soul, and we pay homage to Christianity in tribute of all the best works that other faiths have inspired"?

7. Do you find Corinne's descriptions of the buildings in Rome sympathetically appreciative as well as accurate?

III. Thoughts on Painting and Sculpture. Book VIII., chap. ii.

Questions for Debate: 1. Is Corinne right in her contention that discontentedness of spirit does not furnish to the fine arts, and especially sculpture, the primitive elements of the feelings which can alone be well represented by the eternal marble?

2. Is she right in saying that Greek artists, when called upon to represent base or ferocious passions, blended animal with human form? Were not such types of beings survivals from a more prim-

itive stage of civilization, when distinctions between human and animal were less clear? (See Tylor on Animism.)

3. May not the more symbolic meaning have been attached to them later?

4. What do you think of Corinne's argument that Scripture subjects are best suited to the painter's art, and pagan subjects best suited to the sculptor's art?

5. Would it have been better if she had said that sculpture was suited to the presentation of abstract ideas such as are symbolized in a Venus or an Apollo, while painting better gives expression to purely human and individual aspiration?

6. Is Neville's attitude justifiable, — that religious subjects, in order to be devotional, must have the countenances of a certain monotony of expression, therefore historical and human subjects are better fitted for painting?

7. Are his objections to Raphael's and Michael Angelo's portrayals of religious subjects the outcome of a prudish religious attitude rather than good art criticism?

8. What of his objections to the horrors of martyrdom depicted in Christian art? Does it depend, as Corinne hints, upon the artist's genius to portray such things artistically whether they make any appeal to the artistic sensibilities?



READINGS FROM 'THE MARBLE FAUN.' I. Modern Artist Life in Rome. Book I., chaps. i., v., vi., xiii., xiv.

Questions for Debate: 1. What is the basis of such myths as that of the faun?

2. Is Hawthorne's suggestion as to the fauns being primal forms of human life of which Donatello was the survival likely, or is the suggestion, delicate as it is, an example of the modern realism and the scientific manner of accounting for myths?

3. Is the life of the woman artist in Rome truthfully portrayed by Hawthorne in Miriam and Hilda? Is the influence of the

artist life in leading them toward less conventional customs good for women or not?

4. Is the influence of antique art likely to be suppressive of the original genius of an artist, as it turned out to be in Hilda's case?

5. Would it be better for her to attain such an exquisite appreciation of the beauty of the old masters as she did, or to paint only passable original pictures? Which would be better for the general public,—to have a good interpreter of the highest art or a minor artist?

6. If she had been gifted with strong creative faculty, would she have ever been satisfied with copying?

7. Were her artist friends lacking in sympathy with Miriam? And, in failing to see that they ought to have given her the help she needed, were their delicate artistic sensibilities to blame or their cold New England blood?

8. Which does Hawthorne seem to indicate?

9. Is the over-sensitive temperament of an artist likely to make him shun confidences or would it enable him to invite them more readily than obtuser temperaments?

10. Is Hawthorne justified in giving so much praise to the workmen who chisel the marble instead of to the sculptor whose ideal was moulded in the clay? Compare the sculptor's art in this respect with that of the author's in relation to his helpers,—the printer, proof-reader, book-binder, and publisher.

11. Do you agree with Miriam's strictures upon the nude in art?

THE RELATIONS OF THE LOVERS IN THE THREE WORKS. I. Michael Angelo and Vittoria Colonna. Part First. 1. "You speak a name" to "That is mere nothing." 2. "How like a saint or goddess she appears" to "And which way fronting." 5. Enter Michael Angelo to end.

Part Second. 1 and 2.

Part Third. 8. "O Death" to "Grateful to me is sleep."

(Comparative Reading: 'Michael Angelo's Sonnets,' translated

by John Addington Symonds and published by T. B. Mosher, of Portland.)

Questions for Debate: 1. Is such an ideal of love as Michael Angelo had for Vittoria Colonna common to his time?

2. Are such ideals to be commended, or should you consider them as subversive of our present social order?

3. Is it probable that a woman could be faithful to the memory of her husband, as Vittoria was, and at the same time have a deep admiration and affection for another man?

II. Neville and Corinne: Book IV., chap. vi.; VIII., chap. iv.; IX., chap. i.; XV., chap. i.; XVI., chap. iii.; XVII., chaps. ii., vi.; XX., chap. iv.

Questions for Debate: 1. What do you think of Neville's treatment of Corinne?

2. Is it any apology for him to say that his conventional ideals were at war with his love?

3. What do you think of Corinne as a type of ideal womanhood?

4. In what respects does it approach and in what respects does it differ from the best American type?

5. Do you admire the independence that makes it possible for a woman to travel alone with a man?

6. Are such cases as Neville's to be met with in modern society, where a man vacillates between the new type of woman, who appeals to his soul, and the old type, who appeals to his conventions as being the proper sort of woman for a wife?

III. The Lovers in 'The Marble Faun.'

Questions for Debate: 1. If it had not been for the crime that bound them together, would the love of Miriam for Donatello ever have been aroused?

2. Do you not think the friends were inclined to underrate Donatello's capabilities?

3. Were not the capabilities of Donatello underrated by Miriam and her friends?

4. Might Miriam, with a little more comprehension of the unusual fineness of Donatello's nature, have developed him without the awakening influence of the crime?

5. Which do you find the more inspiring, Kenyon's and Hilda's virtuousness or Miriam's and Donatello's passionate devotion to each other?

6. Do you admire such a type of character as Hilda's,—so sure of the good that she has no sympathy for any one who does not live up to the same ideal of action as her own?

THE RELATION OF THE STORY TO THE ART CRITICISM IN THE THREE BOOKS.

Questions for Debate: 1. Does the art talk in 'Michael Angelo' grow naturally out of the subject-matter of the drama?

2. Is it made to enhance the dramatic construction of the poem, or does the poem seem to be only a series of conversations with no dramatic purpose whatever?

3. Can it even be said that the characters in the conversations have any vital personality?

4. In 'Corinne' does the art talk seem a vital part of the story, or should you say that the descriptions of Italy were the chief distinction of the book, and the story principally a framework upon which the descriptions are hung?

5. Although the romantic incidents of the book are few, is the portrayal of the characters of Neville and Corinne sufficiently strong to give it a true dramatic interest?

6. Is the artistic interest more fully subordinated to the story interest in 'The Marble Faun'? Or have you any feeling that the art talk is frequently brought in to fill up gaps in the author's inventiveness?

7. In any of the books is there an approach to that perfect subordination of art criticism to the character drawing which would make the opinions expressed stand out as those of the character's, and not those of the author's?

Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke.

PROGRAMME OF THE BOSTON BROWNING SOCIETY
FOR 1901-1902.

The Boston Browning Society has adopted for next winter's session the following programme. Names of the essayists and readers will be announced in the autumn.

MODERN QUESTIONS IN BROWNING.

I. *October 29, 1901.*

Essay. The Place of Force in Social Development.

'Before' and 'After.' (See also, in 'Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett,' Vol. II. pages 40-42, 46-54, 59, their discussion on duelling, 'honor,' etc.)

'Clive.'

'Instans Tyrannus.'

'Prince Hohenstiel,' lines 1740-1875 (compare Tolstoy).

The Question. Is Progress effected through forbearance or enforcement?

II. *November 26, 1901.*

Essay. The Place of Force in Mind Development.

'Tray.'

'Mesmerism.'

'Parleying with Francis Furini,' lines 265-375.

The Question. Are Browning's suggestions sound that mind-power is beyond the reach of physiological experiment, and that each personality ought to be beyond compulsion by hypnotic experiment?

III. *December 31, 1901.*

Essay. The Relation of Modern Life to Modern Poetry.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning:

'The Dead Pan.'

'Aurora Leigh,' Book V. lines 99-222.

Robert Browning :

‘ Old Pictures in Florence.’

‘ Parleying with Gerard de Lairesse.’

Aprile’s speeches in ‘ Paracelsus,’ lines 420–571, 648–650.

The Question. Does Poetry uplift the Time best by reflecting it ?

IV. *January 28, 1902.*

Essay. Disinterestedness in Social Service.

‘ Echetlos.’

‘ Incident of the French Camp.’

‘ The Lost Leader.’

‘ The Patriot.’

The Question. If it is best for the Patriot to seek no reward, is it good for the People to confer none ?

V. *February 25, 1902.*

Essay. Leadership : Autocratic, Obsequious, Fraternal.

‘ Parleying with George Bubb Dodington.’

‘ Prince Hohenstiel,’ lines 266–395.

‘ Luria,’ Act V. lines 299–311.

‘ Paracelsus,’ Part V. lines 739–785.

The Question. Is Personal Development the best social policy ?

VI. *March 25, 1902.*

Dramatic Reading. ‘ The Return of the Druses.’

VII. *April 22, 1901.*

Symposium on ‘ The Return of the Druses.’ The Actors’ Impressions of their parts :

I. Anael.

II. Djabal.

III. The Ideals of Love, Personal, Social, implied in the Drama.

VIII. May 7, 1902.

Browning Birthday Anniversary Celebration. Musical Programme :
Chorus and Songs from Browning.

Names of singers and farther particulars to be announced later.

IX. May 27, 1902.

Annual Meeting and Reception.



A 'LITERARY HISTORY OF AMERICA.'

AMERICA'S literary personality is treated in Mr. Barrett Wendell's 'Literary History of America' as a chip of the old block of Great Britain. Its best fibres are accounted for as ingrain survivals of the Elizabethan sap lingering in the New World beyond their transformation into something hardier and maturer in old England. Its highest future is descried in the promise of the times for a sort of reversion toward the racial main stock, to be brought about by an imperial Anglo-Saxon unity, which shall impose its language and its ideals of law and conduct upon the world by "the unwelcome force of conquest."

What show of independent and distinctive literature has been made, and "what, so far, seems the nearest approach of America to lasting literature," has emerged during the nineteenth century, as a result of the "passing of New England"; and otherwise, as yet, in the Middle States, the South, the West, America has put forth sparse and narrow buds, revealing the limited expression attainable by its "national inexperience."

The outlook following upon such a general conception of the historic past of America as this is results first, as regards the yield in literary products, and second, as regards the underlying conditions, in such summaries as follow in these two excerpts from the book; and they cast strong cross-lights athwart its design and drift as a whole:—

"At this moment newspaper humour, the short stories of the magazines, and the popular stage seem the sources from which a characteristic American literature is most likely to spring. The America of the future can probably be expressed only in some broadly popular form; and these three forms are the only ones which at present seem to promise broad popularity. At present, however, none of these forms, any more than the traditional forms which flourished earlier, are copiously fruitful. In America, as in England, and, indeed, as in all Europe, the last years of the nineteenth century have seemed artistically less important, less significant, less lasting, than those which lately preceded. The world is passing through experience too confused, too troubled, too uncertain, for ripe expression; and America seems more and more growing to be just another part of the world."

"For the first time since the settlement of Virginia and New England we come to a point where the history of England and that of America assume similar aspects. For nearly three centuries the national experience of England and the national inexperience of America have tended steadily to diverge. Our inexperience is fast fading. At the close of our first century of independent existence we find ourselves as a nation unexpectedly and regretfully face to face with the question which during the reign of her present Majesty has been the most important before the mother country. The growth of population during the nineteenth century, the incredible improvement of intercommunication by steam and electricity, and the immense consequent development of trade are placing before us an unavoidable dilemma. Shall our language with its ideals of law and of conduct dominate; or shall it recede and yield to others? This same question presses on England, too. In this final historical fact of common experience there appears some chance of such future union of our ancestral language and ideals as the disuniting influence of three hundred years long placed almost beyond the range of hope."

The habit of thought under whose repressive mould all that is constructive in this new history of American literature is cast appears by implication in these two paragraphs. The special form of racial "imperialism" which the writer hails as bearing in its mailed fist the boon of world-unity he acknowledges to be craftily qualified with the spirit of democracy. By this subtler force not America

alone, of course, nor England, but the world has been modified beyond calculation.

However immediately successful some survival of the old Cæsa-rean fetich of the domination of all other racial influences by one race-influence might be, everything must depend, in the long run, on the turn which this more modern factor of democracy may take in the already visible process of world-unification.

Any historical review of what has already happened derives its set and color from prejudices against or in favor of this more modern factor of the future problem.

What shall happen, also, will get into shape through the blindness or the insight the human mind may bring to bear upon the process of world-unification.

So, here, the temper of this book is predetermined by the limited view the author takes of democracy. And, if the eyesight of all world-citizens were shortened to his range, we should be restricted in the future to a world-civilization equal to the potencies of England plus the checking upon error in her political past which America caused by her temporarily successful deflection from the mother's dominance. Hush the natural query,—If error there was in England's political past, what power, then, shall be a check upon error in her political future? Instead accept the dictum that, having learned by this one colonial deflection to broaden her future bounds more wisely, she has corrected the one possible error in her race's unimpeccable right to world-sway.

Since the experience, moreover, by which she learned was gathered from her own descendants, the correction may be claimed as her own astute perception. Thereupon, to Mr. Wendell's mind, it seems to follow that no other race can ever teach her anything politically valuable. It might fairly be concluded that Clive learned from his politic French predecessor in India how to shape the policy that out-Frenched the French with the native Rajahs and gave England India. And, since Mr. Wendell distinctly says (p. 63) that American independence would hardly have been established without French aid, it might be held that without French

help in spirit and in fact England's stubborn child could never have been enabled to teach her mother how to rule her other colonies more wisely. Such instances of the racial interdependencies which have blended policies and created history illustrate the superior value of world-unity under federation instead of under any one racial dominance.

When the profound questions of a Zulu native, learned in his distinctive native mythology, directed critically upon the accepted religion of England, can be, as admittedly they were, the touchstone which shocked and shaped anew, through the mind of Bishop Colenso, the furthest reaches of Christian criticism and constructive religious philosophy, it would seem to be a time in the world when a federation limited even to a "concert of the powers" could be convicted of unpardonable crudeness.

Such slight yet deep-reaching evidences as these of the fruitfulness of contact for races retaining their distinctive gifts and their voluntary pursuit of a divergent development afford a glimpse of the inconsistencies lurking beneath the assumption that it is clear beforehand how one race is valuable to civilization and how others are valueless or dangerous. It is better to have fair play, and let the event prove values.

Such evidences open out a vista, also, toward the yet but half-tried possibilities of mutual enrichment growing from the unprejudiced, peaceful, and intelligent co-operation in the business of life of the qualities peculiar to each race-stock in preference to the narrow-brained attempt to stunt and crush the traits of all other races beneath the overlordship of the traits of any one race.

There is now extant, at least, and growing in the world, another view of the democracy of nations than the one which depresses Mr. Wendell's substantial work, if judged as to its constructiveness, below the level its ability would otherwise accord it. This view is one which contemplates racial characteristics as supplemental, and tending, if the nations be allowed time and opportunity under peace for free interplay and friendly fusion, toward a genuine world-unity truer than any of the partial unifications we have yet

had under the yoke of forced headships which have declared, The World is One, and I am that One.

To such a view it does not follow that "our ideals of law and of conduct" must either yield or "dominate by armed force." It does not follow, if we conquer, that our ideals shall. It does not follow, if we are conquered, that they shall be suppressed. It does follow that the artificial suppression of any ideals will cripple the best possible evolution of those that overtop, since no one race can attain unto quite as rich a development if self-debarred from the counter-influences reacting upon it from other developing races. Social life has been ever found to be less simple than drum-and-gun conquerors supposed it. For the ultimate products of advanced civilization the enlightened student, the true conservative, is bound to look less to forced and external conditions, though he will look to them also, than to those unforced and permeating ones underlying the question, Which ideals are the fitter to survive?

The choice, in fine, is not so narrow as the dilemma — conquest or defeat — which Mr. Wendell poses before America as "unavoidable." There is a third choice, Peace. War aims at what seems a simple good to the arbitrary or the unfurnished mind. But war makes a mess of it, self-defeat stultifying the good. Peace arranges surelier for the growth of richer results and tendencies through fusion, adaptation, and natural selection. It is to be hoped that America may conceive of the part she is to play in any European alliance or world-treaties in the evolutionary instead of in the revolutionary manner. If she take up the revolutionary method to which Mr. Wendell would incite her, she must return upon her shining steps, sink the fruits of her career till now, and lose the gains of her identity, to become another jangling faction in the European waiting-of-I-dare-not-on-I-would, which is called the "Balance of Power." If she chooses the evolutionary path,—merely the way of forbearance, as she recently did to her credit in China,—she will justify her differentiation hitherto from other countries; and being true to her independent life and character as an enlightened republic, while yet no longer holding herself aloof

from her place of dignity among the nations, she can help the whole world toward that new plane of political and diplomatic relationships which it is ripe for, yet apparently is too feeble to take without her initiative.

The limitations set upon the author's view of democracy by his racial prejudices are obviously the reason why he can discern nothing deeply causative or permanently valuable in the American character *per se*, or in any influence manifesting itself throughout the past upon the life or literature of America outside of that specifically British. With such limitations it would indeed be hard to find anything latent, susceptible of light or leading in the future in a literature which, until so lately as the just past century at least, was undoubtedly imitative and often merely provincial in character. With so much race favoritism predetermining the author's view of the provincial conditions through which American literature had to labor before it reached the cosmopolitan possibilities suggested by the scholarship of Ticknor, Longfellow, and Lowell, it may be cause for wonder that so much that is distinctive and shrewdly appropriate to American literature and life has been brought out in this history. Much that the author says, indeed, is true to triteness, but so luminously put that it takes on fresh value. But it is not the cosmopolitan suggestions in the literary life of America which are traced. Though it be well to place the emphasis where it is placed, on the Elizabethan antecedents of the American temperament, it is not just to suppose that other antecedents have been devoured because they have been assimilated, nor to ignore the future effects of such cosmopolitanism as American scholarship has shown. No critical literary student, of course, would or could discard from the fore-front of a literary history of America what Professor Wendell lucidly and admirably places there; its rootage in sixteenth-century English literature and life, its childish and long persistent emulation of a later English literature faster growing unmodish in Great Britain than here,—the impress, in a word, of that noble English origin which it must in essence permanently bear. But neither would

a critic whose view of democracy was less bounded by race-lines consider when the "inexperience" of America was deepening into the flush of conscious power,—when she had indeed become "just another part of the world,"—when that world of which she had become a part at last, was seething in a chaos of unexpressed experiences such as ever await the moving of the divine breath of art-expression that bloweth where it listeth,—that just then was precisely the time to hand the wide-eyed bantling of the New World back to its grand-dam with the pious hope that on the parlous path of differentiation it should never wander more.

The limitations of Mr. Wendell's view of democracy as affecting nations belong also to his view of democracy as affecting individuals, and these limitations circumscribe his outlook upon the possibilities for America as regards its literary products in much the same way as they circumscribe his outlook over the conditions underlying the past and future of America.

To his mind, democracy is dangerous because excellence and equality cannot easily go together. So he takes it for granted that the literary expression of a democratic civilization can never be choice, or, as he puts it, that America "can be expressed only in some broadly popular form." Yet Emerson's and Whitman's verse, each for different reasons at present "caviare to the general," have expressed the America of the past as the most broadly popular verse that can be mentioned belonging to the same period does not. And there is no reason why the future, whatever broadly popular form may more widely prevail and fitly present America, should not also find vent as completely in as similarly a less popular yet as choice or as singular and noteworthy a mould. The truth rather is that there is more room under democratic conditions than elsewhere for all varieties of expression, the individually unique being just as much the offspring of American life as the universally clapper-clawed.

It is curious that something so nearly like the old catch-question for children, "Which weighs the most, a pound of lead or a pound of feathers?" should stumble an observer of the democratic

ideal of equality, and cause the demur that equality is gainsaid by difference or excellence. Though there is one glory of lead and another of feathers, and so though, of the most diverse substances or natures, each be raised to its supremest power, pig lead of pig lead, or fluff of fluff, still there may be one simple measure of worth set as the mark for both.

So, also, differences enormous in kind and quality may exist between members equal in respect to being necessary and therefore valuable to the commonwealth.

The ideal of democratic equality was pithily put long ago by Browning in 'Paracelsus,' when he spoke of all men as being capable of being "equal in full-blown powers." One might excel in this, another in that aptitude, yet all alike be developed to the utmost of their divergent capacities and qualities. This is the democratic ideal of equality, which, as to method, must rest for its realization on equality of opportunity to differentiate and develop excellence. Doubtless this is what Whitman meant when he said, "There can be any number of supremes." It is a product ever on before, involving a higher human evolution in the very terms of its conception; and the choice and rare is, therefore, quite as characteristic a product of democratic conditions, implying as it does ever new phases of divergent development, as the broadly popular, which implies a long-settled convergence of development.

As might be expected from the tendency of the author to discount the subtler manifestations of the democratic spirit in American letters, Emerson receives attention here as preacher, philosopher, and essay-lecturer rather than as poet and artificer of the living word. Although he is placed with Hawthorne, and the two are distinguished above their distinguished fellows of the greater New England group as the most permanently eminent figures of the past century in American literature, the treatment Hawthorne receives in an admirable chapter,—perhaps the most thoroughly adequate in this volume,—as pre-eminently an artist and man of letters, makes one realize that he lacked a quality Emerson had as artist and man of letters. Hawthorne's work is finished in every

respect. It is largely effective through its perfect sensitiveness to local color and to then passing conditions of life. It has no spiritual generativeness. It perfectly suits Mr. Wendell's conception of the "passing of New England." It may fairly be treated as a closed chapter recording a completed historic period.

But Emerson has spiritual generativeness. The chapter that treats him as if there was in him no material for a sequel misses the clew to him, however high it niches him. For Emerson's work as poet, in the essays and poems both, is vital yet, for whomsoever it reaches; and its kindling touch keeps New England in spiritual posterity, forbidding the critic whose penetration may trace intellectual instead of physical descent from shutting the door upon her mighty ghost.

Emerson's hand was laid weightily upon Whitman, too; and the tale of the spiritual relationship was too significant of a strain of continuity in American literary initiative to be passed over obtusely. Here, again, the defect of this history is one of omission. Again the failure is on the constructive side.

As a whole, the work succeeds in being delightfully readable, interesting, and thought-provoking. And this it is quite as much on account of the prejudices that color the author's outlook on life and letters as on account of his attractive diction and the orderly arrangement of his material. His skill in the articulation of his theme and his command of its scope lead the reader on easily, almost flowingly, without sense of effort or complexity such as naturally belongs to so large and not easily organized a subject as the budding literature of a still developing people. And his limitations of sympathy with the democratic spirit, upon certain significant aspects of which we have chosen to dwell, while they provoke dissent, enkindle also trains of thought and emotion, far more interesting, it may seem, to the reader at any rate, than anything the author has directly supplied; yet the author's instigation thereto, and the mental friction involved, must gratefully be put to the credit of the book.

The desire to be fair is notable throughout the work. And

the author's attempts to take a thoroughly well-informed view of the many two-sided situations his subject involves are the fruit of apperceptions both logically and adroitly exercised. If the ground of the discussion was thoroughly comprehensive of the situation, one could scarcely resist the conclusions; but one misses again and again that essential factor of the inner situation which is open only to a more creative variety of criticism.

In a word, this is an unusually compact and orderly condensation of an unwieldy yet intensely initiatory field of life and thought,—a book systematically well written by a writer of distinctive habits of thought, who has, one is inclined to conclude, every technical equipment for his task, but very inadequate qualifications of sympathetic insight or critical constructive force.

Charlotte Porter.

(A Literary History of America, by Barrett Wendell, Professor of English at Harvard College. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1901. \$3.)



RECENT IMPORTANT BOOKS.

IN the volume of 'Essays Theological and Literary' by the lamented Dr. Charles Carroll Everett, we have a rich legacy of wit and wisdom, of keen analysis and rigorous logic, tempered with a spirit of broad humanity and set forth with a genial humor that plays delightfully about its subject. In the essay on the Devil, for instance, we read that "at first he was a god in good and regular standing." The following bit is in the same vein, so characteristic of the lamented Dean of the Harvard Divinity School: "The New Zealander believed that his chief divinity was a cannibal. But cannibalism in a god is not like cannibalism in a man. If the divinities devoured one another, the case would be different; but for a divinity to feed upon a man implies no greater depravity than for a man to eat mutton. From the human point of view the things look very different; but how would it look from the point of view of the sheep? To the fly the faithful housemaid might

well appear to be a sort of devil. To the ox, the butcher, and to the fox, the hunter, might naturally appear to belong to the race of demons. Yet the servant may be a 'perfect treasure' to her mistress; the butcher may be a respectable member of society; and the fox-hunter may be a parson." So the author proceeds in his genial way to "give the Devil his due," tracing the rise and progress of that august figure that stalked like a colossus through the ages of faith, but in these unbelieving days — alas! how are the mighty fallen! — is shrunk to a lean and slippered pantaloon, slinking about camp-meetings and Southern negro revivals.

Dr. Everett's playful satire crops out in passages like that in the essay on Nietzsche, in which, referring to those who assert that the supra-human precepts of the Sermon on the Mount are rules designed for the time when the whole world shall be Christianized, he says, "It seems unfortunate, however, to have rules that cannot be used till they are needless." He continues: "Some would have them designed especially for the Disciples, who had on hand so much pressing business of the highest moment that they had no time to waste in quarrelling. This explanation seems hardly complimentary to those of us who come after."

Dr. Everett's breadth of view as a theologian appears in passages like the following. Speaking of the Bible as it is now understood in the light of critical study, he says: "Contradictions are to be expected. There is no need to find everywhere the highest truth. Error is to be expected. Even the Gospels may have failed to reproduce in all cases accurately the words of Jesus. The book still contains the highest utterances of religion. These form its climax, but do not control all its teaching. The preacher or teacher of genius may continue to make the Bible interesting, but to the mass of men much of the interest which formerly attached to it will more and more disappear." He refers to an even more vital change when he says: "In earlier days religion was urged as the great end and aim of all living. By religion, as it was then insisted upon, was meant the personal relation of the soul to God and the direct preparation for the future life. Religion, in the

sense in which it was just defined, is not the great and supreme end in living. It represents, indeed, the culmination of life, but only as it lifts to a higher plane the ordinary relations of life. We are not to live in the world merely to prepare for another life, although right living in the world may be the best preparation for such a life. This life of ours, this common, every-day life upon the earth, has its own worth. It, while it lasts, is the most important thing."

He looks forward to a constantly weakening hold of the Church upon society, accompanied by an intenser type of religion among those who cling to it. "The Church will more and more attract those to whom it is attractive, and no one else. The Church will take its place among other institutions and forces, and no longer stand supreme above them all."

These meagre extracts do not attempt to give an adequate idea of the wealth of these essays. Besides those which are theological and philosophical are others purely literary, as those on the poems of Emerson, and on Tennyson and Browning. The latter will be written of separately in a later issue of *Poet-love*. (Essays Theological and Literary, by C. C. Everett. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1901.)

In 'Dionysos and Immortality,' President Wheeler has written a valuable historical sketch of the belief in the soul's survival as held in ancient Greece. It passed through three distinct stages. First there was the pre-Homeric religion, in which offerings were made to the souls of the dead; and these were regarded as capable of interfering banefully in the affairs of the living. Next came the Homeric stage, in which the cultus of the dead had wholly died out. The shades of the departed were believed to exist as pale, feeble phantoms, powerless for good or ill, without memory or will, flitting like bats in a cave through the gloomy asphodel moors of Hades and clustering wistfully about the trenches in which was sacrificial blood, to drink which alone could restore them vitality, with interest and power in human concerns.

The belief in immortality seemed to be fading; but then came

the "revival of religion" in connection with the mysteries of Dionysos, in which the soul's resurgence from death, symbolically set forth, seems to have had the most prominent place. The bacchanal orgies, the wild dances and cries, the ravings of the fierce mænads devouring the raw flesh and drinking the warm blood of victims, were intended, we learn, to produce a frenzied exaltation in which the soul might "wander in realms other than those of its every-day experience and commune with spirits outside of and above the known." "The rise of Dionysos worship," we are told, "is the most important single phenomenon in the history of Greek religion." We can readily believe this statement, and we might add, "and in the history of all modern religion of civilized peoples." To these Plato has been a guide; and, according to our author, "without Dionysos and Orphism there could have been no Plato. Plato's philosophy builds on a faith, and that faith is Dionysism." Thus we are led directly to "the holy madness of the Dionysos revels," not as the fountain-head, but as the largest affluent of the stream of faith in immortality that has flowed through the subsequent ages.

This historical sketch is valuable not only for those to whom the faith of Greeks, like the faith of Diggers, is interesting as one of the numberless manifestations of the human mind in its slow development, but even more for that large class for whom, in defiance of scientific considerations, the traditional creed of Christendom still is authoritative. (Dionysos and Immortality, by Benjamin Ide Wheeler. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1891.)

W. H. J.



SELECT NEW BOOK ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MACMILLAN'S announcements for the autumn include a solid showing of books in almost every department of literary and educational work. Their fiction, without being unduly prominent, gives promise of fine quality in a fresh volume by Maurice Hewlett, called 'New Canterbury Tales,' in which he has taken the Canter-

bury pilgrimage as the scene of the action. If he has succeeded in putting new life into these musty old pilgrims, as he did into Scott's hero, Richard Cœur de Lion, some fascinating reading may be expected. Another welcome announcement is a new story, 'The Benefactress,' by the author of the popular 'Elizabeth and her German Garden.' Marion Crawford also has a new story, 'A Maid of Venice,' and is furthermore represented in a new edition of his works with decorative binding at \$1.50 a volume. Thackeray, Charlotte Brontë, and Balzac appear in new editions, the first to be complete in thirty volumes, the second in twelve, the third in forty, the last two being included in the now famous 'Temple' sets.

In the department of Belles Lettres there are some important additions to their already full list in this line. Especially to be noted is a series in five volumes of Representative English Comedies, to be prepared under the general editorship of Charles Mills Gayley.

The first volume will appear this autumn, and will contain an introduction by Professor Gayley on the 'Beginnings of English Comedy, Dramatic Elements in Miracle Plays, Moralities,' etc. Here, as in other volumes, the general introduction will cover the history of the species within the limits illustrated by plays in the volume, and with special reference to authors and plays not represented in the body of the volume. Among the dramatists represented in Vol. I. will be: John Heywood, edited by A. W. Pollard, of St. John's College, Oxford; Nicholas Udall, edited by Professor Ewald Flugel, of Stanford University; Gammer Gurton's Needle, edited by Henry Bradley, Oxford; John Lyly, edited by Professor G. P. Baker, of Harvard; George Peele, edited by Professor F. B. Gummere, of Haverford College; Green's Place in Comedy, by Professor G. E. Woodberry of Columbia University; Robert Green, edited by Professor C. M. Gayley; Henry Porter, edited by Professor C. M. Gayley; Shakespeare as a Comic Dramatist, by Professor Edward Dowden, of Trinity College, Dublin.

The publication of this series and the plays the Macmillans have already brought out, as the American publishers for Dent of London, in the ideal little 'Temple Classics,' is a hopeful sign of the recrudescence of an appreciation of dramatic forms of literature. The wholesome interest so long felt in Shakespeare is spreading to other dramatists; and surely the growing familiarity with play-writing in its higher forms, and the increasing social sentiment which occupies itself with the concrete life of humanity rather than with one's individual attitude toward the outer world, ought to furnish the proper soil for the recrudescence of the higher forms of play-writing,—the sole art adequate for the multifarious presentment of the seething life of the America of to-day.

Shakespeare is, as usual, to the fore in a new edition of Hamilton W. Mabie's admirable study, 'William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man'; 'What is Shakespeare? An Introduction to the Great Plays,' by Professor L. A. Sherman, in which he attempts the somewhat difficult job of finding the real character of Shakespeare in the ideas and ideals that have respectively inspired certain characteristic plays; 'Shakespeare in Tale and Verse,' by Lois G. Hufford; and a Handbook of English Literature entitled 'The Age of Shakespeare,' which, though not devoted exclusively to Shakespeare, deals comprehensively with the literature of his time. A supplement to this last is 'The Age of Chaucer.'

Two unusually interesting works covering fresher ground are 'The Influence of India and Persia on the Poetry of Germany,' by Arthur F. J. Remy, and 'The Influence of Old Norse Literature upon English Literature,' by C. H. Nordby. In the first the influence of Persia and India on German poetry is traced from its earliest beginnings. Merely names in Mediæval German Literature, India and Persia become prominent at the beginning of the nineteenth century. The work of Herder, Goethe, Rückert, Platen, Heine, Bodenstedt, and Schack, is discussed in its relation to Orientalism; and a brief summary and estimate of the value of the movement to German literature is given at the end. Mr. Nordby's book traces the influences of Norse literature from the writ-

ings of Gray down to William Morris, showing the gradual awakening of English and American authors to a perception of the true character of the old Norse poetry and sagas.

Not so fascinating, but very valuable to the special student of literature, is Laura A. Lockwood's 'Lexicon to the Poetical Works of John Milton,' combining, as it does, the advantages of a concordance and a dictionary. 'The Beginnings of Poetry,' by that fine student of poetry, Francis B. Gummere, about completes the list of important books on literature.

The St. Martin's summer that always follows upon the death of writers of distinction is represented in some essays collected from the *Guardian* by Walter Pater, and 'More Letters of Edward Fitzgerald,' edited by W. Aldis Wright.

Fourteen new volumes in the 'Temple Classics' and ten new plays in the 'Temple Dramatists' furnish forth in dainty and convenient shape a delectable feast in prospect for the coming winter, including many things the accustomed literary browser has read, but likes to have by to dip into at leisure moments; while the novice, with all literature before him, could hardly find more attractive matter with which to begin his initiation into the delights of browsing.

[To be continued.]



LIFE AND LETTERS.

— In order to have space to give more fully instead of merely in scenes, as announced, we shall postpone until the next number of *Poet-love* Jorgensen's 'Judgment Day'; and for the same reason, to give it the space it came to require, we shall print our 'Glimpses of Present Day American Poets' in the next issue.



— EMERSON'S influence upon the Japanese is thus referred to in an interesting account of the Occident in Japan by R. Van Bergen: —

"The great classical poets, Shakespeare and Milton, are not unknown ; and several plays of the former have been translated. They, however, do not produce the impression which is made upon us. The circumstances of life, the feeling of art and what constitutes it, are too divergent. This does not mean that the time will not come when they will be fully appreciated. . . . Writers like Emerson, however, exercise the most powerful influence upon the moulding of Japanese thought. His works cannot be called popular : they do not appeal to the masses. But they appeal strongly to one side of the dual Japanese character, the side which they will never be able to discard. A man of action, when his country calls him, whether Samurai or Shizoku, is apt, and even prone, to lapse into dreamland after reaction sets in. Herein the Oriental nature may be discerned. Whatever inroad Occidental culture has made, or will make, in Japan, it never will be able to efface this trait.

"Nor is this fact by any means regrettable. Thoughtless action may usually be condemned ; but Emerson and his school tend distinctly to elevate mental activity. His students, comprising most, if not all, of the Japanese thinkers, are compelled to choose some individual sphere of active life, since Japan entered too recently in the race after wealth for her sons to have acquired large fortunes. The time for *otium cum dignitate* has not yet arrived, and this accounts for the fact that the influence exercised by the great American author in Japan is often more perceptible than that wielded in his own land."



—— "UPON another occasion," writes Mr. Van Bergen, "the man who, more than any other, introduced Occidental thought into his country, Mr. Fukusawa, was asked his opinion about the spirit of liberty breathing in every form of our literature. 'Oh,' he replied, 'I know of no more abused expression than that word "liberty." Liberty,' he continued musingly,—'excellent ; but liberty to be or to become what ? to do what ? The French add

"equality,"—good, very good ; but equality of whom, and in what direction or particular ? The Amerians, at least, do not claim fraternity, which ought to come first, as a message of peace and love. But,' he added kindly, 'the Americans mean what they say ; and, when we read the works of your great authors, we have faith in them, because we know that they are sincere.' "



—— ANOTHER interesting passage refers to the eclectic educational experiments of modern Japan : —

"‘We studied every nation,’ said a high Japanese official in reply to my question why the course of study in the schools had been changed so frequently. ‘At first we adopted the American public school system ; and I am glad to recognize the services rendered to us by Dr. David Murray, G. F. Verbeck, Dr. Veeder, and others, all earnest and able men of whom you may well be proud. But we found that you waste too much time on spelling, reading, and such elementary studies, which are, after all, only the tools to work with. We did, however, retain the general idea, but introduced the system of more profound and individual research which characterizes the schools of Germany. We are now adding the games and sports of England, as they conduce to the *mens sana in corpore sano*.’ "



—— It is a great pleasure to know not only that the Rowfant Club of Cleveland, Ohio, are reprinting, in exact reproduction, the old *Dial*, but also that the club has so wisely placed the undertaking in the capable and sympathetic hands of Mr. George Willis Cooke, who edits it, and who has access to unpublished correspondence of Emerson, Margaret Fuller, George Ripley, and others, and also has the personal aid of Mr. Higginson, Mr. Sanborn, and other persons more or less intimately connected with the Transcendental movement. The subscription price is \$40.

— As if moved by the same affectionate and honorable Americanism as that which finds expression in this reproduction of the *Dial*, Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake, and a group of persons cherishing the life and genius of Emerson's successor in the editorship of the *Dial*, have this summer completed and dedicated an appropriate memorial of Margaret Fuller at Point o' Woods on the Long Island shore. Mrs. Blake describes in the *Woman's Journal* the structure erected as follows : —

" The Memorial Pavilion, standing high on the dunes overlooking the ocean, is colonial in design, a graceful hexagon in shape, with a slightly curved roof surmounted by a vase. On four sides there is a railing and a low bench : on the face toward the sea are the words, ' In Memoriam Margaret Fuller.' On the inside over the exit to the beach is placed a bronze tablet, with the following inscription " : —

TO COMMEMORATE
MARGARET FULLER,
MARCHIONESS OSSOLI,
AUTHOR, EDITOR, ORATOR, POET,
WHO, WITH HER HUSBAND, THE MARQUIS
GIOVANNI OSSOLI, AND HER CHILD ANGELO,
PERISHED BY SHIPWRECK OFF THIS SHORE,
JULY 19TH, 1850, IN THE FORTY-FIRST YEAR OF HER AGE.

Noble in thought and character, eloquent of tongue and of pen, she was an inspiration to those of her own time, and her uplifting influence abides with us.

ERECTED 1901.

The descriptive words were written by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.



— CONCORD, the old-time home of Emerson and Transcendental Philosophy, has become the home of a modern School of Dramatic Art.

This is not inappropriate, since the artistic point of view perceptibly has grown of late to be a characteristic of New England.

Joined with the old New England high-mindedness, an artistic outlook on life should beget excellence; and this seems to be the result in the Concord School.

A fusion of easy naturalness, akin to the better realism of the modern stage, with a romantic element like that of the departed days of the best stock companies, marks the superior quality of the Concord Players. Mrs. Erving Winslow, the presiding genius of her little company, has been able to impress this superior quality upon all of her *Dramatis Personæ* whom we have seen; but her leading lady in the two pieces, which some Bostonians have recently made pleasant pilgrimages to Concord and Lexington to see, exemplifies this quality with a distinction and rare personal charm that are full of the highest promise. There is a fluent, apparently artless grace in her personations as a whole, together with a polished finish in the details of every gesture and accent that reveals devoted art, and convinces one, therefore, when shown in so young a player, that it is worthy to develop and fulfil a long career on the wholly professional stage.

In the simple, almost archaically sentimental 'King René's Daughter,' as Iolanthe, Miss Helena Sharpsteen's poetic capacities were charmingly prominent, the part of the blind girl whose every sense is merged in that of feeling, unknowing that there is so vivid a sense as sight to be enjoyed, until with love comes both the knowledge of her loss and its cure, seeming, as one saw her play it, to be a part she was best fitted for. But the same satisfaction was felt with her acting in the entirely different, superficially clever play of 'Richelieu at Sixteen,' where a high-spirited, life-enjoying youth is engaged throughout a series of merry satiric situations in a finally successful attempt to outwit his depreciators and assert his right to live with his young wife, despite his Tartar of a mamma-in-law. In fact, as this part of the handsome youth gave her greater prominence and chance for fling, it brought out still more triumphantly that ease, finish, and grace which so peculiarly distinguish her present attainments as a young actress and which augur so well for her future development.

— THE editors of *Poet-love* have been shown a tiny volume as remarkable for fine workmanship as for diminutiveness. It is in French, bears the title ‘Philippe et Georgette,’ and is a sort of almanac for young ladies, with bits of verse and sage precepts for the control and regulation of the heart, such as

“ Tout cœur facile à s’engager
S’expose au plus affreux danger ”;

and

“ L’inquiétude nuit et jour
Est la Compagne de l’Amour.”

These warnings are enforced by eight full-page engravings, of the size of a man’s thumb-nail. This epitome of wisdom is exhibited in a volume just 1.1 inches in height by .75 inch in width, containing 64 pages, and bound in crimson and gilt, all weighing just 21 grains Troy. The work was not done from types, but the book was engraved and then printed. Every character is beautifully clear; and the execution looks singularly modern, in view of the actual date, which was that of the French Revolution, as is shown by the names of the months then in use, such as Brumaire and Fructidor, and by a list of “Fêtes Sansculottes,” as well as by the owner’s name written on the inside of the cover, at Dunkirk, France, 1793. From this person it has come down to a collateral descendant, Mr. William H. Hill, editor of the *Morning News* of Wilmington, Del.



— GEORGE MEREDITH’S profound and noble ‘Reading of Life’ has had to suffer much from the mediocrity in the high seats of criticism which is too often characteristic of this Jingo age of reaction. But it must be exasperating to have the keywords of that every-word-weighty poem, its prologue, “The Vital Choice,” misprinted, and then have the misprinted lines condescended to and explained as a grammatical puzzle.

This prologue is as follows : —

THE VITAL CHOICE.

Or shall we run with Artemis,
 Or yield the breast to Aphrodite?
 Both are mighty;
 Both give bliss;
 Each can torture if derided,
 Each claims worship undivided;
 In her wake would have us wallow.

Youth must render on bent knees
 Homage unto one or other;
 Earth, the Mother,
 This decrees:
 And unto the pallid Scyther,
 Either points us shun we either;
 Shun or too devoutly follow.

Upon this the *Academy* complains that the poet's "Celtic impetuosity" sweeps him "into the most exasperating insolences of grammar,—nay, too heedless for so conscious a word as 'insolence.'" It adds that such insolences "are not absent in this book," and for example quotes the first stanza given above, misprinting the fifth line to end like the sixth with "divided" instead of "derided," and comments:—

"Aided by the sequent line, we discern 'Each can torture if divided' to mean 'if worship be divided between them.' But grammatically the line cannot mean this; and it might be a puzzling matter to decide what it did mean, were it not for that illuminating sequent line."

The queer thing about this is that a misprint predating the printer's misprint must have been conceived in the commentator's brain. Or is the *Academy* writer excused perhaps by an actual misprint in the first English version of the poem?



— By the way, the *Academy* last spring made some interesting quotations from itself of thirty years ago. One of these was

the following little review note on Browning, which originally appeared in March, 1871:—

“Mr. Browning’s poem, ‘Hervé Riel,’ in the March number of the *Cornhill*, is perhaps less striking than its subject. The story of how a common Breton sailor saved Damfreville’s squadron after La Hague is told with picturesque and breathless energy, and the paradoxical modesty which was taken at its word receives its full effect. But, as the character was too simple for analysis, Mr. Browning’s special power hardly finds a field. Perhaps the most curious thing about the poem is the reflection it suggests, that the picturesque of Mr. Longfellow when he lays aside his sentiment approximates to the picturesque of Mr. Browning when he lays aside his subtlety.”

This scarcely needs the ironic exclamation-point one is tempted to affix.



—IN a letter of George Eliot to Dr. Main,—a letter sold not long ago in London,—she says: “I have read my own books hardly at all, after once giving them forth; dreading to find them other than I wish, and now I am haunted by the fear that I am only saying again what I have already said in better fashion. For we all of us have our little store—our two or three beliefs which are the outcome of our character and experience, and there is equal danger of harping on these too long, and of taking up other strains which are not at all our beliefs, but mere borrowing of echo. From both of these dangers Good Sense deliver me! that Good Sense which includes Good Conscience, and a high estimate of the author’s function. Every one who contributes to the ‘too much’ of literature is doing grave social injury.”



—FROM an old copy of ‘Leaves of Grass,’ formerly owned by Mr. Sidney Morse, the sculptor, and scribbled over in the margin by Walt Whitman, we copy some significant entries: the

first, evidently essays toward the expression of ideas afterwards embodied in the 'Song of the Exposition'; the second, a broken explanation of the significance the 'Passage to India' bore in relation to his preceding work.

"(Thou, Reader, rambling hither
My living hand I hereby clasp
in thine.)

Labors religious temples these!
(Ah little recks the laborer
How near his work is holding
him to God,
The Laborer of Time, Space,
All.

. . . [All] my poems
Merging [and finishing] in
[The meditations of] 'Passage
to India' as the embouchure
and final explanation
[and finish] of all that have gone before."*



— SOMETIMES a few casual statistics referring to some peculiarly modern phenomenon not yet beyond the status of the doubtful in the conservative mind — a phenomenon, for example, like the emergence of women at will from household bounds to the open of life — casts a light upon actual facts as they are which renders ridiculous our strictures and our cautions.

That the still decried talk of a few reformers has been steadily transmuting itself into the blood of life, the following extracts show; and they show, too, that the sensible position for the conservative to take is to open eyes and lend a hand in broadening the pathway instead of insisting any longer that there ought not to be any.

* The bracketed words are stricken out.

The first extract includes a table which gives the increase in number of students for four years of five famous Eastern colleges for women compared with five colleges for men :—

<i>Men's Colleges.</i>	<i>Students in</i>			<i>Women's Colleges.</i>	<i>Students in</i>		
	1896.	1898.	1900.		1896.	1898.	1900.
Amherst . .	450	377	397	Barnard . .	175	265	325
Yale . . .	2,415	2,500	2,500	Radcliffe .	358	424	407
Columbia . .	1,871	2,157	2,521	Vassar . .	534	614	700
Brown . . .	925	909	886	Smith . . .	850	1,070	1,131
Harvard . .	3,600	3,829	4,288	Wellesley .	718	654	715
Totals .	9,261	9,772	10,592	Totals .	2,635	3,027	3,378

This comment follows :—

"The average age of the men's colleges is 165 years, of the women's colleges 27 years. The men's colleges have productive endowments of \$4,000 per student, besides ample buildings: the women's colleges, but \$800 per student. The men's colleges have the prestige of long and famed activity: the women's were for years regarded as experimental. The men's colleges have professional schools to draw students to them: the women's colleges have none.

"Yet the growth of the five newer institutions for four years has been 28 per cent., of the older ones only 16 per cent. Consider with these figures the even more remarkable increase of women students at such coeducational schools as Cornell, Boston University, Syracuse, Northwestern, and Michigan, and there is presented a 'sign of the times' which there is little excuse for the generous rich to ignore."

The second extract presents more loosely some data which justly accompanies the other. It shows where an unknown contingent of the college girl has found her calling.

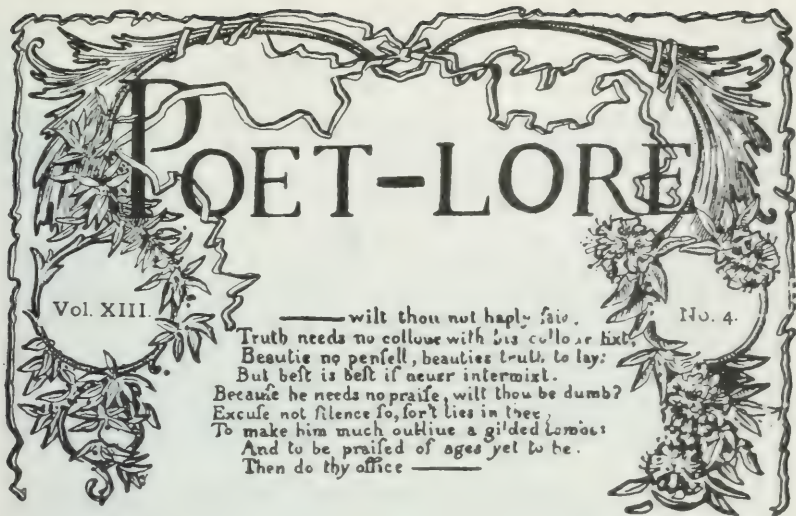
"Half a century ago but one woman worked to every ten men. At present the ratio is one to four. Thirty years ago two-thirds of all the self-supporting women were domestic servants. To-day only one-third are so employed."

— THE First Folio Shakespeare bought last July in London brought \$8,600, or £1,720, about \$100 more than any copy has been sold for thus far. Mrs. Burdett-Coutts's famous "tall" copy bought at the Daniels sale in 1864 cost her £716 2s. The copy that belonged to Augustin Daly, measuring $12\frac{7}{8} \times 8\frac{1}{8}$ inches, was sold for \$5,400. The Ives copy, measuring $12\ 3\text{-}16 \times 7\ 15\text{-}16$ inches, was sold in 1891 for \$4,200. Three years ago it was reported that a copy had been sold in London for \$8,500.

As the *New York Times* points out, "this first collected edition of Shakespeare's works is not an excessively rare book. Some years ago Halliwell estimated that there were three or four hundred copies in the United Kingdom alone, and many great American collections possess copies more or less 'tall' and in more or less good condition. But in a sound, undoctored, and perfect state the book is one of the 'Blue Roses' of bibliography. As an instance of the low prices at which the First Folio sometimes goes, it may be mentioned that a copy was sold in London on April 9, 1900, for £170. The value of a good First Folio has increased enormously in recent years."



— THE new callotype reproduction of the First Folio to be issued by the Clarendon Press will not be exactly a cheap or popular version of the supreme book in English literature, for the price in boards will be five guineas. The Chatsworth copy has, by permission of the Duke of Devonshire, been deposited on loan in the Bodleian Library; and from it the reproduction is in progress at the Oxford University Press. This reproduction will be of the exact size of the original, with the necessary margin; and the whole of the 910 pages of the First Folio will be included in one volume. A brief introduction by Mr. Sidney Lee will be prefixed, giving bibliographical details, with as full a catalogue as practicable of all known copies of the First Folio. It is already certain that it will contain details of a much larger number of copies than that enumerated in any previous list.



THE TARN OF THE MAD STUDENT.



WAY in the North where the winter lasts long and the spring comes late there lies a little town, cradled among the hills. The coach horn seldom echoes along the mountain road which leads to Elfenfells. The murmur of the noisy world is far distant: few travellers and no tourists find their way there. The red-tiled roofs have slumbered in the sunlight of three hundred summers, and the church bells are worn and quavering. Close behind the town rise the mountains, green with pine-trees and studded with huge bowlders. Far up among them lies a lonely Tarn sunk deep within a glen. Some who have been there affirm they have heard plaintive cries, or sometimes a child's voice mingling with the wind's song. A shadow is said to haunt its shores, the semblance of a gray old woman; and there be those who have heard unearthly laughter there. A superstition lies within the heart of all born in Elfenfells that whosoever drinks of the waters of the Tarn becomes bewitched, and henceforth is a thrawl unto the spirits of the mountains. Some among the old vil-

lagers fear the dark Tarn ; and, to keep their children from wandering toward it, they often recount a legend. The story of Hans and Frederica befell three centuries or more ago somewhat in this wise : —

It was the time of year when the days are warm and the evenings chill, the crossways of summer and autumn. It was a clear night, with the moon riding full and fair across the sky.

Frederica followed Hans to the door, and stood in the moonlight with upturned face and wistful eyes. She clasped her soft arms about his neck, saying timorously, "Hans, Hans, do not go to-night."

Hans looked down at her. Frederica thought a smile flitted across his face. She felt a strange fear of him, which oft-times mingled with her love. He answered her gently, however.

"But why, Frederica?"

"Ill luck follows those who walk on the hills when the moon is full. The glen is haunted. And, besides, I have a heavy feeling here." And she placed her hand over her heart.

"There is nothing more to fear within the glen, Frederica, than the hoarse voice of a frog or a nightingale singing time away. I know, naughty child, what has put such notions into your head. Did you not promise me on our betrothal day to listen no longer to the old gossips?"

Frederica protested. "Indeed, indeed, I have not talked with any one. But last night I dreamed I saw you following three nixies through the wood where rocks fell away steep and sheer. I ran before you, calling 'Hans, Hans.' You seemed as one mad, and pushed me from you. Then you leaped on. You went down, down. Everything was dark and still, and I was all alone. I heard the wind roaring through the trees and the water splashing just as it does in our forest. And, Hans, I awoke cold and shivering, my hair drenched as though I had slept out of doors with the mist and dew upon me."

Hans waited until she ceased speaking. Then he answered : —

"Ah, Frederica, have I not told you to think no more of your

dreams? They are only the unguided wanderings of your fancy while your reason sleeps. I shall not be allured by the nixies of your dream; and think you, little one, I could thrust you aside for any gain? I have no temptation save that which you yourself place before me when you bid me not go to the mountains. That White Flower which blooms only in the glen by moonlight I must have. It is the most wonderful plant in all the world, Frederica; and who knows what I may discover, who knows what I may gain, when I once hold the White Flower? So bid me good-night and God-speed."

Frederica said no more, but gave a reluctant farewell. As he turned to go, she stooped to press her lips against the betrothal ring upon his finger.

It was but a fortnight since the vicar said the blessing, since the villagers drank the health of these young people. The good wishes had been many, the merriment unclouded, at the betrothal fête; for Frederica was a favorite, if Hans was not. She had grown in the sunshine, of the village, unspoiled and childlike. She sat on the doorstep, busy with her embroidery frame or spindle. She worked in the dairy or the hay-field, and went to church on Sunday. Her hair was yellow as wheat in harvest time and soft as the silks in her embroidery; and, when she was happy, her eyes were the color of wild cornflowers, and, when she cried, the blue of them ran over into violet. She had a blithe word for children, a kind one for old folk. Nevertheless, it was plain to see that she had thought for no one save Master Hans.

He was a man of learning: some claimed it was too much learning which ruined him at last. From a child there was that about him which repelled his playfellows, as there was that about Frederica which attracted them. There was something in his face aloof and unapproachable. Those who loved him not declared that he had kinship with unholy things. Nevertheless, he was head and shoulders above other fellows of the village in mind and body. He went away to the University, and studied. There he won medals and prizes; and people marvelled at his cunning, and

no one knew whence he had his knowledge. After a time he came home again, and lived alone. He read in thick books in all languages. He worked with curious liquids, distilling unwholesome draughts in his laboratory. He roamed among the hills for days at a time, searching for forgotten herbs. Oft-times he sat so late at study that the sun rose and quenched his lamp. Aside from his work, Frederica was his one interest, and which he loved the better perhaps he could not himself have told. Many young fellows of the village, envying Hans his good fortune, declared that he had bewitched Frederica, and that she was mad for love of him, and believed Master Hans a god who could make the sunlight or the darkness in his laboratory. Hans and Frederica had been together from childhood. They used the same book at church, they danced with one another at the harvest festivals, they wandered on the hills in springtime, and pledged each other in the ill-fated waters of the Tarn. They were betrothed in due season, and for a while all went well.

This night, when Frederica confided her dreams to Hans, and he laughingly tried to dispel her fears, their unhappiness began. She afterwards went quietly to bed ; and, if she dreamed, she spoke no more of it. Hans went his way up the mountain. The pathway wound before him white and clear, but the woods were dark on either hand. When he reached the place where the woodcutter's road ends and the forest spreads away, he paused and glanced back. The moonlight flooded the valley, lay on the roofs of the village, and struck the slender church steeple. From Frederica's window a yellow lamp shed its wholesome rays far into the unearthly light. That was the last sight vouchsafed Hans of the real world. Had he turned back then, all might have gone peacefully for Frederica, and he might have lived an uneventful and expressionless life, and died at a ripe old age, like a hundred others in Elfenfels. As he stood there, he thought of Frederica. He smiled again at her fears. Then he remembered they were because of her warm, human love which was sweet to him. Why should she have dreamed that he thrust her

aside for a chimera? Would he ever be forced to choose between his work, which was a part of his being, and her fresh young life? Would she ever try to bar the entrance to his laboratory? Would she bid him stay beside her in the quiet village when the wind cried and called away on the mountains? He could look into her face and read her heart, her soul, and find them fair and unsullied. He loved her well. But the forest, with its great mysteries and its unknown forces, fascinated him, beckoned him; and he knew that neither Frederica nor any human creature could hold him from it. The smallest bit of moss on the mountains, the frailest spring flower, held some secret which it confided to no human mind. Hans felt there was no other life or craft for him than in seeking to wrest from this forest something of its wonders.

He plunged on into the wood, making his way between the big bowlders and underbrush. The tree-trunks ranged dense around him, but far overhead though the network of branches the sky shone blue and clear. Here and there the moonlight sifted through, and fell in fantastic shapes of light and shade around his feet. The woods were hushed and breathless. The stillness awed him, and he paused. An owl shrieked somewhere far off in the night. Hans went onward, and soon the sound of running water came faintly to him. He knew that he was near the brook which led into the glen, and which was the outlet of the Tarn. This is unlike most mountain streams; for it flows sometimes beneath ground, sometimes above. Dashing out into the light, noisy and bubbling one instant, then running quickly into the shadow and disappearing, silent and mysterious, it seemed to Hans some untamed creature of the woods seeking to cover itself from human sight. Only by following his changeful guide, however, could he find the Tarn; yet again and again he lost sight and sound of it. Once, after vainly searching, he stumbled and fell, and lay with his ear pressed close against the earth. Then he heard it purling faintly far below. As he listened to its music, it seemed to him that it sang that night with a voice which mocked him and yet called him.

After wandering for hours through the forest, he came into the glen. Great rocks rose high on either hand, leaving only a narrow stretch of sky. The Tarn lay at his feet. The stars reflected on its surface swayed as the water rippled in the wind. Hans looked eagerly for his White Flowers, thinking in this mild light to see them quickly, starred among the dark rushes on the shore. He parted every mass of leaves by the water's edge, but no White Flowers bloomed there. Long ago, on the first spring day when Frederica and he were rambling through the forest, they had chanced upon the Tarn. Frederica feared; but Hans, laughing at her, made a cup of leaves, drank himself, and then held the water to her lips. As they turned homeward that night, Hans discovered a strange plant.

It was a late blossoming night flower which he had sought for years. It had been treasured by alchemists and philosophers. Some had spent their lives seeking it, and they claimed that all good things might be distilled from its juice. Other learned ones believed that all the knowledge and the power of the earth might be won by him who found this plant in flower; others thought that it had no blossoms; and some said that its petals blackened the hand which touched them, and turned to stone the heart of him who meddled with it. Hans had searched the forest for the White Flower. He had dreamed of it, and longed for it. This night, however, he could find no flowers: even the plants had disappeared. Nevertheless, this discouragement made him the more persistent, as was his nature. Dispirited and surprised, he paused and reflected. Often during the summer he had clambered up into the glen, and had watched these plants growing and budding. Once, for hours, all through a terrible hail-storm, he sheltered them with his hands. Now, just as they had bloomed, they were not to be found. He would have them yet. Then he stooped and drank a long draught from the Tarn, and searched anew.

Suddenly a mist arose from the water, and wrapped itself around Hans. He could no longer see clearly, although he could hear

the stream echoing through the hollow glen. The rocks were veiled, indistinct shapes; and the moon shone faintly through a white curtain. The flowers could never be found now. The forest had outwitted him for the moment, but sooner or later his will should win for him whatever he would of Nature. Her secrets should not be held from him. Hans turned about, but the rocky battlements hemmed him in. He could no longer find even the bed of the stream where he entered. He was weary and disheartened. The voice of the unseen brook mocked him; and it seemed to Hans like a triumphant, soulless creature defying him. Thin shreds of mist floated through the glen. They blew near him, then far away, now into the woods, now out again. They screened the Tarn with a white pall, then uncovered it to let it mirror the tree-tops and the sky. The vapors seemed to sink about Hans like a great shroud, from which he could not free himself. There was a biting chill in the air, and he shivered as he stood there alone. All at once, here in this desolate place, he heard a sound like laughter. He started and listened. It was a voice full and free, almost the unchecked merriment of a child; and yet there was a cruel, taunting note. It rose and fell in time with the bubbling water of the Tarn, and it came from all about him at the same instant. Who could be here this night? Had his long moonlight quest unsteadied his nerves? Could there be, after all, some hidden poison in the sweet water he had tasted? All was quiet now. What he had heard was but the stream striking the rocks, and sending back a sound like laughter. But again it broke forth clearer than before; and, when the laughter died away at last, Hans heard a voice murmuring:—

“The White Flowers are here for those who have the wit to find them. They blossom all about, can you not see, Master Hans?”

Amid more laughter, Hans heard other voices: “He is blind. He has lived so long in the valley, his eyes are dim; and he is stupid on the mountains.”

There was silence once more. Hans paused, irresolute and

wondering. Then, through a rift in the fog, he saw three figures swaying to and fro. The fissure closed again, the thick vapor sank about him. Hans groped vaguely forward. In all his life he had never known fear, but these voices coming from out this unearthly light awoke a dread in his heart. The mist seemed to follow him, to cling to him. It left his hair and face dripping and icy. Once he thought it felt like cold, bloodless fingers across his forehead; and once he thought a hand touched his own.

Suddenly the haze lifted, and the moonlight filled the glen. The damp rocks sparkled with countless dewdrops. Hans looked before him. Across the Tarn some white vapor still lingered. Hans could see three forms moving about in it. The light was uncertain still; for the moon now blazed forth undimmed, and now sailed behind clouds. The figures were now definite before his eyes and then lost in the shadow and the mist. They drifted across the water and along the shore. They were silent, dancing shapes, as quickly changing as the clouds and moonlight. He crept along the water's edge, breathless and mystified. No words or laughter came to him now. His sudden terror was gone; he felt only fascination in watching these illusive creatures. They passed near. The atmosphere became dense and opaque, and again he felt a terrible chill. Once he was sure he saw three women with clasped hands and veiled faces. There were drops of water shining in their pale gold hair, and their colorless garments swayed gently like fragments torn from the fog. Then, before he could distinguish, the wind veered. There was nothing to be seen except far away at the other end of the glen a curl of white mist quivering to and fro, and gradually defining itself into three forms. They glided towards Hans; and he saw their heads were wreathed with the White Flowers, and there were garlands of the White Flowers falling from their shoulders. They seemed to be enveloped, clothed with hundreds of the blossoms he had sought so vainly all up and down the glen. He started forward: but the three shadows were gone, as suddenly and quietly as a puff of smoke. He tried to follow. He ran quickly and stumbled over wet fern and slippery rock, but

he could come no nearer. They were all about him ; they floated past, lithe and dripping as water lilies. The precious White Flowers almost brushed his cheek ; but, when he reached for them, his fingers closed on the empty air.

He could not understand. His imagination was surely playing with him. Yet here just now, glimmering in the moonlight, were the Flowers. This is no dream : no mirage of the mountains shall cheat him this night of his desire. He put his hand over his eyes, then looked again. The dim figures were creeping along the border of the Tarn. He tried to hold them ; but with swinging, rhythmic motions they eluded him. He strove to look in their faces, but they were covered with mist and shadowed with long fair hair ; and he saw only clouds of vapor which melted under his gaze into the wind or the water of the Tarn. They came and clasped their hands about him in a circle. He was afraid to stir lest they should be gone. The White Flowers were temptingly near. He breathed their fragrance, but he dared not grasp them.

Only a little fog hung over the Tarn now. The three forms were unclouded. He could distinguish their arms, their hands, their drenched hair, their long, slim bodies ; but in some mysterious wise their faces remained covered.

Hans clutched for the White Flower ; and, as he stirred, the mist gathered. The figures were gone : he stood alone and empty-handed in the desolate glen. Again there came to him the voices he had heard at first. Laughter mingled with the sound of the bubbling water of the Tarn ; curious murmurings and indistinct words sounded in the wind. Hans heard a clear voice at last, half sighing, half singing,—

“The White Flower blooms beneath the cool waves of the Tarn, and is yours if you will, Master Hans.”

He started. Could he have heard aright ? The voice continued : “Your wishes shall be granted. The White Flower shall be yours, when the day dawns, if you drop that ring upon your finger into the water.”

The voice ceased. Once more the curious, mocking laughter

echoed far off through the forest. Then it faded into silence with a melancholy note indistinguishable from the wind. Hans heard nothing more, he could see no one. The sky was clear and blue above his head, the tree-tops swayed dark against it. Those vaporous forms and reverberating voices must have been only the creations of his tired brain. Nevertheless, he could not persuade himself they had all been mere imagination. He did not believe in visions or in shades, he had no faith in that which his intellect could not master. At this moment he felt baffled, vanquished by some hidden force. He would explain it eventually, prove it some illusion of the moonlight and mist. However, the strange words bidding him cast his ring into the Tarn, remained with him. He glanced down, and involuntarily his fingers closed over the ring. It was a love-token, and he prized it. Slowly he repeated to himself, "The White Flower shall be yours if you will but drop the ring upon your finger into the water."

His desire to make the experiment grew as he meditated. After all, the ring was but material, symbol of his plighted troth. It could be recovered later. He took it from his finger, and flung it far over the water, where it sank quickly.

After this Hans remembered no more until at last he awoke with a start. The dawn had passed over the forest, leaving it fresh and fair. A thrush flung out his liquid melody from somewhere deep among the hemlocks. The leaves were yellow-green in the sunlight, and the Tarn sparkled pure and clear. He had fallen asleep here in the glen, and dreamed of three women circling about in the mist. But no, his ring was gone; and beside him, floating on the water, were the White Flowers. He gathered them in feverish haste, and turned homeward. A swineherd met him coming down the foot-hills, and said that Master Hans was running like one possessed and talking to himself.

The next night the frost stiffened the field flowers, and a thin layer of ice spread over the Tarn. The winter came early that year. The wind puffed cold out of the north. Great white drifts settled over the valley, leaving the village snow-bound. Up among

the mountains the streams lay frozen, and thick green walls of ice barred the entrance to the glen, so that it was useless for Hans to hope to recover the ring. Frederica mourned for it, and believed its loss an evil omen of her approaching marriage. Hans reassured her, saying that it had slipped from his finger as he put his hand into the water to cull the White Flower, and that, when the May sunshine came once more, they would go together and easily find it.

He told no one of what he had seen within the glen, but a vision of three vague forms still haunted him. All winter he worked with the White Flower beside him. He discovered many things which pleased the students and alchemists of the great world, and which raised his name high. His fame spread far and near. Many pilgrims came to Elfenfells to seek Master Hans, and to be taught by him how illness and evil might be dispelled, how riches might be gained or love won. Some went away declaring him a magician who could read heart and soul, past and future. Some said that only by kinship with the evil one could such knowledge and power be had. Hans himself only knew that all problems were simple, all work lightened, since his hands had touched the White Flower. Draughts for the old or the young, potions for illness or sorrow, seemed to compound themselves now as though by magic. His least effort brought him success beyond his dreams of other times. But he learned no more of that mystery of the forest which had given him his knowledge at the price of his betrothal ring. His new ability and honor brought him no peace, since he did not understand its source. His one thought was to see again those white creatures of the Tarn. His one desire was to look in their faces, to know whence they came and what they were.

Time passed on. One day the church bells clashed and chimed, and Hans brought Frederica home with him. The sunshine flooded their whole house: there was but one dark room, the laboratory. Here Hans worked, alone with his books and chemicals. The open windows looked off on the mountains; and the north wind

swept freely through them, bringing him the cool breath of the forest, the scent of pine-trees, and the sound of running water. A spring gushed forth from under a rock in the garden. In after times some among the people of Elfenfells remembered that this water flowed from an outlet of the Tarn, and that Frederica's life was ill-fated from the time she married and drank daily of it. At night after their wedding the villagers left them alone. They sat together in the garden with the stars above and the warm May wind playing in Frederica's fair hair. She spoke softly, telling Hans of her great love. It seemed to him, as he listened, that the noise of the spring beside them rose louder and louder, until it hushed Frederica's speech. He thought he heard once more the laughing voices that called him in the glen. They seemed to bid him come away into the mountains this hour, saying that he should see those faces which had before been veiled to him. He forgot Frederica and her gentle words: his fierce longing to know the secrets of the Tarn made him oblivious to aught else. This desire had slumbered in his heart for months; and now it awoke, like some mad river on the hills, the more uncontrollable for its winter's quiet. He sprang up, and, heedless of Frederica, made his way off toward the Tarn.

As the years went on, it was ever thus. All through the winter Hans worked quietly, but with the first mild day he was off like a madman to the forest. When the moon shone full, he would leave Frederica for days. Then suddenly some morning he would appear coming from out the mountains, haggard and weary. When she besought him for her peace and his love for Elbertchen to leave them no more, he bade her never speak of the forest and never attempt to follow him there. At times he was gentle and tender as of old. Again he was silent, and seemed as one far away who neither sees nor hears that which passes near. He shut himself often within his laboratory, where Frederica never dared follow. Sometimes he was melancholy and restless, and paced the garden, pausing every now and then to listen to the sound of the spring and to gaze deep and long into its hollow basin. Frederica desired

to be one with him in all things, and yet realized that he lived a life apart and aloof, in which she had not the power to share.

By and by word of Master Hans' doings went abroad. They said uncharitable things of him in the village, and the gossips sat in judgment upon Frederica. Some claimed that he had gone mad, many feared him, and the little children shrank away when they saw Master Hans' set and colorless face. Some went to Frederica and remonstrated, saying that she should keep her husband at home, and not let him wander on the mountains while honest folk were abed. Others went so far as to tell her that she should peer through the laboratory door, and see if she did not find Hans drawing a wizard's ring about himself and summoning evil spirits to do his will. But Frederica ever held her head high, and went about with as gay an air as though her heart never ached. Hans himself was altogether oblivious of what was said of him. He was known far and near as the most learned alchemist of that day. His wishes were granted as though by magic, yet he came no nearer to the source of his knowledge.

Again and again for hours in the moonlight he had followed the white nixies through the woods. When morning came, they melted before his eyes; and he knew no more where they had vanished than the night mists and dew which the thirsty sunlight drank. They called to him, they touched him with cool fingers; and yet, try as he did, he never saw their faces. They asked him what he would, and they granted his desires when he gave them what they demanded. Each plant he sought, each ingredient he needed, he bought from them at the price of something which he loved. They made him vain promises that their faces should be uncovered before him, that he should know what they were. Sometimes he pledged himself to be beside the Tarn at a certain hour; and then, no matter how tightly Frederica wound her arms about him, she could not keep him. Now at all moments, in all places, he was haunted by the voices of the Tarn. He woke at night and fancied the white figures beside him. He sat with Frederica and Elbertchen, and he was summoned to the mountains. When the

wind sighed as the summer rain beat upon the house, he heard mocking laughter ; and, when a fog dampened his face, he felt cool fingers.

With all his time and energy he fought to know what it was that had given him his success and robbed him of his peace. That men sought him from far beyond Elfenfells gave him no satisfaction ; that he could read the past, the future, the mind of any man, meant little to him, since he could not read this one enigma. Was there a power within the forest which his intellect could not master? Here were beings whose existence his reason denied, but which his imagination found fair. Were the dull, superstitious peasants about him, who clung to the old faith in things unseen, more wise than he? Should he know at last, should his insatiable curiosity ever be satisfied?

In spite of his sore discontent and absorption, there was still much which gave him delight at home. When he heard Frederica singing a folk-song or ballad to Elbertchen, and when he sat alone in his laboratory and the child's careless laughter came to him from outside, he felt that his work, his ambition, was perhaps idle and empty. Was not one caress from Elbertchen, one gentle look from Frederica's clear eyes, more satisfying? Why not take unthinkingly this simple, sweet existence which she afforded him? Why not enjoy easeful days and dreamless nights? What did his desire to grasp these nixies of the forest bring him save unrest, and more unrest, and disappointment ever? Would these haunting, white figures follow him through life and delude him, even at death's gate? Here in the village men had lived and died, never dreaming of the life on the mountain. No white forms nor strange voices had troubled their peace. Why should they his?

Often, when Hans turned homeward from the mountains, disappointed and sorrowful, Elbertchen ran to meet him with little arms outstretched. Hans would gather him close ; and for the moment, as he pressed the child's warm, red lips all thought and desire slipped away. Elbertchen was a gentle little boy, white-

skinned and sensitive ; and he was full of fanciful ways which were a delight to Hans. Elbertchen had eyes which were sometimes dark, sometimes light. At times his face was wiser than it should have been, again it was unthinking and merry, and his voice blithe as a bird's. From the time he learned to speak he was forever babbling of the forest and the mountains, although he had never been there. As he ran about the garden, his voice mingled with the droning of the bees or the lispings of the wind in the larch-trees, and sometimes his songs seemed to take their music from the falling water of the spring. Often Frederica sought him up and down the paths : she could get no sight nor sound of him, and could hear only the call of a bird or the murmuring water. Then, suddenly, Elbertchen would dart from somewhere among the deep grasses ; and, laughing gleefully, he would tell her that he had been answering all the while, and that she would not listen because he made his voice like the squirrel's or the thristle's. It was a grief to Frederica that he was unlike other children. He was as irresponsible, as uncertain, as a fitful sunbeam, as careless and as happy as the butterflies in the garden. Sometimes Elbertchen would rush breathless to Frederica, where she sat spinning.

"Mother, mother, what is the voice that calls me out of the spring ?"

Frederica would strive to satisfy him. "There is no voice there, silly Elbertchen, only the sound of the water."

"But I hear it, mother : it calls me all day long while I play ; and, when I wake at night, I hear the spring outside, and the voice is still calling me,— 'Elbertchen, Elbertchen, come away to the forest.'"

He had no comrades save the birds and flowers, and he learned to imitate the calls of the wild creatures until they came to him unfearing. Once he made friends with a rabbit. The little, shy animal fed from his hand, and followed him about. After much coaxing, it slept nestled close against his cheek all through one still summer night. In the morning the rabbit was gone, called by

some instinctive longing back to the woods. Elbertchen wept long for his little playfellow, and would not be consoled. But, after playing in the garden, he came home happy again. At bed-time he whispered to Hans that a white nixie had come up from the spring and played with him, that he should never be lonely again; for the nixie had told him that she had carried the rabbit off to the forest, and that some time they should all play together.

One day he clambered on to the window-ledge outside the laboratory. Hans, looking up suddenly, saw a laughing little face peering through the vines and blossoms around the casement, and heard a coaxing, childish voice.

"Work no more to-day, father. Take me to the forest with you."

"God grant I shall never take you there, Elbertchen."

"But why, father? The white nixie lives in the forest, and she is my playfellow."

That night, as they sat at supper in the twilight with Frederica, Elbertchen cried suddenly: "The white nixie is calling me. Don't you hear her?"

Frederica tried to check him, but he still insisted. It seemed to Hans that other voices mingled with Elbertchen's. He thought he saw the white figures of the Tarn. Elbertchen seemed to be amid them, separated from Frederica and himself by a fine mist. They stretched out their hands toward the child as though to draw him away. Hans started forward, and snatched the boy in his arms.

"What ails you?" cried Frederica.

"Can you not see? They were here — even here, and would have taken Elbertchen from me?"

"It is nothing, Hans. 'Tis the shadows and the fading light have bewildered you." And she brought a candle.

Later, when Elbertchen and Frederica slept quietly, Hans went alone into the garden. The moon rose and blanched the fields and hills, and all about in the still air he heard the nixies of the glen.

The burden of all their songs this night was, "Elbertchen, Elbertchen." They seemed to bid him bring the child to them, saying that only thus should he see their faces. The words pursued him, and the fairies of the forest tempted him. They danced about him, and held their veiled faces near his own, and deluded him and fled away. Hans followed. As he left the garden, he heard them telling him that, if he gave Elbertchen, he could look in their faces and have greater knowledge and power than any mortal. As he listened, all other things became dead to him save his desire to grasp these mysterious beings. He paused, and looked behind. He saw Elbertchen running toward him.

"Take me to the forest with you, father. The white nixie came in my dream, and called. I don't want to be left behind."

Hans lifted the child, and gazed down at him. Despite the childish words the face was grave and the eyes were shadowed, and seemed to have in them the depth and mystery of a forest pool. At that moment, as the moonlight flickered across the face, the thought came to Hans that Elbertchen was nearer that incomprehensible forest life than he could ever hope to be.

The voices led them on far up the mountains. As they went through the dew-drenched woods, Elbertchen clapped his hands in delight, and cried: "Go faster, father. The white nixie is calling. There she is away off there! Go faster, faster, else we shall lose her."

All through that night Frederica slept restlessly, and awoke in the darkness before dawn, weary and oppressed. "Hans!" she cried. "Elbertchen! Elbertchen!"

Only the stillness of the house answered. She went from room to room, groping in the gloom, frightened and lonely. She went outside into the garden, still calling. The air was heavy and still, thick clouds obscured the moon. Frederica looked toward the village. No friendly light shone there. The mountains arose round her, huge and crushing, their outlines faintly drawn against the dark sky. The thunder grumbled far off among them. Where was Hans? Where was Elbertchen? She dared not think.

Amid the tumultuous beating of her heart she heard the storm rising. The wind heaved and moaned with a muffled sound like some strangled creature fighting for breath. Suddenly it burst loose, and tore through the air, unchecked and wild, as though hungry for its prey. Clouds fled before it, and trees bent. Frederica crouched in the grass. Jagged, cruel shapes of lightning streaked the sky. She raised her eyes. The sudden light, then gloom, half blinded her. What was it she saw way off on the hills? She forgot her terror, and ran up the mountain path.

"Hans!" she cried: "Elbertchen, Elbertchen, Hans, come home!"

But the noise of the wind and the rain drowned her voice. Again the lightning gleamed, and far away she saw Hans holding Elbertchen in his arms. She hurried on. With every flash she fixed her eyes on Hans' figure, and strove toward it. The storm beat against her; and she stumbled and fell, bruised and panting. And ever beyond and above her she saw Hans leaping with great strides through the forest, and little Elbert clinging in his arms.

The flashes came vivid and sharp. Hans' outline against the sky seemed to remain even in the instant of blackness. She raised her voice, and cried out to him again and again. But the sound of the thunder and the wind deafened her. She could not hear, and yet tried to call louder, as one struggling in evil dreams. She tore on up the mountain. She came nearer Hans, and yet he would not see her. Once she touched his fluttering cloak, but he dashed away as though pursuing some unseen thing. He leaped across the crevices in the rocks, sure-footed and strong. Frederica held her breath. They came into the glen at last, where the waters rose with a rushing, angry sound. The lightning flashed clear an instant. It lit the darkness and the flooded stream. Frederica saw Hans, with Elbertchen in his arms, leap high above the Tarn. He seemed as though striving to reach something before him and unconscious of the deep water at his feet. Then the lightning blinded her. She heard a great splash and roar of

waters. Then they seemed to close and hiss and gurgle. The wind was still, and she was left alone in the night.

The next day, when the storm had died and the sun shone, some wood-cutters found Frederica. She thought it was still dark, and was talking incoherently of Hans and Elbertchen. She seized one of the foresters and stroked his cheek, and called him Hans and let him lead her down into the valley. The villagers tended her gently, and strove to make her rest. Hans and Elbertchen were never seen or heard of more. At times Frederica was quiet and childlike ; but again she was excited and dazed, and would slip away and roam among the hills.

Long after she was dead, when the summer storms come, and the wind lashes the trees in fury, and cries at night like a human voice in distress, they say in Elfenfells that Frederica's restless soul is abroad, and that she is calling through all the years for Hans and Elbertchen.

Now it may be that these things were but visions which lived only in Master Hans' brain ; or perchance the wind blowing from the mountains or the throstle's singing told the tale to the folk of Elfenfells ; or perchance it is true, and the white nixies still play hide-and-seek through the forest and blend their voices with the waters of the Tarn. But now-a-days no one goes to the haunted glen to seek the White Flowers, nor to grasp the shapes and shades in the mountain mist.

Helen Sterling Thomas.

THE LAST DAY.

BY JORGENSEN.



T was November, it was the month of death. Nature, which recently had glowed in all the colors of October, was now pale, gray, and distressed. There was no more brightness: heavy rain fell in the naked forests, and over the wet, fallow lands gray mists stood around all distant things.

It was November, it was the month of stillness.

Out in the country it was as silent as among the dead. No lark-song under the sky, no twittering from the hedges, no flight of birds in groves and gardens. No cows bellowed in the fields, and one heard no longer the strokes of the maul in the meadows. No sheep were bleating on the heights, and no geese were cackling in the ditches. All the live stock were in the barns, and few persons were to be seen.

Hushed were the harvesters' shouts and laughter, and the neigh of the horses; and the white-golden harvest loads tottered no longer on the furrowed field roads and in through the farm-gates.

It was very still in the country; and, when the solitary traveller paused in the middle of the water-soaked road, he heard only the gentle patter of the rain upon his hat, which was stiff and heavy with the wet. It was as vacant as at night upon the long country road which ran up hill and down hill, between the naked hedges, from one gray horizon to the other.

But in the great city, which lay in the midst of the country, people lived as ardently as ever. The smoke of the factories lay over it like a heavy, sooty covering; and, when night fell, a great light shone up through the mist from the hundred markets and squares, from the thousand streets and lanes.

It was like the illumined steam from a kettle over the fire, or the gleam of a crater wherein lava is bubbling, like the glare of burning Sodom or the light from the open door of hell.

It was one evening in Sodom. It had been dark all day in the narrow streets, and lights had burned ever since morning in the long shops which went far into the houses, like caverns under the earth, magnificent, illuminated, full of all the treasures of the world.

People streamed over the asphalted streets and the rough stones of the walks,—an incessant flood in the chalk-white glare of the electric lamps.

All the faces were bleached by the air of Sodom as linen is bleached by chloride of lime; and out of each face stared two eyes, and behind each pair of eyes burned a soul.

So many, many, many eyes, and so many, many, many souls! One could become quite dizzy by looking into all the human eyes and thinking of all the human souls. And one might feel as if one were looking down from the edge of an abyss when one thought of all these people in Sodom,—whence they came, what they sought, whither they were going, what should be their fate, here and hereafter.

It is said of Pascal that he always saw an abyss by his left side; and it sometimes befalls poets that they must hold their hands before their soul's eyes, because all things suddenly become like open windows through which eternity stares them in the face. But it is only the few, to whom life thus becomes actual, and who feel in earnest that they live, that there is a boundless abyss over them, and a boundless abyss under, that the earth hangs midway between the high day and the deep night, and that life hangs midway between heaven and hell.

And the persons over whom the sensation of existing rests like a continual festival and a continual dread cannot live without kneeling every moment in their hearts, and their souls tremble constantly like the stars, because, like the stars, they constantly behold God's power; and they fall down, and, trembling, worship the Eternal.

But for those who live in Sodom is all this a talk without meaning.

For to them life is never wholly real, and reality never wholly living. They exist without knowing it, and without knowing what it is to exist. They go through life like children along the abyss. They live as if they dreamed or as if they heard a story, a fairy tale,—something which applies to another, something that does not concern their innermost selves, something that is not even really true. They live without knowing that life is in earnest, and without noticing that the world is terribly real. Only the great, solitary, severe strokes of fate scatter for an instant the mists around their souls; but from the depths of self and sense the river fog rises anew, bewilders the wakening will, deadens it with forgetfulness, soothes it with dreams, draws it with longing. Thus the man wanders on his lonely way in the fog, and the world is far away like pale shadows, or like sleeping houses in the night; and there is nothing left except the path in which he wanders, which is his own path and therefore held dear, the path which leads — whither?

He who that evening walked upon the streets of Sodom saw the workmen come out of the great factories whose whistles shrieked through the darkness and announced freedom. Crowd after crowd came by, of heavy, strong men, whose faith was in themselves, whose hope was larger wages, whose love was low and poor pleasures. They went by; and their eyes, gleaming white in their sooty faces, followed with hate and scorn the fine ladies, the well-dressed gentlemen. The dark crowd of workmen marched defiantly over the asphalt which they themselves had laid, past the houses which they had built, by the shops which they had filled with costly wares; and their angry eyes said to the ladies and gentlemen, "If we one day took back our own, wherewith would you cover your nakedness?" And some glances burned more intensely, and said, "Perhaps that day is not far distant."

The fops, in clean linen and fine clothes, came from the offices where they had cheated those in whose service they were, and stolen from the coffers which they should have guarded. At a certain corner they were met by slender, tight-laced women, whose

faces were white behind dark veils, under the shadow of large hats with far too conspicuous feathers ; and the air around these women smelled strong and sweet as poisonous lilies.

Solitary artists also passed through the throng,—men whose hearts knew a better happiness and a purer joy than the others ; and yet they were drawn towards being like the multitude, emptying the cup of intoxication held out by a soft and unclean hand, squandering the life which is irreparable, and slowly dying the death of sensuality upon a couch of crushed flowers.

Thus all in Sodom desired to be satiated with the same sin, and to be filled with the same false light, the light which silvered the wet asphalt of Sodom this evening in November, this evening after a day of fog and darkness in the month of death, November.

But far away from the crowds of people, high above the rushing flood of the street, in a chamber which looked out upon an old yard, on chimneys, and red roofs, there lay a man alone in a bed, waiting to die.

Young ? No, he was no longer young.

Old ? He was scarcely that.

But his beard was sprinkled with gray, and the hair in his neck was wholly silver-gray.

He lay there quite alone ; and, of all the people to whom and from whom his storm-tossed life had borne him, not one knew that he lay here and was about to die. To die —

He had often reflected about death when he was well and active, he thought. He had even written verse about it,—for he was a poet while he was living,—fine verses about friendly, poppy-crowned death, mild poetry about the great peace-bringer, the silent goddess of eternal November, the quiet Persephone and her garden of black cypresses. Thus had he written poetry about death,—death which came to others, never to him. But now it was himself who was about to die. He looked around the poor chamber. The doctor had been there lately ; and the landlady, a wrinkled widow, had stolen out in the mean time, and had not since come in.

The sick man did not need her. He had taken the medicine he was to have,—the doctor had himself given it to him; and the night might well pass calmly, for there was no imminent danger. He felt no pain, only a burning thirst, which the piece of ice in his mouth did not quench.

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Before many days the newspapers at home in his fatherland would convey the tidings that he was no more, and the paper that was most friendly to him would contain an obituary and a portrait; and his old parents would advertise with three crosses above, in the local paper of his native city, that “our son, Niels Graff, the author,”—“Niels Graff,” with blacker type,—“on” such a day “departed this life in a foreign country.” The epitaph with the picture above would be read in the cafés of the capital by young men who were not to die yet, and who could lay aside all thought of death with the discarded paper; and the advertisement with the three crosses above would be read aloud in the little city, by the hanging-lamps in many small homes, while the tea-urn sang and the knitting-needles joined in with their clicking. The article about Niels Graff and the advertisement about Niels Graff were both about him,—him who hitherto had reckoned himself among the living, and never believed that he also should die, but who now lay alone upon his death-bed in this foreign Sodom. Niels Graff was about to die, and there was no one who would go in the place of Niels Graff, nor was there any one who could; and he could not write himself from death, nor dream himself from death, nor persuade death, nor cheat death, nor fly from death. Then Niels Graff was seized by inordinate fear, such as he feels who is sliding down a steep mountain slope toward an abyss, and there is no hold for his hands and no support for his feet, but the stone is hard and smooth, and one slides down over it and falls in an instant out into the abyss, and is lost irretrievably.

Then blazed up in him the last revolt. His will and his reason combined in rebellion against death. He could not die, he would not die. It must not happen that he died. It was unreasonable,

inconceivable, that he who lay here, awake and living, in a short time should be a stiff and lifeless body.

He knew that others died. Yes! But he had been ill before, just as dangerously ill as now. He had recovered then: he would also recover now. A strong will was able to do wonders; and he would, would, would live.

“But yet the doctor has said”—objected a voice.

“Is a doctor, then, infallible?” he retorted. “Could not a doctor deceive himself, make a wrong diagnosis, see symptoms which were not present at all?” Yes, yes, it was possible,—it must be possible.

Niels Graff became calm. When the widow soon after came home, she found her lodger in a heavy sleep. She sat quietly down in the gleam of the night lamp, and began to knit. From a church tower in the neighborhood the clock struck nine.

Niels Graff wakened with the feeling that something weighed down upon his breast. He tried to open his eyes, but could not. It continued to be dark before him.

Yet he thought, he thought it was as if his eyes were not closed, but open. He tried to open them wider, and now he plainly felt the movement of the lids over the eyeballs.

It was unquestionable. He lay with open eyes, and yet saw nothing, nothing except black, impenetrable darkness.

O God! where, then, was he? What had happened?

He felt the hair rise upon his head as the answer sounded through him as with a strange, hoarse voice: “You are buried alive! You are lying in your coffin!” This answer filled him with nameless horror, with insane fear. It was the same deep horror; and there was, besides, the frightful certainty that it was not a dream, that it was not now, as then, possible to shake off the nightmare, to wrench his eyes open, and, reassured, see the well-known familiar objects in his chamber by life’s blessed light, in the dawn of an April morning, while the rain rippled down out-

side over the sprouting shrubs and budding trees in the garden under his window.

In the midst of his fear an absorbing desire came upon him, and his heart sobbed aloud with hopeless homesickness for the blissful land of life.

So they had thought he was dead,—the doctor and his wrinkled landlady,—they had washed and dressed him; and he had not noticed.

He shrieked in death anguish,—shrieked so that it echoed in his coffin, continued to shriek and shriek as one does who sinks with a wreck in a night of storm, until his soul went under in the darkness, and he sank down in a swoon, like a drowning person in the sea.

He wakened once more. He did not know how much time had passed, but he opened his eyes—and saw. An exulting joy went through him, and he became warm with happiness. For he saw—saw something green, which was the earth; something blue, which was the sky; saw that he was again out in life,—life, which he loved above all things. This was grass, these were trees with golden trembling leaves; and high above him was the sky,—the deep, beautiful sky, with white floating clouds. It was a large, elevated garden that he saw. Beyond its hedge, green fields, waving with grain, sloped down around a little old city with red roofs.

He was not alone in the garden. There sat upon the bench by his side a young girl dressed in pink. She was very fair; and her skin was white and delicate, so that one could see the blood redden under it. She sat and held his hand, and looked upon him with great dark blue eyes; and shining sunbeams danced quietly over her hair and face and dress, over the whole pure, fair, slender, girlish figure.

They sat silent, hand in hand; and they had long sat thus. Around them was luxuriant summer, green, rich June. They heard

the lowing of a cow far away, and the steady strokes of a maul. Thus they continued to sit together ; and both young hearts thrilled, yet they did not touch each other's lips.

Then a window was opened in the white house at the end of the garden, and an old lady, who must once have looked like the girl upon the bench, called to the two,—

“Niels and Agnes, come in !”

But as the young man rose, and with a happy smile offered his fair sweetheart his arm, there went a sigh through all the trees ; and it seemed as if the sigh came from below,—as if some one in the earth sighed at the sight of forfeited happiness.

Then he knew, as he lay in the dark, that he had not really experienced what he saw. No miracle had been performed for him,—he had not got his youth again ; but amid the death shadows he saw, like colored pictures, the days that had been given him, but which were now taken from him forever.

He saw anew,—saw a little old-fashioned house, with large, low rooms. Bright sunlight came through the many-paned windows with their white curtains, and was mirrored in numerous shining old pieces of furniture of mahogany and of yellow wood with small elegant escutcheons of mother-of-pearl or brass. There were white rush mats all over the floor ; and round about stood large jars of blue Faience with bouquets of field flowers, which were doubled by oblong mirrors in gilt frames. Upon the walls hung photographs of old art, and good engravings with deep borders ; and in front of an open spinet a fan lay forgotten upon the slender, white-lacquered stool. It was an autumn morning. Outside, sunflowers and dahlias flamed in an old neglected garden ; and the sunshine streamed in over the breakfast cloth, sparkled in the shining brass urn upon the table, gleamed in his wife's light hair and the ring upon her hand, as she handed him the steaming cup, and smiled at him through the sunlight and the shining steam from the urn, which was boiling.

She was still in pink, and just as fair and delicate as on that day in her mother's garden.

The dream changed, the vision was altered.

He saw now the quiet office in the retired, aristocratic street where he worked. His desk stood close to the window; and he had a view of an old green yard, with great candelabrum-shaped lindens about it. The sun shone obliquely down, and edged the black linden branches as with a strip of gilding; and the last yellow leaf fell upon the rusty green grass like a drop of melted gold. The sparrows twittered out there; and in the quiet rooms only a subdued word was spoken now and then, and one heard the pens moving over the paper like an almost imperceptible whisper. He bent over his work, filled from his young home with happiness as with healthful and nourishing milk.

Then came another picture, in which everything was pure white. Through white gauze fell a daylight like snow down over shining white objects,—white beds, sheets, pillows, and over his wife, white-clad in the white bed, sleeping quietly in the white light of the winter day and near her bed, the white cradle with the little sleeping face therein. It is quite still in the house, so still that he hears the ticking of a clock two rooms away. He stood a long time bowed over his wife and child, and a boundless joy filled his heart as he stole out of the room to eat his breakfast hastily at a table where to-day there was only one cover.

A new picture came, and the whiteness of the snow was transformed to that of fruit-blossoms. It was the last of May in the large old garden around his house. Over the lawn, where the grass stood tall and luxuriant, cherry-trees bowed their white blossoming branches, and apple-trees sprinkled their pink petals down among the light green grass-blades. Upon a rug in the grass sat his little son in his white dress, bent over, reaching with his chubby arms after the flower-petals, which showered down upon the white dress, the red stockings, and the little yellow shoes. The sun gleamed in his hair, which was fine and golden like his mother's; and, when he looked up with his great eyes, it was her

blue orbs that gazed earnestly out between the tall stalks of grass or wonderingly followed a fly which buzzed past. See! now he has caught sight of his father, and a sudden smile shone all over the little face, from the eyes to the dimple in the chin; and he gave a cry of joy,—a cry that was continued in twittering like a little bird's.

His father could no longer sit calmly on his camp-chair and read. He laid his book aside in the grass, and went and took his son up in his arms, and breathed rapturously the wholesome fragrance from his little body,—a sweet odor as of ripe apples.

He continued to sit with the child, and the baby continued to laugh and twitter for him. And it was so green and cool and quiet under the blossom-showering trees, in the golden May day, as if it were eternal spring and the garden of Paradise.

He sees again the dining-room in the home of his married life during the first days of happiness. But it is no longer the morning sun which fills it: it is a festal evening light. The large hanging lamp is burning over the middle of the table. At the table ends and upon the buffet are white candles in shining candlesticks. There are flowers at each cover,—pale, slender Pentecost lilies in tall glasses.

It is near the close of the meal: they have reached the wine and fruit. At the end of the table, Niels Graff leans back for a moment in his chair. Cigars and cigarettes are lighted. Through the blue smoke he looks upon many glad faces which are collected around the table,—glad young faces of men and women, in a chatting, smiling, laughing medley.

They are his friends, wise heads, clever men, liberal and bright young women. Wine gleams in their glasses: they bow to each other, they clink glasses and nod. Now one of them leans forward and lifts his glass up toward Niels, and he takes his and bows in return.

Then he sinks into a state of peaceful happiness. He cares for nothing but sitting and enjoying the pleasure of the others. His

soul burns quietly and clearly as one of the motionless candle-flames in front of the buffet mirror, white and silent in the midst of noise and smoke.

He tries to look beyond the lamp to meet his wife's glance, but he cannot catch her eye. She sits at the other end of the table and talks with her neighbor, but it seems as if she were a little tired and not wholly enjoying herself.

Later that night, when they are alone and have aired out the smoke, he speaks to her about it.

"I cannot help it," says she, "but it seems to me there are many things about your friends that I cannot bear. When they, for instance, bring their poems and read them aloud, they sound beautiful enough; but the subjects are so petty. They are always about themselves or their more or less disgraceful love affairs. There is never a thought of anything else. I will not speak of God,—if they do not believe, it is their own affair; but there is so much in the world that is great and noble, and there, indeed, live other people upon earth than poets and their ladies. You call yourselves friends of the people; but, when you write poetry, it seems as if you had never had a thought or a feeling to spare for any other persons than yourselves." She was standing by the window while she said this. Outside the day was dawning, the sky was white as silver. Now she came and took his hand.

"Do not be angry with me, Niels," said she; "but that which makes me feel the worst is the poems you read yourself. You know well how proud I have always been of your poetry, and how pleased I was when we were engaged, and you sent me so many beautiful poems. But now, when you sit among the others, and you have all been drinking, and you bring out your new poems and read them, it pains me so. For the Neils who speaks there I do not know at all. It is an entirely different one, a strangely gloomy, discontented man, who is always yearning, and is weary of his happiness, and longs for solitude and freedom, and longs in vain. I know well enough, Niels, that the others write thus, that the others are thus; but it is because they do not care for any one

except themselves. But it does not seem to me, Niels, that you have the right to follow their example. You think so much of little Erik, do you not? I know you do. And are you not happy here in our home? And tell me honestly, Niels, you love me just as well as ever, do you not? Yes, Niels, I see it in your face. You still love me?"

She says the last words sitting upon his lap. There is a smile on her lips, but her voice trembles with weeping. When he does not answer, but only kisses her eyes, two clear, bitter tears flow out under the thin lids.

Now the day has wholly dawned, and the sky grows blue outside the window, out over the dew-wet roofs and green gardens of the suburban city. A pair of sparrows are twittering on the terrace beneath the window, and from all the leaves the joy of the birds rises into the new light. Niels Graff continues to kiss his wife's closed eyes. Soon he finds her lips, and her cheeks, which are pale and cool as the petals of a lily. Her lips at first are white and chill, but become red and warm under his kisses.

"Do not kiss me any more," she pleads, and, drawing herself away from him, goes over to the window. There she stands a moment, and, pondering, looks out into the morning light.

Niels comes to her, and she puts her arm around his neck.

"Do you love me?" she asks, and looks into his eyes.

He returns her glance, but cannot bear to answer her. So he says,—

"Do you not know it, Agnes?"

"Oh, yes, Niels,— oh, yes!" And she kisses him earnestly with a wife's lips.

"See, now the sun is up!" says she, and points to the first red sun ray over a neighboring roof.

It is evening. Niels is standing and looking out of the window. He is alone in his room in the twilight, and the street lamp is lighted outside.

He has just eaten dinner: a coffee-cup stands empty upon the

smoking-table and the odor of a cigarette hovers in the room. Little Erik has been put to bed, and Niels hears his wife talking with the girl in the dining-room.

He stands looking out, and continues to look. Several persons go by. Niels follows them all with his eyes until they disappear, and has a desire to go away with them all. A young lady hastens along the sidewalk, slender and elegant: a white skirt gleams under her lifted dress in the lamp-light. A young man unconcernedly drives away in the mild September evening, with a cigar between his lips and a flower in the button-hole of his coat.

Niels stands and looks at all of them, and the sight of each increases his longing. They bear his heart from him atom by atom, till there remains only an absorbing emptiness in his breast. He is so satiated with his own life, so weary of his good fortune. From the home of his childhood he has slipped almost immediately into the home he and Agnes have established. His Bohemian time was so short, and so few were the years in which he had roved as a free nomad over the boundless prairies of youth. Now he feels as if he had been cheated out of his life, and as if his happiness were only a prison with beautiful wall paintings.

He remembers feeling the same when he was a half-grown boy. Sunday forenoons, when he was washed, and dressed in his best from top to toe, and everything about him, as it were, waited and was in readiness, and no one came, and nothing happened,—they did not even go to church there at home,—then he would stand by the window in his little chamber, and look out and feel infinitely depressed. They were cold, gray, wintry Sundays; and beneath the window lay the yard, with dirty hard frozen snow, or thawing and muddy. Behind it was the garden, whose tall black trees rocked hopelessly forward and back in the cold blast, under the cold, gray sky. It was altogether so sorrowful that Niels was ready to cry. It was comfortless for him to live; and he was so alone in the wretched world with his great, hungry heart.

The Sunday soup, the fresh, shining cloth, Aunt Eleonora's

customary visit, the cakes with the after-dinner coffee,— everything which at home distinguished the day from the other days of the week, and made it festive,— was as nothing in the presence of his great, hopeless longing.

In the evening, when the lamp was lighted and the knitting-needles were clicking quietly around the sofa-table, he sat in a corner upon a footstool,— sat by the wall right under the window, where he could indistinctly hear what was happening in the street, hear the shouts of merry boys who were throwing snow-balls, the laughter of men and women who were walking together, and a solitary sleigh, which flew past with the cracking of the whip, and the jingling of the bells, and made every one in the small houses look up and wonder what it could be.

Then Niels was discovered in his corner, and asked if he would not come over to the lamp. But he “sat well where he sat”; and they whispered to each other, “What a queer boy he is!”

Agnes came, and brought the peace of years. Her beauty was mild and placid, and cool as the air in the spring nights; and it was as if the moon shone over him she loved.

But it seemed at last to him as if his eyes must die in the everlasting paleness, and his soul perish for want of color. His wild heart demanded that a morning should dawn in burning clouds and a sun rise in floods of blood and gold. Therefore, his soul again sat upon the child’s stool by the outermost wall of home, and listened in the long evenings to the noise from the great streets in life’s city.

So he stands now in the twilight and looks out, and wishes to follow every person that goes by, wishes to walk their way, know their worlds, taste their joys, share their wine. But before him lies only the long, tiresome evening, the few, unimportant words about the day’s incidents, then tea, a last cigarette, and a first yawn, a little talk back and forth about whether it is bedtime or not, then undressing, laying his clothes on the usual chair, and going to sleep in matrimonial peace.

Niels Graff violently stretches his arms up above his head, as

if he would lift the roof of his home, and let the night stream down and fill all the rooms with its chilling infinity.

Just then the hall-bell rang loudly, cheerfully, and long.

Niels goes and opens the door himself. It is Alf, one of the many friends of the house.

"I am not alone," he says, smiling, when Niels invites him in. "There are women behind me. Yes, my wife you surely know! And this lady (he bows before a little, young, girlish form, whose white face shines out from a high collar, like a portrait from a dark frame),—this lady is Fru Lily Linden."

A moment after they are in Graff's apartment, where he hastily lights a lamp. Fru Lily Linden goes forward towards him over the carpeted floor. There are fresh bouquets of violets in her belt and upon her polished shoes.

"I have long wished to make your acquaintance, Niels Graff," says she, with a soft, low voice, and looks into his eyes.

He bows with his hand upon his heart, looks up again, and steadily meets her blue eyes, which are of a color like the ice in the clefts of a glacier. He gazes into them a second,—a second, but a second which makes him dizzy.

He has called upon the abyss. And the abyss has answered.

Neils Graff's little respectable home becomes gradually disordered. It becomes like the gardens where many children play, and where the grass is worn off all the lawns and the leaves stripped off all the low branches. White stains, caused by spilt wine, show themselves upon the shining furniture, greasy spots of food soil the white floor matting, and intoxicated guests have defaced the sofas and chairs.

Evening after evening there is company. Niels can no longer bear to be alone. When it grows dark, he wants to be in festive expectation, to light all the lamps and see the table set, and to go himself to the door when the bell rings. He wants to sit in a circle of people through the night, drink strong drink, talk, read aloud, and smoke many cigarettes.

If there is an evening when no one comes, then he goes out — alone or with Agnes. They call where they know they will be gladly received, and remain during the evening and the night with their friends; and their friends are glad to have them, like children who dare not be alone in the dark. But sometimes their unrest increases, and their dissatisfaction becomes so deep that it cannot be smothered within four walls. Then they hurry down upon the streets, go out of the city, wander in the frost-cold, moon-lit nights upon the long white roads in the deserted country, until the moon sets.

More and more all this gathers around Fru Lily Linden. Her friends become Graff's friends, and fill his home. At the table which Agnes has spread, Fru Lily becomes hostess because all eyes seek her. Her smile beams on all, and they all are swayed and captivated by her flippant speech. She is naïve as a child, daring as a man, coquettish as a woman, and unchaste as a hetaira. She tells stories which make men blush, and sings folk-songs which make women weep. There are always violets in her bosom, and he who has her for a guest gets the bouquet for a souvenir with the *liqueur*.

As the moon fades and becomes a white cloud when the sun is in the sky, so Agnes pales and disappears out of Niels Graff's soul. Fru Lily entirely fills him.

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Niels Graff is standing one day in the office where he works, in front of the chief's desk. The old gentleman has taken off his eyeglasses and beats time to his talk with them.

"Yes, my dear friend," says the dignified, gray-haired chief, "I am sorry that I must say this to you; but you will recollect that I have several times ventured to warn you. You have not chosen to take my advice to heart; and, therefore, you must blame yourself that I find it necessary to say to you that your performance of your duties here has of late been so — has been of such a sort — so careless and unreliable that — I am sorry, as I said — also for your wife, whose mother I have the honor of

knowing,— but — we cannot employ you any longer. You have your dismissal three months from date.”

The office chief rises while he hands Niels Graff a paper which he all the time had been scanning intently. He rises and stations himself at the window, with his back to his subordinate.

Niels Graff also looks out of the window. In the old yard everything is covered with snow. The boughs of the lindens have broad white borders. At one place in a corner, between the trunk and a branch, a sparrow sits and crouches together, shakes itself, and crouches still more into its feathers.

Niels Graff stands a little while, then he bows to the chief's back, thanks him for the official notice, and seats himself in his place. He is stunned as by a blow, ashamed as a boy that has had a thrashing, and angry with him who has struck him.

He meets Alf when he goes home,— Alf and Fru Lily Linden ; and they go into a wine-room together.

When the filled glasses stand upon the table before them, like three light-flowers, three golden tulips, Fru Lily lifts hers, bows to Alf, bows to Niels, and they drink. Then Niels Graff tells his story of the forenoon, and they talk it over together. Fru Lily looks intently into Niels Graff's eyes, and her glances are like emphasis to everything Alf says.

“Fresh courage!” says Alf. “Life does not depend upon you having 2,400 kroner. You can earn them easier some other way !”

“Have you any advice to give me ?” asks Niels Graff.

“I have a piece of advice. Do as I do,— be a journalist. Throw yourself wholly out into literature. Your pen will support you well enough. You have hitherto been a fine amateur, now be a professional ! The dice are thrown for you by fate.”

Niels looks at Alf, and Alf's little, light, red-rimmed eyes look as if they heartily wished him well in time as in eternity.

“What do you think, Fru Lily ?” he then asks.

Fru Lily surveys him with her great, unconscious, glacier-blue eyes. “I think as Alf does,” she replies, and drinks out of her glass.

They sit silent a little while. People come in, white with snow, stamp their feet at the door, and hang their coats by the stove. Niels orders three glasses more.

"But," says he all at once, "I really ought to have been at home by this time."

Alf looks at his watch.

"Do you know," he exclaims, "I have a proposition to make to you. Fru Lily has promised to dine with me to-day. Now will you also do me the favor of being my guest? Without ceremony, you understand."

Alf leans forward over the table and looks at Niels, and his eyes become as imploring as if his life's happiness depends upon his friend's answer.

"Agnes expects me," says Neils. "I must tell her what has happened."

"We will send her a few words. Write that you are going to dine with me, while I get hold of a messenger."

And he beckons to a waiter.

Niels looks at Fru Lily. She has lifted her glass, and surveys through the golden liquid the people out in the market-place who are pictured inverted upon the glass as upon the plate of a photograph. Now she turns to him a moment, and says very politely, "Greet your wife from me."

Niels writes a few hasty words, in which nothing is said of his dismissal and no mention is made of Fru Lily, but under which he places a reassuring "Your devoted N."

The messenger stands ready,—“my special messenger,” says Alf. The messenger smiles with respectful moderation, blows his nose, and starts.

They sit a little longer, they three, in the wine-room. Now that they know they are to be together, they have become silent, and, as it were, a little strange to each other, a little tired of each other. Fru Lily continues to look out on the great market-place. It is growing dark outside, and the snow is drifting. Far away lies the gray ruin of a palace which has been burned.

"We must go," says Alf ; and they start out.

They walk in the mild, pure, thawing weather ; and Fru Lily's pale cheeks get a tinge of color. People go past noiselessly in the new-fallen snow. In the glare of an electric light, pretty young girls sweep by. Alf nods jubilantly to two of them, and they laugh back.

"You see," says he, turning to Niels, "the world is full of women ; and we are eternally young."

"That is practical philosophy and very intelligible," says Fru Lily, laughing.

"May I take your arm, Niels Graff ? The sidewalk is slippery."

So it was that Niels Graff began to lead the strange life of a literary day-laborer,—the life which never gives a person time to collect himself and be quiet, but which hurries him through an endless series of small and large affairs, none of which concern him, yet all of which he must be interested in, understand for himself, and explain to others ; the life of a journalist, which, perhaps, is the most destructive of all, because it divides a man's strength among a hundred things which are without real connection, and to-day assigns his powers one work, and to-morrow another quite different one.

Mediæval society was guided by men who long and earnestly had pondered upon one single thing, and who consecrated their whole lives to deeper and deeper entrance into the great facts of God's will. But the spiritual lord and leader of our time is the journalist, a person who seldom has knowledge, and almost never has pondered over the subject upon which he is to express himself before he stands face to face with it, and within an hour shall have an opinion about it.

Yet this man has the printing-press at his disposal, and his words are believed by millions far more blindly and absolutely than the priests of the Church have ever been believed. If the journalist has one opinion to-day, and changes it to-morrow, because he wishes to annoy one of his friends, or coquette with an opponent,

or make love to a pretty woman, then millions change their opinions with him, and follow him around all the points of the intellectual compass.

Niels Graff became a journalist. He learned that it was seldom necessary to tell the truth. It was necessary to advocate his party, its men and its opinions, and to declare everything narrow, stupid, and shallow that was opposed to the ideas of the party. But, above all, it was necessary to write a "good" article. The good article was never that which was truthful, accurate, genuine, but that which captured the public, seized their minds, created readers, purchasers, subscribers.

For it is important to make the will of the public. The public, — this modern parody on the people, of whom it is said that its voice is like God's.

"*Vox populi, vox Dei.*" Is it true? I am ready to believe it.

For the voice of the people is the voice of the human heart. But the human heart is like a child who has lost his way in a great forest, and knows neither road nor path. The child falls to shouting and crying, and at last falls upon his knees, and prays: "Let me find the way out, O, God! and let me find the way home. Let me again see thy sun over the fields of ripened grain, let me reach my mother's cottage and sit upon the stone step outside her door, and dip the fresh, sweet bread in the white, wholesome milk, while the swallows play around the church tower and the evening bells ring."

Like this is the prayer of the child, and the prayer of the penitent human heart, and the prayer of the people. The people cannot do without the truth, the wholesome, every-day truth, which is as simple and unpretending as bread and milk, and yet is the only thing which gives them strength to wander the long day through, and reach home before the darkness falls.

But the public is no longer the people. It is a refined people, a people that is no longer innocent. Therefore, the public seeks not the truth, but the news. The public is the people in decadence, the people that is no longer naïve, the people that has become

romanticist, waking every morning with a spiritual emptiness to be filled, demanding new thoughts, new views, new objects, and new words; above all, new emotions,—new and great and many emotions,—many novelties instead of the one eternal truth of the old days.

Day after day Niels Graff worked for his paper. He was employed cautiously in the beginning, as long as his opinions had not lost their rough edges.

He sat and wrote richly colored art criticisms at a rickety table in the reporters' room, between a reporter redolent of toddy, who scribbled down the latest suicides, and a perfumed Alphonse, who advertised the public women in a variety theatre.

Gradually he learned to see things from the party side, to adopt the point of view of his paper, to divide the world and judge it according as it lay to the right or the left of the views he served.

Niels Graff became useful. The paper engrossed him: its interests were his interests, its enemies his enemies, its life his life. His whole existence was spent on the paper,—in the office rooms where the gas was always burning, and where the air was made stifling by many men and many cigars, where it quickly became too hot or too cold, where no one closed the doors behind him, where the telephone bells rang uninterruptedly, and newspapers and torn envelopes drifted in disorder over all the tables, and messengers constantly went and came, and one's hands were black with dust, which was never removed.

He worked there through the day, ate his noonday meal at a restaurant, and again went up to the office. There were always others who kept him company. It was as if none of them could tear himself away from the editorial rooms. They sat there, and read every newspaper which they could find. Some were waiting for proofs, but most of them only for some one to start out.

From the office they went to the café, the journalist's second home. Around the small marble tables, under the dim, shaded gas-lights, the newspaper men gathered to refresh themselves. They had their regular corner, where there were always some

of the fraternity to be found. Through the long hours of the night they were together, talking, drinking, smoking, telling stories, painting over the marble tables with sketches and jests.

It was the old night-life of Niels Graff's home in another edition, and Niels felt in as good spirits as a gypsy by a camp-fire.

Around them the café gradually became empty and dark. A last, sleep-drunken waiter stood on guard by the sideboard. But the night-hawks still hold out, prating, smoking, drinking, drunken. As the night wore on, they drank deeper; and their day's pay slipped down their throats as copious Burgundy or aromatic cordials. Then some one opened a window. From below were heard measured hoof-beats: it was the cabs outside of a night restaurant moving their horses on the wooden pavement.

There was heard the clattering of hoofs from the horses of the late cabs, laughter or shrieks of young women, sounds of human life out there in the mighty darkness.

A pagan desire rose from the bottom of Niels Graff's soul, as the raw air blew the sweet cigarette smoke away. The depths of his being were moved. The vipers upon the bottom wakened, and great, poisonous bubbles rose out of the mire in his heart. He longed, like a redskin that has homesickness, for life's wild forests. He weakly desired to go under and be lost in the night which rolled its evil waves through the great city.

"Whither, Niels Graff?" It was Fru Lily Linden who stopped him outside of the railway station. It was a moist, glimmering spring morning, with shining air, and haze in the distance, and streets like brooks of silver. From all this gleaming, glimmering, quickly passing light, Fru Lily emerged, in a light and springlike costume.

"Whither, Niels Graff?"

He was standing with his hat off and shaking hands with her.

"Whither? Out to the spring-time. Will you go with me?"

"Yes," said she, without hesitation; and he ran to buy the two tickets.

She sat opposite him in the compartment. The first green

fields and blossoming willow hedges glided past, and she looked at him with eyes which to-day were blue as violets.

"Ah, if we were sitting in a train which was going to the end of the world, and you were the man with whom I would gladly go there!"

"So I am not that man, Fru Lily?"

"No," said she, laughing, "but I like you well enough."

"Do you know," said he, "that I have been so exuberantly, radiantly happy ever since I got up this morning, and saw the blue sky and the spring clouds. I felt so young, so strong, it seemed sometimes as if I must be able to fly if I only lifted my feet from the earth; and all the time the refrain of a folk-song sang within me,—'Toward so fair a summer!'"

"That is beautiful," said she. "Hereafter I also will have those words for a motto." And she repeated slowly, while her glance strayed out to the shining horizon, "Toward so fair a summer!"

The train stopped, and they got out and went into the forest. The forest was light, as it is only in the first spring days, and warm with the sun and very still. They went between the gray trunks of the trees and over the yellow plains. They walked in the brown, rustling leaves and over the faded grass, in whose thick carpet no footfall was heard. And the forest was large and light and warm with the sun, and very still.

As they went on, their words became fewer and fewer. Unconsciously, they took each other's hands, and their hearts began to throb. They went on and on; and the forest was light and warm with the sun, and very still.

It was as if they wandered alone over a new-born earth. They went over plains, they went over hills and valleys. There were no human beings behind them in the world of cities. There was no God up in the shining heaven. There were only themselves, only he and she, and the power of spring and the might of youth. And the forest was lonely and large, and warm with the sun, and very still.

The story of unfaithfulness is so commonplace and so monotonous, yet there is nothing the world would rather hear. Of the Florentine's Hell and Purgatory and Paradise, the world has chosen his twenty verses about Francesca da Rimini, who broke her vows; and, while saints and heroes are enshrined in the gilded forgetfulness which is called an immortal name, two unfaithful queens live in the hearts of the ages,—the unfaithful Guinevere, the unfaithful Isolde, queens of poetry to this day.

The story of Niels Graff and Fru Lily Linden shall not be told. God has permitted the poisonous flowers to seem beautiful. The forbidden roses have a fragrance that make men dizzy, and the wall is low around the false paradise where the apples of Sodom grow.

There shall be told only of the core of salt and bitter ashes which was in the red fruit upon the tree of knowledge. There shall be told the story of Fru Agnes's lonely nights in the home which her husband hardly ever saw. It shall be told how she waited and waited in the long evenings, was glad every time the garden gate opened, and disappointed every time she heard a foot-step which was not Niels Graff's, until at last the messenger came,—the messenger, whom she gradually learned to hate,—and brought a few scribbled lines which informed her that this day also she was forsaken. Or there came no message at all,—Niels gradually dispensed with this courtesy,—but he only remained away, returned home toward morning in the small hours. Agnes asked no questions; but he brought home the fumes of wine, and in his clothes were the smell of cigar smoke and the odor of strange perfumes.

She lay silent, and heard him tumble into bed. Then she fell asleep so as to waken long before he did, and to have the breakfast table spread for him when he, about noon, came out of the sleeping-room. He was most frequently in good humor, drank a glass of cognac with his coffee, which was always strong and black, and started away from home with an unconcerned good-bye and a cigar between his careless lips. There was summer around him

and sunshine within him when he thus sauntered out. He felt free and glad, satisfied with all the world and satisfied with himself. He enjoyed the deep peace, the calmness of mind, and the joy of life that the man feels who at last has found for himself a comfortable and convenient dwelling, and only thinks how he may arrange matters better.

He thought that he was perfectly happy. At home was the house, Agnes, the child; outside, friends, feasts, Fru Lily's arms. He felt like a seaman who sails between two ports, of which one is an old Gothic city, where his mother lives in a house with shining windows behind clipped lindens, and the other city is light and new and glad, with wine in golden glasses and gay, lively girls. The seaman sails back and forth, and his ship is moored just as readily to the old wharves as to the new quays.

But a worm was gnawing quietly at the root of his existence,—the worm of poverty, which crumbles and hollows out the most luxuriant trees, the strongest trunks, and transforms unfeeling joy into bitter despair and pitiful hopelessness.

The time came when he was no longer a useful man. All ordinary work requires, in the camp of evil also, a certain self-denial and a little, a small enough particle, of discipline. His thirst for freedom went beyond bounds; and his wild heart submitted to no rein, obeyed no law. He broke away from his work because he must: he was compelled by fate, constrained by his innermost being as by the mandates of religion. He could not worship any other god than himself, nor follow other will than his own. All the world was a prison to him when he was not lord over his affairs and king over his life unto the least step on the most insignificant of life's paths.

So work gradually became nothing to him: to be was everything, and to be was to enjoy. Every morning his soul opened like a flower which seeks the sun, and his heart sailed out into life like an eagle after its prey.

Therefore, he was never in his house or in the office of his paper at the work table. He was where the summer is, where the green

leaves are waving in the wind, where the blue water is burning in the sun, where women lift estal, shining glasses in their light gloved hands.

So the only money he brought home to his house was the notes and silver pieces which richer friends lent him. Consequently, Fru Agnes's door-bell rang very often, and she received rude words from messengers who came for the seventh time, and for whom there was no pay; and the books were gone from Niels Graff's shelves, and the rings from his wife's hand, and time after time was hunger driven from the house with the few and greasy coins which came from the table drawer in the pawn-broker's dirty shop.

But Niels Graff did not understand what life tried to teach him. He would not give up the way from which God sought to draw him. He observed no danger, knew no fear, perceived no disgrace.

There was no past which commanded, no future which threatened. He lived only in the day and the present, and the day and the present favored him and gratified him. Thus he went with lifted head toward the abyss as over a field of flowers.

"The gentleman is not at home; but, if the gentleman will wait, the gentleman will come immediately."

With this dull, servant-girl Danish was Niels Graff ushered into his editor's study. It was already quite dark, and the girl lighted the gas in the middle of the room over the sofa table.

Niels sat down. He knew this room so well, the large writing-table with its confusion of books and papers around the silk-shaded lamp, the copper candlesticks in front of the tall, gilt-framed mirror, the many paintings by good artists on the tapestry-hung walls. Heavy curtains almost entirely covered the windows. There was only a strip of darkening sky to be seen behind mastheads and cordage. Niels Graff waited half an hour. Then the door opened, and the editor walked hastily in,—short, slender, keen, and prudent. A genial smile shone for a moment on his face. He took Niels Graff's outstretched hand, and led him kindly back to the chair from which he had risen.

"What do you wish?"

Niels Graff stated his errand. He must have some money.

The editor looked down a moment, and stroked his chin. Then he lifted his head like a man who has made up his mind.

"You know well enough, Graff, that this is not the first time you have made such requests of the paper. We have advanced as much as we could; but you yourself must surely know that your account is greatly overdrawn, and that in the last half-year you have not done much work. I am not your guardian, and you have perfect freedom to work or not to work as you please. But you, on your side, must not take it ill that we act accordingly. It is our rule willingly to give advances, even very large ones, to the man who zealously and eagerly works for us; but we cannot treat those who neglect us with the same liberality. It is, of course, painful to me that you live under such tiresome economic conditions; but we who are in charge of the paper cannot bear the responsibility for your conduct of life. We have nothing to do with that. It must remain your own private affair how you get on or do not get on."

The editor rose, a little nervous, but, after all, satisfied to have spoken so clearly and to have said at last what ought to have been said. Graff muttered only a few polite words, and was courteously accompanied to the door.

But when he heard the door close behind him, and heard the editor's light, graceful steps withdraw into the dwelling, his courage sank, and he lost all hope.

The great hulls lay dark and silent along the wharf, with solitary lanterns and single-lighted portholes. All the tumult and toil of the day were over. There was not a person in the long wet streets, into which shone the lights from the homes. Then Niels Graff was overwhelmed with his desolation. He felt so helpless, so hopeless, so impotently alone, that he almost shrieked with mental anguish. He was cast out, disowned by all, condemned and lost.

And he moaned softly, "My God, my God!"

But Niels Graff was sure that there was no God. God was only a shadow which a man cast out into the empty space of the world, — a great, great supernatural shadow in the empty, empty space. He knew it, he had comprehended it while he sat upon the bench at school. There was no God.

Down at the foot of the wharf the black water rippled and murmured. It clucked and splashed uninterruptedly; and now it was as if some one was laughing down there, and now as if some one was kissed, and now as if some one wept.

Niel Graff listened to the song of the water, to the song of everlasting rest and blessed nothingness. It was for an instant as if his fate called upon him, and offered him peace.

But his heart beat too vigorously in his breast, and the blood was too warm in his veins; and he felt that no death in the dark water could quench his thirst for happiness. He tore himself loose and went on, and collected himself as well as he could. With lifted head he passed along the great, light, asphalt-paved street through the midst of the city. When he met the editor's secretary, who was going home to supper, Niels greeted him, smiling jubilantly, like a man who gladly hurries on with his pockets swelling with the day's earnings. Niels Graff met all those who in the evening hours travel upon the great, well-lighted street,—gayly adorned, painted girls, pale, well-dressed men. He looked into every face which went past, and every face was painful to him. For there was written in them all that the world's god is gold, the one true god, and that nothing is too noble, nothing too costly, nothing too beautiful, for a sacrifice upon his altar.

Outside the wine-room which he and Alf were accustomed to frequent, he observed, all at once, that he was sick with hunger; and he went hastily in. He would drink a glass of wine and dip a few cakes therein.

He entered, and met Alf and Fru Lily Linden.

Yes, Fru Lily Linden,— what had become of her in his life?

It was the spring which had brought their lips together, and the summer had ripened their love to glowing bloom. Fru Lily's

blue eyes had been the sky over all the sunshine feasts he had attended.

But Nature, which had brought forth their love, took back its gift. Their senses had thrilled with the budding forest: so their desire withered with the yellow leaves. The clouds had gathered too heavily over Niels Graff,—he found no time for kisses and caresses,—and Fru Lily demanded too much, desired his courtesy, his attentions. So he sought in the glass a grosser, less exacting mistress, who was always ready to give him intoxication and forgetfulness.

But now, as he saw her in her fur cloak, with her pale face framed in a dark collar, her charm became new for him. As on that evening a year before, they again sat together with the golden glasses,—Alf and Niels and Fru Lily. They all remembered it, and spoke of it.

The same thing happened as upon that occasion, and as so often since in the intervening time. Niels Graff remained with the other two, a messenger appeared, a bank-note came out of Alf's pocket book and was put in an envelope, and Niels directed it with a few fine words to his wife, and bade her be hopeful, he sent her now a little for the most pressing needs.

He suddenly felt himself happily set free, escaped from all sorrow and remorse. The wine made his soul burn clear again, like oil a dying lamp. He saw in Fru Lily's eyes a promising smile, saw that he again pleased her fancy. His whole being thrilled, he breathed deeply like one who has been nearly drowned.

"Life is still beautiful!" said he, and touched his glass to Fru Lily's and to Alf's.

Oh, yes!" said his friend only, and laughed. He knew what these words signified from Niels, what want and distress lay behind them.

"Life is like a woman," said Alf. "It always rewards the persevering worshipper, and gives itself to him who does not become tired. A health to life, and to life's persistent lovers!"

They emptied their glasses, and the flaming wine filled their

minds with its glow. The waiter brought them new glasses with another wine.

"My heart was lately green and sour and unripe," said Niels, and lifted his glass to his lips. "It was like a grape in a cold land where the sun does not glow and where the vine bears only starving fruit. But now there is a sudden spring over me, and a southern summer; and my heart is darkened and filled, and absorbs richly and luxuriantly the sap in life's tree. Like a warm grape, my heart swells in the sunlight, and desires to be crushed and to burst in a golden press, and to bleed and die in a golden beaker."

He looked at Fru Lily, and ecstatically emptied his glass. They rose to go; and Alf paid, as usual.

On the street, Niels pushed himself in between his friend and Fru Lily, engrossed her entirely, monopolized every word and every smile. Alf yielded good-naturedly, walked quietly and thoughtfully by the side of the other two, older and indulgent, gray-haired and fatherly.

All three went into a circus to see an English ballet dancer.

Niels Graff made love to Fru Lily that evening as if he saw her for the first time. He continued to talk to her to get her to laugh. He drew her picture upon the marble table. He wrote verses on the back of the programme,—verses in her honor,—which she smilingly hid in her bosom.

It was midnight when Fru Lily said farewell to Alf, and asked Neils to go home with her. They both lived in the same part of the town.

And it was in the gray dawn and in fast falling rain that Niels Graff walked home from Fru Lily's house. All the streets were shining like polished iron, and the clear water poured from the roof-gutters out over all the sidewalks.

When he came to his home, he remained standing a moment. Little and low stood the villa within the garden, between the leafless trees. The curtains were all rolled down. The house looked as it usually did when he came home in the morning.

But, when he put his key into the hall door, it sounded strangely empty, as if the house were vacant. Involuntary dread chilled through him. Had the landlord really carried out his threat, and put Agnes out into the street while he —

Niels Graff's hands became cold and damp. He hastened to open the door.

No clothing was hanging upon the pegs in the hall, and his steps echoed loudly. Hurriedly he pulled open the parlor door.

No, thank God, everything there stood as usual.

Niels was obliged to sit down. His knees would not support him. He sat a little while in an easy-chair, and gazed unthinkingly at his own reflection in the glass. He saw that his face was as white as chalk. At last he rose, and went through the dining room to the bedroom door. Cautiously he opened it,—threw it wide open,—and felt his heart-beats stop for a moment —

There was no one there.

White and untouched stood the three beds,—the two large ones and Erik's little one. The coverings were not taken off. No one had slept there the night before. Niels Graff sat down on an ottoman by the window. He understood it immediately. Agnes was gone, and the boy was gone. Now he saw also that there lay something white between the candles in front of the mirror; but he needed no letter, he knew well enough what had happened. He began to tremble very feebly, as with cold.

He stood up, slowly and with difficulty, and left the sleeping-room. He went through the hall, where a silk handkerchief hung alone on one of the pegs. He hung his coat and hat by the side of it.

Then he went again into the sitting-room, where he paused awhile before the mirror, and gazed at himself a little, and nodded stupidly to himself.

At last he went into his own room. The empty places in the book shelves yawned at him. On the writing-table shone a great bouquet of white chrysanthemums in a glass.

He stood still, and looked at them. These white flowers were Agnes's farewell.

Then his glance fell upon a picture of Erik, which stood upon the table,—Erik when he was very small, in a white blouse, fighting with his chubby arms, and laughing all over his bright face.

He continued to tremble weakly, but his heart was quite calm. He turned away from the writing-table, went into the bedroom, and brought out a coverlet and a pillow. With them he made a bed on his sofa, half undressed himself, and lay down.

It was as if his heart was dead in his breast. Nothing could touch it, nothing could wake it. In his inmost soul he felt what had taken place as if it had happened to a distant acquaintance.

He lay awhile, and gazed up at the white ceiling. The resting position filled him with contentment, and his calm grew to indifference. He no longer trembled: he had the peace of the unfeeling.

God had struck a last blow at him, but he had conquered God.

He felt a gross delight rise within him,—a low, mean joy in being free at last. There was no longer anything which bound him. Agnes had gone herself, he had not driven her away. He was at length set wholly free. He could live entirely for his own will.

He went to sleep in hard-hearted tranquillity, like a criminal who is satisfied with his work.

A great sea-green ocean.

An ocean which shines like pure emerald and malachite. An ocean in whose rusty ore sunbeams sparkle like grains of gold. An ocean on both sides of a great steamer, which steers forward in the spring sun.

Niels Graff stands with Fru Lily in the bow of the ship, and gazes out. He feels light and free, as if he could raise himself to the sky and hover in the shining blue.

The past disappears behind him like a dark coast. Behind him is the city of his wretchedness and the cruel streets, where he has walked during so many unhappy days, so many despairing evenings. Behind him are all sorrows and troubles, all accounts

and summonses, lawyer's letters, and hard pulls of the bell-wire. They are altogether behind him. He is helped out of them by a mild fate's benevolent hand, helped out into the wide, radiant world.

Before is the spring sea in the spring sun; and beyond the sea beckons the strand, the shore of which he once dreamed,—the shore where the rose waves break upon the white sand. A new life is given him, a new sun shines for him; and his heart swells young and great as years ago.

"Wine, my darling,—wine!" says he, and turns to Fru Lily.

The wine comes, clear and cool, in a gold-green glass; and they drink, with jubilant hearts, a health to their life and their love.

Forward over the radiant sea goes the ship toward a bright horizon, and flocks of gulls fly in advance like shining promises of good fortune.

In the foreign land and the foreign city. . . . Uninterruptedly have they fled toward the south, farther and farther from the city in the north. Now they have reached the foreign land and the foreign city where they intend to dwell.

Tired by long railway journeys, Fru Lily goes immediately to bed. But Niels Graff is uneasy. After he has rested and bathed and dined, he leaves the hotel.

He stands upon the market-place of the city, upon the cathedral square. Right before him rises the mighty Gothic church. With porch and high windows, with arches and points and spires, with dragons' heads and lions' mouths, it rises, and points its two gray towers straight at the shining full moon. Slowly, slowly, he wanders around it and past it.

He goes through modern streets, where iron shutters clatter down in front of great, gleaming shops. He turns aside, and loses himself in dark, narrow lanes, whose gables and roofs are dimly outlined against the moonlighted sky. Here and there lies a public house. The shutters are closed, but through the heart-shaped openings light and noise issue into the street. He meets

girls who are carrying great empty stone jugs to the ale-house to bring them back full of foaming beer ; and he thinks of the gouty burgomasters who, in front of the fireplace, empty mug after mug of the brown, intoxicating drink. At a place where a few trees stand outside of an old church a young girl is walking impatiently up and down, and waiting for her lover.

Then he comes out into a great square, where the moonlight lies like snow. On the other side of the square are great white palaces. Within are large old trees, whose densely budded crowns are outlined softly against the moonlit sky.

He stands still, and leans against the railing. No sound can be heard,—only far, far away the soft rippling of a murmuring fountain.

His heart swells as if it would overflow with feeling. Long, long he stands and listens. He is in the land of story and the city of poetry.

In his heart swells a sorrow which is not his,—a poet's sorrow, deep as delight. In the silent night he hums, with lips that cannot sing, Schubert's melody to Heine's poetry,—hums sadly and softly,

“Still ist die Nacht, es ruhen die Gassen.

In diesem Hause wohnte mein Schatz.”

Yes, she lived over there in one of the old houses whose balconies look out on the turbulent river. Over there she lived ; and he,—he stands here, and feels as if he had himself loved her, as if it were his own *Feinsliebchen* spoken of in the song. He does not think of Agnes, he does not think of Fru Lily ; it is as if the song reminds him of a love in a life he has never lived.

The river ripples and sobs, the moonlight continues its noiseless, restless play ; and his own inquiet heart weeps and weeps over a sorrow that has never been his.

When Niels comes up to his room, Fru Lily is sleeping soundly and deeply. He steals over, and opens the broad window. The

moon is right before him ; and a little, slender tower lifts its fine spire up toward it. Now all the clocks in the city begin to strike, the large and the small intermingled. A choir of waking, consecrated metal rises over the sleeping city : it is midnight.

Niels quietly undresses, and slips in between the cool sheets of his bed. He falls asleep and dreams.

He is walking over a heath in the warm summer sun. The heather is tall and full of red, fragrant blossoms. At every step he takes, shining birds fly up,— fly up, sweep on before him, and disappear in the clear air.

He ascends from the plain to the green mountains. He is upon a slope in the burning sun, among flowers which reach to his knees, and are glowing and fragrant. Great shining insects fly through the air, and green lizards glide under the flowers. His heart swells with happy joyousness ; and some one whispers a delightful word in his ear, and the word is “ Dawn.”

Niels awakens.

The moon is shining brightly into the chamber through the white curtains of the window. It seems, as he wakes, as if a shadow glides away from the head of the bed out toward the locked door.

He rises in his bed, sits upright, and listens a long while. By his side sleeps Fru Lily as soundly as a child. Far away goes the sound of a guitar and a song through the foreign city.

It was one of the spirits of lies which that night had stolen to Niels Graff's pillow, and whispered in his ear the word “ Dawn.” For no day could dawn upon this soul, which was turned toward the night, and which, instead of life's bread, demanded a perpetually new intoxication. Everything must fade and crumble between his hot, trembling hands ; and all the world cannot fill the empty depths of his heart.

Therefore, he was as little satisfied with Fru Lily's passion as with Agnes's love. But he was bound to her by the dreadful bond of the flesh, which ensnares the soul, and fills it with anguish and

with loathing,— the inviolable bond, which is hard as the chains of hell, strong as death.

Dreadful times came,— hideous days in the midst of a world of beauty, nights of hell, in which two persons, who felt themselves forged together, threw their scorn and hate into each other's face.

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Like sweet flutes, or the spring song of birds in the light groves, are the first tones of passion, but the end is harsh shrieks, piercing violins, the moaning and sobbing of all the instruments of the soul. And passion is never dissolved in the mild harp clang of sadness, but every memory is like the burning touch of corroding caustic.

Niels Graff journeyed on. Without joy he kept on among mid-summer's swarming tourists. He hastened, fast as he could, from place to place. He travelled for the sake of travelling, in order to fill his emptiness with the changing impressions of varying regions. His great dread was the inevitable loneliness of the evenings, when the wine-rooms were closed, and the last remnant of human society drew away from him, and he was alone in his comfortless room. Long, long he went up and down the floor, opened the window so as to catch a glimpse of any one who went by, and at last undressed himself unwillingly and slowly, and found no rest in his bed, but writhed sleeplessly in regrets and memories as upon a couch of flames.

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It seems at last as if he is travelling in a furiously fast train. Out and in through the mountains it goes. He notices now the cold darkness of tunnels, now painful, glaring sunshine. Out and in, out and in.

Wilder and wilder becomes the speed, more and more impetuous. At last it seems as if the speed slackens, and Niels Graff has again the chilling perception of falling, falling helplessly down into a bottomless abyss. He grows dizzy, it becomes dark, it seems as if many telegraph bells are ringing incessantly from all

the stations which pass by like white glimpses,—ringing useless signals to this death-doomed train, which can no longer be saved.

Then comes a deafening crash, like the boom of a mighty explosion, and a voice which shrieks in mortal fear: “All is over! We perish!”

The cold sweat bursts out all over his body, and he trembles so that his couch shakes.

All at once everything becomes quite still, and very gentle music begins. It is like the soft tones of a flute, and like the ringing of silver-clear bells.

Niels is no longer in the frightful railway train. Everything around him is calm and still; and he sees before him an autumnal evening sky, which arches itself high and pure over a city that lies far beneath him by a river in the valley.

He sits far up on the hills in a loggia with white square brick pillars; and over the parapet of the loggia he sees the white church in San Miniato and the distant Apennines, red with the sinking sun.

He is sitting in an inn in Fiesole; and on the table before him are bread and cheese and grapes, and a wicker bottle with red wine.

When he has eaten, his coffee is brought out into a summer-house on a point of the rock which projects over the valley.

The servant sets the tray with the black coffee and a flask of green Certosa upon the stone table of the summer-house, and goes away.

Leaning against the walled parapet, Niels Graff looks down into the valley. The sun has set now; and from the cloisters of Fiesole, from the towers of Florence, the angelus bells are ringing.

It grows dark fast. The cypresses up toward the summit of the mountain are outlined blackly against the golden sky, and down in the streets of the city the electric lamps are lighted. Niels moves his coffee and his glass over upon the railing.

Now life rushes on down there over the modern asphalt streets, and flows out in shadows of the past upon the square of the coun-

cil-house and under the arcades of the gallery. The Arno ripples and sighs like Dantesque verse from the goldsmith's old bridge to the English groves in Shelley's Cascine. Up over the dark mountain shines Viale dei Colli, and the square of Michel Angelo, like a band of diamonds.

Niels lets the *liqueur* glide slowly over his palate, and fills his glass anew. His heart is expanding quietly, like a leathern bottle which is being slowly filled with wine.

All the great treasures of the past, all the delightful beauty of the present, all the noblest fruit which the sun of culture has ripened upon life's infinite tree, is contained down there in the valley of Florence as in a golden bowl.

He looks down over the city, looks up toward the sky, whose stars gleam through the dark foliage of the oleanders. It is as if all emptiness, all loathing, had suddenly left him. Again he loves to exist, and his heart exhales perfume toward heaven like a dewy garden of aromatic herbs. It is as if all his being is in blossom.

"See!" says he, and lifts his glass toward the stars; "my life is a noble, fermented wine which intoxicates my deep heart."

Once more Niels Graff dreams, but no longer of the things that have happened to him and have been his life.

It seems to him that he is again in the old home, the home that is his no more.

He is there, and Agnes is alive; and it is in the first days of their happiness, in the good time. He is sitting by his writing-table at work. The lamp shines cosily over paper and books. Now and then he lays down his pen, leans back in his chair, and feels a deep gladness which sends its warmth from his heart out into his whole being.

Some one knocks at the door, and he turns in his chair. There stands Agnes, white as a corpse. He starts up.

"What is it?"

"Have you not seen it?" says she, and points toward the window.

He looks out, and feels that he is becoming as pale as she. The whole sky is flaming red outside.

"The city is burning!" he shouts; and an unconquerable fear seizes him, and makes him tremble weakly, but incessantly.

"No," answered she, "the city is unharmed."

She takes his hand, and leads him down the stairway and through the hall, out into the garden.

"See!" says she, and points to the sky. But she herself covers her face. He looks. He sees upon the eastern sky, rising over the dark trees and reaching up to the zenith, an enormous cross of flames, which lights up everything. The stars are paled and can no longer be seen, but everything upon the earth is illuminated with glaring clearness. The small houses along the road shine with white gables and white chimneys, the leaves in the garden are green, but with a weird color as in electric light; and he sees every blade of grass in the lawn, every grain of gravel in the walk where he is standing.

He gazes and gazes upon that cross of flames, and comprehends nothing.

Everything is very still. No sound is to be heard either far or near, no ringing of street-car bells, which at other times are always to be heard from the avenue. Probably all, like himself, are engrossed with the spectacle.

Now he sees his neighbor, the old retired pastor, standing out upon his veranda, he and his old wife and his unmarried daughter. They are standing and gazing, like Niels and Agnes; and none of them utters a word.

He would like to shout over the fence to them and ask their opinion, but he dares not break the soundless silence under the flaming cross.

Now a bell begins to ring far away,—a great, heavy, sonorous bell. And it has rung scarcely a minute before another joins in, then a third and a fourth, until all the bells of the city, tolling and lamenting, are ringing in chorus to heaven.

Then it is that Niels begins to understand; and he notices that Agnes is clinging to him, trembling like an aspen leaf.

"Do you hear, do you hear?" she says, trembling. "They are ringing in the Last Day."

Suddenly there is some one out upon the road who shouts in a voice that is hoarse with terror, and shrieks as in insanity. The voice cries so that it resounds through the stillness: "The Last Day! The Last Day!"

Then Niels Graff begins to tremble like his wife, and he turns to her and looks upon her questioningly. She bows her head, and bursts into sobbing.

Out upon the road the voice runs on, and the shout resounds weirdly farther and farther away: "The Last Day! The Last Day!"

And the church bells ring unceasingly, louder and louder, more and more imploring.

But upon the sky stands the cross, and flames inexorably.

The vision disappears.

Niels Graff struggles forward to consciousness, sees faintly through blinking eyelids just the gleam of the night-lamp, and sinks away again.

.

A white, white light,—whiter than everything that is white upon earth. A light which penetrates all his being, a light that illuminates his soul down to the very depths, a light which leaves nothing obscure, a light which is incorruptible, a light compared with which all other light is darkness and hideousness.

A light which is to him a cutting, smarting pain, because its nature is an enemy of his nature, and its being will destroy and consume his being, just as fire will transform the dead, cold wood to living, warming flame.

A light which makes all his ego writhe, and into whose superior power it would be so blessed to give himself up, if it were possible.

He hears now a voice which speaks out of the light,—a voice which seems strangely familiar to him, and yet which he is certain that he has never heard before from any mouth. And the voice

says to him from afar, and yet as marvellously near as if it is speaking in his own heart : —

“I was an hungered, and you gave me no meat. I was thirsty, and you gave me no drink. I was a stranger, and you took me not in. I was naked, and you clothed me not. I was sick, and you visited me not.”

The voice is silent. But it is as if the words have gone into the light, which shines upon just the places in Niels Graff's soul where the words have commanded it to enter. The light repeats : —

“He was an hungered, and you gave him no meat. He was thirsty, and you gave him no drink. He was a stranger, and you took him not in. He was naked, and you clothed him not. He was sick, and you visited him not.”

Now something strange happens to Niels Graff. He is strongly and powerfully moved by resentment. It seems to him that he is treated unjustly.

His soul is haughty within him, and he seizes his life to hold it forward as a shield against the light which will condemn him.

“I have done nothing evil,” he wants to say ; but the words die upon his lips. For it is as if all the pictures which have lately passed by him are rising and rushing in upon him and shouting, “See what you have done !” and others, “See what you have left undone !”

The light becomes still whiter and clearer than before, and there is not a corner in his life which is not illuminated ; and everywhere he sees evil things growing like weeds and fungi, and hideous things vainly seeking to conceal themselves like light-fearing vermin. But there is no hiding-place left.

He is about to give up, and despair ; and it is as if he already perceives a dizzying gulf which seeks to draw him to itself, and the hands of the abyss reach after him.

But once more he takes courage. “In spite of all faults and imperfections,” says he quietly, “my life has yet had a noble purpose. I have followed my nature, I have been true to myself ! I have sought the highest. I have chased earth's noblest game, and for a

time I have grasped the fleeting hind which bounds through the world upon golden hoofs, and whose sacred name is *happiness*. I have sung my sorrow and my joy into human hearts. I have coined my soul's metal into resounding verse, whose music is the joy of lonely spirits. I have saved those who lived with closed eyes. I have taught them to desire and to weep, to laugh and to exult, to live in blessed delight, and yet more blissful pain!"

Niels is silent. It is as if all his life has collected itself in him, and fills his being, and speaks out of his mouth. He feels that he must now be acquitted; and he lifts his head, confident of victory.

The voice in the light speaks to him no more. But it seems as if another voice, quite close to his ear, whispers to him: "Poor human child! How many have you then taught to laugh and exult? Did you teach your mother? Did you teach your wife? Would you have taught your child? Did you teach any others but those who followed you upon the lonely way of egotism, where grow barren joys?"

He seems to hear Agnes's voice, and he looks up.

Then he sees, far away in the shining infinity, a form, a man. And the man looks upon him.

There is something in the man's face which seems to Niels exceedingly familiar, and yet he thinks that he has never seen him before. But he gazes intently upon the man's face.

When he has looked upon it for a long time, it is as if the face is transformed and is yet the same. Now he perceives whence he knows it: it is Agnes's face.

It is Agnes's face; and it is his little son's face; and it is his gray mother's face.

And so it is many other faces which Niels has seen upon the street,—poor faces, plain faces, lowly faces, which he has haughtily passed by to look upon all that were beautiful, young, luxurious.

Then whispers the mild voice as before, again in his ear: "Poor, poor child! Poor unreasonable, wandering child! What

did you seek which you did not have already? What would you win except what you must first forfeit! Happiness was yours, if you would guard it; life was yours, if you would keep it. Life you wasted, and happiness you threw away, like a child who does not know the value of precious things. A poor, poor child, a poor, wandering child!"

Niels Graff's heart begins to melt within him. He desires only one thing,—to be able to begin from the beginning, to live his life all over again.

It seems as if his old, hard, evil self bursts within him, and a new unknown spirit breaks forth. He falls upon his face and sobs heavily, and with difficulty, and with all his broken heart. And, praying, he cries: "Forgive me, Lord! pity me and forgive! Agnes, forgive me! Agnes, pray for me!"

And his cry is repeated,—at first by a single voice, and then by millions of millions: "May the Lord pity you! May Christ pity you! May the Lord pity you!"

With humble joy he feels himself saved,—given over to the painful, purifying power of the white light, drawn from far away in toward the sun of eternal life, to the heart of Jesus.

It was in November, in the sorrowful month of death. Slowly the long night wore away, and it was day.

Niels Graff died in the first dawn. The old woman stood beside him, and wiped the death sweat from his forehead. Just as he drew the last heavy sigh, the bells in a church near by began to ring.

The old woman went over and rolled up the curtain. Then she kneeled down by the window, and with her wrinkled face turned up to the gray sky she slowly prayed the prayer for the departed.

A prayer never does harm, even if is for an unbeliever, who has died without priest and sacraments. For no one but God knows what may happen to a soul in its last hours.

The old woman prayed:—

"Lord Jesus Christ, King of Glory, save the souls of all the dead from the pain of hell and the deep sea of fire.

"Free them from the lion's mouth, that the abyss may not swallow them up, and that they may not fall down in the darkness.

"May thy holy standard-bearer, Michael, lead them into the holy light which thou formerly promised to Abraham and all his seed!

"Give him thy eternal rest, O Lord, and may thy eternal light shine for him!

"Save his soul from the gate of hell, O Lord!

"He rests in peace. Amen!"

Translated from the Danish by L. C. Densmore.



GLIMPSES OF PRESENT-DAY AMERICAN POETS.

SOME time ago (in the second number of *Poet-lore* for 1900, to be exact) was published a little study called 'Glimpses of Present-day Poets: An American Group.' This is now supplemented by such further glimpses as a brief series of selections from present-day poetic work may afford.

Being requested, some of the poets here to be quoted have indicated which nine or so of their shorter poems they are inclined to regard as most representative of their quality and craftsmanship, or which poems, at least, when they are most disposed to place their "merit in the eye of scorn," persist in seeming to them their "best of love."

Nine is an arbitrary and ruthless number; and yet all the Muses are counted within it, and one may be poorer in boundless space than we need be within the limits the mystic number nine assigns for this miniature anthology.

The grayest and dearest of our chosen bards — Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman — has asked that his choosing be done for him, and has given us leave to quote from him. In singling out posies from so illustrious a garden, long blooming in the eye of the public, one must perforce gather old favorites, the dearer for being

familiar: 'Pan in Wall Street,' from the 'Miscellaneous Poems,' 1869; 'The Hand of Lincoln' and 'Falstaff's Song,' from *Poems now First Collected*, 1897; 'A Sea Change,' 'Witchcraft,' 'Invocation,' from the same volume; 'Israel Freyer's Bid for Gold,' commemorating significantly the Black Friday of September 24, 1869, on Wall Street, from the *Collected Poems* of 1885; 'Provençal Lovers: Aucassin and Nicolette,' written in 1878; and 'How Old Brown took Harper's Ferry,' from among the *Early Poems*, 1860.

PAN IN WALL STREET,* A.D. 1867.

Just where the Treasury's marble front
 Soars over Wall Street's mingled nations;
 Where Jews and Gentiles most are wont
 To throng for trade and last quotations;
 Where, hour by hour, the rates of gold
 Outrival, in the ears of people,
 The quarter-chimes, serenely tolled
 From Trinity's undaunted steeple,—

Even there I heard a strange, wild strain
 Sound high above the modern clamor,
 Above the cries of greed and gain,
 The curbstone war, the auction's hammer;
 And swift on Music's misty ways,
 It led, from all this strife for millions,
 To ancient sweet do-nothing days
 Among the kirtle-robed Sicilians.

And as it stilled the multitude,
 And yet more joyous rose, and shriller,
 I saw the minstrel, where he stood
 At ease against a Doric pillar;
 One hand a droning organ played,
 The other held a Pan's pipe (fashioned
 Like those of old) to lips that made
 The reeds give out that strain impassioned.

'Twas Pan himself had wandered here
A-strolling through this sordid city,
And piping to the civic ear
The prelude of some pastoral ditty!
The demigod had crossed the seas,—
From haunts of shepherd, nymph, and satyr,
And Syracusan times,— to these
Far shores and twenty centuries later.

A ragged cap was on his head ;
But — hidden thus — there was no doubting
That, all with crispy locks o'erspread,
His gnarlèd horns were somewhere sprouting ;
His club-feet, cased in rusty shoes,
Were crossed, as on some frieze you see them,
And trousers, patched of divers hues,
Concealed his crooked shanks beneath them.

He filled the quivering reeds with sound,
And o'er his mouth their changes shifted,
And with his goat's-eyes looked around
Where'er the passing current drifted ;
And soon, as on Trinacrian hills
The nymphs and herdsmen ran to hear him,
Even now the tradesmen from their tills,
With clerks and porters, crowded near him.

The bulls and bears together drew
From Jauncey Court and New Street Alley
As erst, if pastorals be true,
Came beasts from every wooded valley ;
The random passers stayed to list,—
A boxer Ægon, rough and merry,
A Broadway Daphnis, on his tryst
With Nais at the Brooklyn Ferry.

A one-eyed Cyclops halted long
In tattered cloak of army pattern,
And Galatea joined the throng,—
A blowsy, apple-vending slattern ;
While old Silenus staggered out
From some new-fangled lunch-house handy
And bade the piper, with a shout,
To strike up Yankee Doodle Dandy !

A newsboy and a peanut-girl
Like little Fauns began to caper :
His hair was all in tangled curl,
Her tawny legs were bare and taper ;
And still the gathering larger grew,
And gave its pence and crowded nigher,
While aye the shepherd-minstrel blew
His pipe, and struck the gamut higher.

O heart of Nature, beating still
With throbs her vernal passion taught her,—
Even here, as on the vine-clad hill,
Or by the Arethusan water !
New forms may fold the speech, new lands
Arise within these ocean-portals,
But Music waves eternal wands,—
Enchantress of the souls of mortals !

So thought I,— but among us trod
A man in blue, with legal baton,
And scoffed the vagrant demi-god,
And pushed him from the step I sat on.
Doubting I mused upon the cry,
“Great Pan is dead !”—and all the people
Went on their ways :—and clear and high
The quarter sounded from the steeple.

(From ‘Miscellaneous Poems,’ 1869.)

THE HAND OF LINCOLN.

Look on this cast, and know the hand
That bore a nation in its hold :
From this mute witness understand
What Lincoln was,— how large of mould.

The man who sped the woodman's team,
And deepest sunk the ploughman's share
And pushed the laden raft astream,
Of fate before him unaware.

This was the hand that knew to swing
The axe — since thus would Freedom train
Her son — and made the forest ring,
And drove the wedge, and toiled amain.

Firm hand, that loftier office took,
A conscious leader's will obeyed,
And, when men sought his word and look,
With steadfast might the gathering swayed.

No courtier's, toying with a sword,
Nor minstrel's, laid across a lute ;
A chief's, uplifted to the Lord
When all the kings of earth were mute !

The hand of Anak, sinewed strong,
The fingers that on greatness clutch ;
Yet, lo ! the marks their lines along
Of one who strove and suffered much.

For here in knotted cord and vein
I trace the varying chart of years ;
I know the troubled heart, the strain,
The weight of Atlas — and the tears.

Again I see the patient brow
That palm erewhile was wont to press ;
And now 'tis furrowed deep, and now
Made smooth with hope and tenderness.

For something of a formless grace
This moulded outline plays about ;
A pitying flame, beyond our trace,
Breathes like a spirit, in and out,—

The love that cast an aureole
Round one who, longer to endure,
Called mirth to ease his ceaseless dole,
Yet kept his nobler purpose sure.

Lo, as I gaze, the statured man,
Built up from yon large hand, appears ;
A type that Nature wills to plan
But once in all a people's years.

What better than this voiceless cast
To tell of such a one as he,
Since through its living semblance passed
The thought that bade a race be free!



FALSTAFF'S SONG.

Where's he that died o' Wednesday?
What place on earth hath he?
A tailor's yard beneath, I wot,
Where worms approaching be ;
For the wight that died o' Wednesday,
Just laid the light below,
Is dead as the varlet turned to clay
A score of years ago.

Where's he that died o' Sabba' day?
Good Lord, I'd not be he!
The best of days is foul enough
From this world's fare to flee;
And the saint that died o' Sabba' day,
With his grave turf yet to grow,
Is dead as the sinner brought to pray
A hundred years ago.

Where's he that died o' yesterday,
What better chance hath he
To clink the can and toss the pot
When this night's junkets be?
For the lad that died o' yesterday
Is just as dead — ho! ho! —
As the whoreson knave men laid away
A thousand years ago.



Miss Hannah Parker Kimball selects 'The Nation' and the 'Daughter of Herodias' as first and second choice of her shorter poems, the first taken from *Soul and Sense*, 1896, and the second from *Victory*, 1897, and then hovers between 'Under the Open Sky' in *Victory* and 'A Modern Sir Galahad' in the *Soul and Sense* volume, inclining, finally, to the latter. But we have asked her permission to name here a longer poem which we have been privileged to see, 'Bramwen the Beautiful,' a Celtic legend, and to quote from the shorter poems destined to accompany it, when published, the three following poems: —

ASPIRATION.

Silence Supernal
Enter the carven
Gates of the senses;
Mark on the lintel,

Serpentine-twisted,
Sign of redemption ;
Into the chamber
Dim of the brain-house,
Noiselessly gliding,
Finger uplifted,
Scatter the shadows
Turning and twining,
Beckoning and writhing,
Circling and striving.
There in the midmost
Centre of being
Cast thy transcendent
Veil of quiescence
Over the spirit ;
Circling about her,
Clothe her in quiet,
Robe her in rainbow
Woven of peace ;
Till the hushed chamber
Still of the brain-house
Flooded with calmness,
Flooded with Light,
Grows the resplendent
Shrine of a temple
Meet for the Guest.



THEY DREAMED.

O, they dreamed in the East that the soul of a man
Could burn, and glow, as the ages ran ;
Could flame like a torch, and soar like a star
Till it pierced all innermost depths that are,
Till it made the dizziest heights its own,
And the God, the God, was known !

O, they dreamed in the West that the heart of a man
Could flow, like a stream, through the ages' span,
Forever seeking the living sea,
Seeking, forever, for Deity,
Till it found the goal for which it strove,
Till it found the Heart of Love.

But a dream is a dream, and dim, at the best,
And a dream is a dream, in the East or the West.

Rise up, soul, rise up, anew ;
Ah, what if the dream be true !



SONG OF THE WORKERS.

The same flesh, the same blood,
(*O the blood buried out of sight !*)
And still we toil, and still we spin
'Mid turbid air and ceaseless din ;
O the blood of man and maiden !

It seems the web held by our hand
(*O the blood buried out of sight !*)
Must take a hideous blood-red brand,
To blazon broadcast through the land
The blood of man and maiden !

It seems the flour that we knead,
(*O the blood buried out of sight !*)
Must cry aloud, demand our mede
At every table where men feed,
O the blood of man and maiden !

It seems the metal we have wrought
(*O the blood buried out of sight !*)

Must take a bitter edge, unsought,
To pierce the hearts have sold and bought
The blood of man and maiden !

O, toil and pain, and wrack and blight,
Lie hidden long, through all the night ;—
But suddenly it comes to sight,
The blood of man and maid, oh !



Mr. Edwin Markham writes : —

“The following bits of my verse-work seem to me as among the best things I have done. In other words, they are among those bits of my work which I dislike least : ‘A Look into the Gulf,’ ‘The Invisible Bride,’ ‘The Joy of the Hills,’ ‘A Prayer,’ ‘The Tragedy,’ ‘The Wharf of Dreams,’ ‘The Poet,’ ‘The Desire of Nations,’ ‘The Lyric of the Dawn.’” With his permission we quote the first and third. All are taken from *The Man with the Hoe, and Other Poems*, 1899.

A LOOK INTO THE GULF.

I looked one night, and there Semiramis,
With all her mourning doves about her head,
Sat rocking on an ancient road of Hell,
Withered and eyeless, chanting to the moon
Snatches of song they sang to her of old
Upon the lighted roofs of Nineveh.
And then her voice rang out with rattling laugh :
“The bugles ! they are crying back again —
Bugles that broke the nights of Babylon,
And then went crying on through Nineveh.

.

Stand back, ye trembling messengers of ill !
Women, let go my hair : I am the Queen,

A whirlwind and a blaze of swords to quell
Insurgent cities. Let the iron tread
Of armies shake the earth. Look, lofty towers :
Assyria goes by upon the wind ! ”
And so she babbles by the ancient road,
While cities turned to dust upon the Earth
Rise through her whirling brain to live again —
Babbles all night, and when her voice is dead
Her weary lips beat on without a sound.

THE JOY OF THE HILLS.

I ride on the mountain tops, I ride ;
I have found my life and am satisfied.
Onward I ride in the blowing oats,
Checking the field-lark's rippling notes —
 Lightly I sweep
 From steep to steep :
Over my head through the branches high
Come glimpses of a rushing sky ;
The tall oats brush my horse's flanks ;
Wild poppies crowd on the sunny banks ;
A bee booms out of the scented grass ;
A jay laughs with me as I pass.

I ride on the hills, I forgive, I forget
 Life's hoard of regret —
 All the terror and pain
 Of the chafing chain.
 Grind on, O cities, grind :
 I leave you a blur behind.
I am lifted elate — the skies expand :
Here the world's heaped gold is a pile of sand.
Let them weary and work in their narrow walls :
I ride with the voices of waterfalls !

I swing on as one in a dream — I swing
 Down the airy hollows, I shout, I sing!
 The world is gone like an empty word:
 My body's a bough in the wind, my heart a bird!



From his second book of verse, just published, October, 1901 *Lincoln, and Other Poems*, Mr. Markham was asked to choose his favorite poem for quotation here. He confesses it a "hard task," and compromises thus: "Suppose I name four or five, and ask *you* to select the one which you dislike least! I name: 'The Muse of Labor,' 'Kyka,' 'A Mendocino Memory,' 'The Witness of the Dust,' 'The Builders.'"

The task being thus cleverly shifted upon us, we confess we find at least three irresistible. 'A Mendocino Memory' being so much longer than the others, however, we snatch but a phrase or two from it,—

... "the light-foot winds of morning go,
 Soft shading over wheat-fields far and free,
 To keep their old appointment with the sea";

"A sudden, soft, hill-stilled, far-falling word,
 That told the secret of the straying herd,"—

and quote in full the other two:—

KYKA.

Child heart!
 Wild heart!
 What can I bring you,
 What can I sing you,
 You who have come from a glory afar
 Called into Time from a secret star?

Fleet one!
 Sweet one!
 Whose was the wild hand

Shaped you in child-land,
Framing the flesh with a flash of desire,
Pouring the soul as a fearful fire?

Strong child !

Song child !

Who can unravel
All your long travel
Out of the Mystery, birth after birth —
Out of the dim worlds deeper than Earth?

Mad thing !

Glad thing !

How will Life tame you?
How will God name you?
All that I know is that you are to me
Wind over water, star on the sea.

Dear heart !

Near heart !

Long is the journey,
Hard is the tourney :
Would I could be by your side when you fall —
Would that my own heart could suffer it all !



THE MUSE OF LABOR.

And I saw a New Heaven and a New Earth.— SAINT JOHN.

I come, O heroes, to the world gone wrong ;
I bring the hope of nations ; and I bear
The warm first rush of rapture in my song,
The faint first light of morning on my hair.

I look upon the ages from a tower ;
I am the Muse of the Fraternal State ;

No hand can hold me from my crowning hour ;
My song is Freedom, and my step is Fate.

The toilers go on broken at the heart ;
They send the spell of beauty on all lands ;
But what avail? the builders have no part —
No share in all the glory of their hands.

I have descended from Alcione ;
I am the Muse of Labor and of Mirth ;
I come to break the chain of infamy,
That Greed's blind hammers forge about the earth.

I have descended from the Hidden Place,
To make dumb spirits speak and dead feet start :
I feel the wind of battles in my face,
I hear the song of nations in my heart.

I stand by Him, the Hero of the Cross,
To hurl down traitors that misspend His bread ;
I touch the star of mystery and loss
To shake the kingdoms of the living dead.

I wear the flower of Christus for a crown ;
I poise the suns and give to each a name ;
And through the hushed Eternity bend down
To strengthen gods and keep their souls from blame.



Miss Josephine Preston Peabody, like Cordelia, "although our last, not least," finds our request a "bitter-sweet" one. "Sweet," she confesses, "'cause it *is*. Bitter, 'cause I must stop at nine! — I am the unmodest soul that loves every individual creature in her books,—as nearly as can be, and can love each none the less, tho' its faults dawn upon her with the lapse of time. But, if I must select, . . . please to quote the three short ones, 'The Source' and

'The Stay at Home' from *Fortune and Men's Eyes*, and in *Wayfarers* volume 'Caravans,' or, if that is too long, the 'Sonnet to the Unsung.' And of the long ones to be named, not quoted, title poem, 'The Wayfarers,' the play, 'Fortune and Men's Eyes' (closing lines), 'Spinning in April,' 'The Enemy Listens,' from the *Wayfarers* volume, 'In the Silence,' 'The Comfort,' from *Fortune and Men's Eyes*."

Fortunately, she adds a word concerning the well-planned and skilful new play, *Marlowe*, which has just been published, November, 1901. "This is all, beside the question of *Marlowe*, which I judge to be too late for the case. But, if it isn't, put that down for the sixth, especially its fourth act, and the last two pages of the book."

THE SOURCE.

I know, whatever God may be,
All Life it was that lighted me
This little flame whereby I see.

I know All Strength did stir this hand
To serve somehow the poor command
Of whatsoe'er I understand.

And from All Love there throbs the stress
Of pity and of wistfulness
Both to be blessed and to bless.

Then by the Source that still doth pour
On star and glow-worm reckoned for,
I will have more and ever more !



THE STAY-AT-HOME.

I have waited, I have longed —
I have longed as none can know,
All my spring and summer time,
For this day to come and go ;

And the foolish heart was mine,
 Dreaming I would see them shine,—
Harlequin and Columbine
And Pierrot !

Now the laughing has gone by,
 On the highway from the inn ;
 And the dust has settled down,
 And the house is dead within.
 And I stay — who never go —
 Looking out upon the snow,
Columbine and Pierrot
And Harlequin !

All the rainbow things you see
 Understream are not so fine ;
 And their voices weave and cling
 Like my honeysuckle vine,
 Lovely as a violin ! —
 Mellow gold and silver-thin :
Pierrot and Harlequin
And Columbine !

Oh, the people that have seen,
 They forget that it was so !
 They, who never stay at home,
 Say, " 'Tis nothing but a show."
 — And I keep the passion in :
 And I bide ; and I spin.
Columbine . . . Harlequin
. . . Pierrot !



CARAVANS.

What bring ye me, O camels, across the southern desert,
 The wan and parching desert, pale beneath the dusk ?

Ye great slow-moving ones, faithful as care is faithful,
Uncouth as dreams may be, sluggish as far-off ships, —
What bring ye me, O camels ?

“ We bring thee gold like sunshine, saving that it warms not ;
And rarest purple bring we, as dark as all the garnered
Bloom of many grape-vines ; and spices subtly mingled
For a lasting savor : the precious nard and aloes ;
The bitter sweet of myrrh, like a sorrow having wings ;
Ghostly breath of lilies bruised — how white they were ! —
And the captive life of many a far rose-garden.
Jewels bring we hither, surely stars once fallen,
Torn again from darkness : the sunlit frost of topaz,
Moon-fire pent in opals, pearls that even the sea loves,
Webs of marvel bring we, broideries that have drunken
Deep of all life-color from a thousand lives,—
Each the royal cere-cloth of a century.
We come ! What wouldst thou more ? ”

All this dust, these ashes have ye brought so far ? —
All these days, these years, have I waited in the sun ?
I would have had the wingèd Mirage of yonder desert.



BJÖRNSON'S 'BEYOND HUMAN STRENGTH.'*



PLAY of singular interest for the light it throws upon modern sociological conditions, and, secondarily, for the study of hereditary character it contains, is Björnson's 'Beyond our Strength,' a drama in two parts. The first part has already achieved a wide success upon the German stage,

* [This is the title given the play in the version used now by Mrs. Patrick Campbell in acting it; the title used throughout this article is closer to that given the play by Björnson himself. EDITOR.]

where so much that is high and intellectual is attempted ; and the second part, for some time withheld from performance by the censor, has recently been produced, with every sign of a success destined to outrival that achieved by the earlier part. It is worthy of remark that this play of Björnson's, together with several of his other plays, and nearly all those of Ibsen, besides taking rank as a piece of literature, making a serious contribution to the social philosophy of the times, is also a workable play, well calculated to fasten the attention of persons not consciously interested in the so-called problems of society.

Björnson, who, as is well known, began his career as a writer of peasant stories, which for a certain tonic freshness and idyllic charm have never been surpassed in peasant literature, found himself, in middle life, swept away on a current of interest in the great world's doings that, brushing to one side the cramped relationships of a narrow national life, landed him in the ocean of modern conditions. It was, perhaps, the influence of Ibsen that was the immediate cause of the accomplishment of this change in him ; but no one can doubt that the piercing, direct quality of his genius would have brought him, sooner or later, face to face with the problems of a world that commanded from the start his personal co-operation no less than his literary and philosophic interest. The effect upon him of this wider outlook was to cause him for a time to withdraw, and devote himself to the repairing of deficiencies in his modern education. Then, as first-fruits of the change, came several plays dealing with social subjects, after the manner of Ibsen, and two great novels, 'The Heritage of the Kurts' and 'In God's Way,' in which the problem of heredity and that of the freedom of the individual in conflict with hereditary social conventions supplied strong evidence of the novel occupation of his thought.

In this latest play, 'Beyond our Strength,' Björnson has applied to the needs of the individual, in the first part, to those of society, in the second part, some of the lessons he has thus far learned of the forces at work in human society to-day ; and he has

combined with this a fascinating study of family psychology, that serves to relieve the whole of too marked a tendency toward the abstract, and to clothe it in the warm garment of a living, personal emotion. Briefly put, the story of the first part is as follows:—

A pastor in the far north of Norway has achieved a reputation for the effecting of miraculous cures, following upon his prayers with the sick. He is a man of deep spiritual earnestness and simplicity of character, whose entire life is regulated by what he conceives to be the promptings of the divine will in himself. Hitherto he has been unable to effect the healing of his own wife, who is a helpless invalid; and, to aid him in this, he has summoned home from the town where they are at school his son and daughter, who, according to his idea, will complete with himself "a chain of prayer" about the mother's bedside. But the son and daughter prove to have been infected while abroad with the infidelity of the age; and the father, accepting this as a cross laid upon him for the slackening of his faith in his own powers of supplication, announces that he will go into the church and remain there at prayer until his wife, after having first enjoyed a refreshing sleep, shall rise from her bed and advance to meet him. Scarcely has he gone when the woman falls asleep; and an avalanche which slips from the mountain side, deflecting from its course only just in time to spare the church where the pastor is at prayer, fails to awaken her from her slumber.

As the curtain rises upon the second act, a multitude has gathered about the church, attracted by the tidings of the "miracles" in progress. It is in the far north, we must remember, where the movement of nature is on a scale so mighty as easily to impress the imaginations of men, and to render their spirits susceptible to a suggestion of the supernatural. A party of religious excursionists, on their way to a meeting in the neighborhood, have turned aside from their goal, and arrived to swell the crowd, among them the bishop and a number of his clergy, who are at a loss what attitude to assume in the face of events so extraordinary. To the argument of a young clergyman, who states the case as consisting

of two alternatives,—either to recognize the events taking place as of miraculous character or to deny them this character,—the bishop replies that there is a third alternative; namely, to remain non-committal and await the issue of events. But, while the clergy are engaged in a debate over their position, they are joined by one of their number who has been a witness of the descent of the avalanche. This is an enthusiastic young minister, Bratt by name, who pleads passionately for the necessity in the world to-day of a miracle of which it might be said that “all who saw it believed thereon.” Such a miracle, he declares, has been promised the true believer. If in the whole of Christendom no believer worthy of the promise is to be found, what a confession of impotence is this in the face of an agnostic generation! If the faith of a Pastor Sang be held unworthy of such a fulfilment, where else in the world to-day may a miracle be looked for? The terrible earnestness of the young preacher, who stakes his own faith on the issue of this miracle, ends by winning over to his view the other clergymen present; and this attitude is confirmed by the sudden announcement from the sick-room that the pastor’s wife has risen from her bed and is approaching the door of the room. At the same moment Pastor Sang appears walking out of the church, and on the threshold of their house his wife meets him and throws herself into his arms. They embrace, and the pastor is silently offering his thanks to God, when suddenly the woman collapses and falls dead at his feet. Horrified, he raises his eyes heavenward. “That was not, however, the *intention*?” he makes agonized inquiry. Then, as a doubt assails him, “Or . . . or . . . ?” and, unable to obtain an answer to his question, he breaks altogether and falls dead at his wife’s side. This doubt has killed him.

The second part of the play introduces us to the neighborhood of an industrial town where a great strike is in progress. Bratt, the fanatical young divine of the first part, is the spiritual leader of this strike; while Elias Sang, the pastor’s son, is supporting it with his share of the fortune which has come to him and his sister from the death of an American aunt. Rachel, the daughter, has

preferred to found a hospital with her share of the money ; and the land upon which it is built has been given her by Holger, the employer of the striking workmen.

In this Holger, Björnson has wished to personify the forces of individualism in their extreme form as advanced by Nietzsche. To the doctrine of submission, which has been called a "morality of slaves," he opposes a theory of ruling personalities, *Uebermenschen*, the religion of masters. It is inconsistent for such a man to present land for the site of a hospital, but this difficulty is evaded. He presents the land to the woman in whom he feels an interest, not to the institution. Detesting the democratic tendencies of the day and desiring the return of a period like the Middle Ages, which offered the bold personality an opportunity to impress itself upon the conditions that surrounded it, his attitude toward his employees may be readily surmised. Their duty is comprised in the single word "submission." Even as to what they shall read, to what club they shall belong, he expects to have a voice ; and in return for such limitations of their individual liberty it is enough that he gives them their bread. To checkmate the present strike and to render repetitions of it impossible, he has summoned a conference of manufacturers and large employers of labor to meet in a sort of imitation mediæval castle which he has erected on his estate, the purpose of this conference being the formation of a manufacturers' league to oppose the laborers' unions and to intrust one man (Holger himself) with power to deal with opposition in the name of the united manufacturers of the land. In the mean while he repulses a delegation of his employees who come to invite overtures for the settlement of the strike.

On the morning of the day set for the conference of employers the workmen have attended the funeral of a woman of their class who has killed herself and her two children, in order that they should not become a burden upon the waning treasury of the strike committee. Despite this incident, Holger has determined upon a grand illumination of the castle at night in honor of his guests. For some days Elias Sang has avoided his friend and

preceptor Bratt. He has given now his last crown to the strike; and, foreseeing its failure, his mind has brooded over other means of accomplishing the end in view. These other means are the destruction of the castle and its guests with dynamite, the problem being rendered easy by the presence of old excavations extending for a long distance under its foundations. The example of the poor woman who has killed herself has not failed of its impression upon Sang, and in the overstrained condition of his mind and nerves it seems to him that people are attentive to no teaching which has not been sanctioned by a martyrdom. Only when the voice of the teacher reaches them from beyond the grave will they give heed to the teaching. Unfortunately, his sister, ignorant of her brother's designs, confirms some of these ideas in the course of a touching conversation, in which the brother, without exciting her suspicions, takes leave of her. Immediately after his departure her eyes are opened by Bratt, who, having grown aware of Sang's alienation from himself, has suddenly divined the cause of it, and blames the impetuosity of his own spirit for having led onto false paths this nature so prone by inheritance to lose itself in this limitlessness. But it is already too late to save Elias and the victims of his perverted love of his fellows.

The scene of the manufacturers' congress takes high rank among the similar scenes of a character essentially modern such as Björnson has drawn for us elsewhere. His own experience as the greatest of Norway's living popular orators serves him in good stead as the basis of another reputation,—that of poet of the public meeting. The speeches of the delegates are characterized by wit, good sense, pungent satire, bombastic rhetoric, vacuous inanity,—just as in actual life. The very atmosphere of the public meeting is reproduced, tinged with the quality peculiar to the particular class of people holding it; nor do any of its humors escape him. In this case, as in general, we have to assist at the triumph of the fluent man who possesses the knack of twisting his adversary's argument into a series of paradoxical positions to which he lends epigrammatic expression,—the art, as Björnson describes it, of causing water to foam.

The assemblage accepts Holger's proposition by a great majority, but, when it seeks to disperse, finds all the doors locked, the police forming a cordon at a distance too great for their assistance to be invoked, and all the servants absent with the exception of a solitary one. This one is surrounded, and urged to explain what has occurred. In reply he mounts the tribune, and tells them that they are doomed,—the dynamite is laid, and at a given moment the explosion will occur. It is Elias Sang. But, when he makes a movement as if to give the signal, four pistol-shots fired in rapid succession bring him to the ground. He lives to recognize Rachel's voice crying a warning from without, and murmurs her name twice, from which Holger, who has fired the shots, recognizes him as her brother. But he has confederates, and his death does not prevent the catastrophe. The castle is blown up; and, of all those within it, Holger alone escapes, and he is crippled for life.

With this event the action of the play ceases; but Björnson has added another act in which to carry out, with the aid of that symbolism to which it is his nature as a northern poet to have recourse, his idea. It is with the wrecks of lives that we are asked to concern ourselves in this last act. First of all, with that of Rachel, who, stumbling in the darkness of her brother's deed, succeeds at last in penetrating his spirit, while taking account to herself of the excesses to which it has been betrayed: to her we will return later. Next Holger, who, paralyzed on one side, has seen decline his dream of the commanding personality: his is a broken spirit that will not renew the attempt to force the future. After him Bratt, driven insane by the consciousness of his share of responsibility for Sang's crime and the ruin of his friend's life,—the poor fellow imagines himself accompanied by the shade of Lassalle, to whom he appeals for assistance in finding again what he has lost; namely, the aim of his life. Then the young architect and engineer Halden, Holger's secretary, who, we may assume, has been of assistance to Elias in his plot, and thereby finds himself prevented, by the very memory of so great a tragedy, from

obtaining Rachel's love. Lastly, the poor workingmen, who, having been deceived in the issue of their strike, deceived again in the result expected from the great blow struck in their behalf (for Sang's hope that it would direct universal attention to the social injustice under which they suffered has been unrealized in the great blind cry for revenge which has gone up from it), follow now the wheeled chair of their employer, entreating his forgiveness and admission to labor on the old terms.

Wrecks are all of them, but Björnson's unflagging optimism cannot suffer them to remain so. His is a great faith in those watchwords of progress with which the nineteenth century has made us familiar. In the present play this faith is embodied in two children, a youth and a maiden,—Credo (I believe) and Spera (Thou shalt hope). They are nephew and niece of Holger, who, their parents being dead, has sought to sequester them from the influence of Rachel, that he might bring them up in that "religion of the masters" to which he would pledge the future. Now he has relented; and they are allowed to come to Rachel once more, comforting her with their youthful visions of how the world is to be improved by means of material inventions, leagues of youth for benevolent ends, the teaching of self-sacrifice in the schools, etc. The play concludes with the departure of the three—Rachel, Credo, and Spera—in search of Holger, with a prayer that he will receive the deputation of workingmen.

The lesson for which the author of this play has constructed so powerful a plea is the importance, first for the individual, next for society, of the *human* side of life, as opposed to a reliance upon forces "beyond our strength." In the first part it is the "in-humanity of the miracle" with which he sets himself to deal in tracing its consequences upon the lives that have been subjected to its operation. In a scene between Sang's children in which they discuss the nature of the "miracle" their father is accomplishing with their mother's health, he makes the daughter exclaim in anguish:—

"Ah, it is all one to me what it is! Whatever it is, it means our destruction,—it will ruin us in the end!"

"What,—the miracle?" asks Elias.

"Yes, yes. It is no blessing. It is something horrible"—

And so, in the event, it proves. The strength of Pastor Sang's wife no longer suffices to enable her to continue living on the plane of spiritual exaltation created for her by her husband's life. It breaks beneath the latest effort demanded of her, bearing with it in its downfall the whole structure of Sang's reliance upon the supernatural.

Here we have the effect upon the individual soul of a life "beyond our strength,"—the sphere of religion in its narrower sense.

In the second part the sphere is widened; what we are confronted with here is the "inhumanity of theories" affecting the social weal; and the lesson, especially to reformers, is no less impressive. Elias Sang and Holger are each possessed of a theory respecting society to which they are prepared to dedicate their lives. Unfortunately, these theories possess them to the exclusion of what Tennyson so beautifully describes as "the common love of good."

When it is suggested to Holger that the workingmen may attempt to blow up the castle with dynamite, he replies, "That would be the best thing that could happen now," meaning, of course, the best for his theory, since he has insight enough to perceive that it would discredit the opposite theory, that of the workingmen incendiaries.

So, also, with Elias, although there is associated with his theory a greater unselfishness, since its triumph will bring no advantage either to himself or to the class to which he belongs. Each would compel the future, by the exercise of force, to his view, forgetting that this is out of the power of the individual man. In the human alone lies redemption, Björnson declares. Cut yourself off from it, and the power of helping humanity is denied you. You may wander into the realm of the limitless, whither the pursuit of your theory will carry you; but it will only be to lose yourself there. This is what he means by his phrase "the inhumanity of theories." Theories exist too often aloof from the facts of life.

We are not free to be logical in a world governed as much by emotion as by reason.

Who, then, is the strong man? Björnson has said in another place, "Weakness is boundless : strength sets bounds, and keeps them." Not he, therefore, who kicks with never so much fury against the pricks is the strongest, but rather he who holds closest to his fellows in a common effort after good in human progress ; and perhaps he is not weakest who, in doing this, summons to his aid as much as may be of that spirit of resignation with which the disciples of a religion that looks beyond the human for its inspiration have faced the period of their probation.

It remains to say a few words concerning the knowledge of the human heart that the author has displayed in the construction of his characters. Pastor Sang's wife does not share the childlike, implicit faith of her husband : rather she shrinks before it with instinctive dread of the implications in which it may involve their lives. It is enough for her that she loves the man, and by this love she lives. By this love, it is hardly too much to say, he, too, has lived : for without its daily self-sacrificing devotion the development of his spiritual nature would have been hampered, if not prevented. That her life is being consumed by the intensity of the flame is recognized by both : therefore, he will invoke the divine interposition in her behalf. And she, who recoils from the faith by which he lives, has faith in *him*, believes that with him miracles are possible. It is the old contrast between a woman's personal devotion and man's faculty for the abstract.

Elias and Rachel are the true children of such a couple,—he the son of his father, she the daughter of her mother. It matters little that they have discarded the phraseology of their parents' religion. They await the coming of the kingdom of God on earth instead of in heaven. But Elias is his father over again without the restraining influence of his mother. It is Rachel's lament, after his death, that she has failed to understand her duty to keep at his side, even as her mother stood at the side of her father. It is Rachel, a woman, who, surrounded by men whose ideals have led them astray,—Pastor Sang, Elias, Holger,

Bratt,—represents the idea of a rational progress, such as finds itself reflected in the advanced liberalism of the nineteenth century. Yet is she no barren type, but a woman who suffers at the contact of her human nature with the superhuman abstractions of the mind, and rises by means of her suffering to a higher understanding of life and the manifold agencies by which its interests are secured.

"We lead a life beyond our strength,"—that is our author's verdict on the civilization of the day. Such a life is not confined to those who have given themselves up to the inhumanity of a theory: evidences of it are to be discovered in the mighty armies of Europe, in the monstrous burdens of taxation in all civilized countries, in the extravagant lives of the people. In the reckless irresponsibility with which the rich squander millions on themselves and their own amusements, no less than in that literature of the "cultured" classes which preaches an unbridled individualism, inciting to acts of violence against the law and good morals, Björnson detects an anarchism of as rude a type as that which lays about it with dynamite or the incendiary's torch. "No one in the whole world," he makes one of his characters exclaim, "has the right to do with his own what he will!"

Coming from one who, in common with his great countryman Ibsen, has usually been classed as an individualist, these words may well make us pause. Is there at work in the modern world a tendency to push to an excess every form of impulse or activity, whether dependent on the public or the private will? If so, it must have come about chiefly through a neglect of the human element. This consists, it need hardly be remarked, in no single attribute of the human character, but in all human attributes. When Lincoln said of Whitman, "He is a *man*," he meant a complete human being, in whom no single activity or attribute obscured or nullified the rest. When we aim first to be men, not only will the excesses of individualism be gradually subdued, but we shall be in no danger of losing that power of initiative which is sometimes threatened by the more extreme theories of a socialistic state. To live within our means, intellectually and

morally, no less than materially, is the first step in the direction of realizing the humanity that is in ourselves, and at the same time of propitiating and bringing to recognition that which resides in others.

J. K. Paulding.



A CURSORY REVIEW OF SYMBOLISM IN MAETERLINCK'S 'THE BLIND.'*



HE writer cannot take the view of some, who think that the symbolism of Maeterlinck is only to be applied in a general way, and who express their view by saying that symbolism is not to go on all fours. On the contrary, a careful study reveals that Maeterlinck's symbolism, though seemingly careless and accidental, is most carefully planned. The author evidently has a thorough understanding of the laws of symbolism, as those laws have been reduced to a science.

The drama before us is a most vivid and striking representation of the journey of the soul from sensualism to the spirit, — from time and space into the absolute now and here. It shows the slavery of the soul while in the thralldom of the senses, and the liberation therefrom.

Let us look for a moment at the characterization and its meaning. The characters are almost all blind. This represents the blindness of nearly all our human faculties, as long as time and sense hold sway over the mind. In this state we are blind to the glories around us, and know not the blessedness within our reach.

The blind men of the drama denote degrees or states of thought, using the term *thought* in the sense of intellect. The first blind man is that degree of the intellect which is first formed ;

* Maeterlinck's 'The Blind,' or 'The Sightless' (*Les Aveugles*), the first English translation, by the Editors of *Poet-lore*, appeared in *Poet-lore* for 1893 (March, April, May, August-September numbers), pp. 159, 218, 273, 442.

that is, the degree of sensuous impressions, or material ideas. The mind in its development is first formed and stored with these. As yet there is no thought, properly so called; for they are not intelligently distinguished one from another. Thought begins when these ideas are separated into groups and classes.

Then comes another, higher, and distinct plane of the intellect,—the distinctively scientific faculty. This is the second blind man.

The third blind man is the natural, or theoretical, reason, which looks down upon all these classifications of the scientific faculty, and draws conclusions from them. Here, then, we have the three ordinary degrees, or planes, of the natural intellect. And they are each and all *born* blind, so far as any knowledge of spiritual things is concerned. The natural, or carnal, mind is enmity with God, etc. These degrees should be borne distinctly in mind. The lowest is not the senses, but the sensuous, or imaginative, thought; next higher, the categorical understanding, or scientific thought; and next higher, the natural, or theoretical, reason.

The fourth is a *very old* blind man. This is our hereditary thought, or the hereditary quality or bent that is given to our thought. This of course is older than the formation of our voluntary and conscious mind. And, being also blind so far as the spirit is concerned, it is very appropriately called a very old blind man.

Next comes a fifth blind man, who also is *deaf*. Here we have the natural reason prevailing over, corrupting, bringing down to a level with itself, and refusing to obey the truth of the practical, or spiritual, reason. To be blind is not to see the truth: to be deaf to it is not to obey it, or to be unwilling to obey it even if we could see it. When one will not obey us, we say, he will not hear us. The fifth blind man, who also is *deaf*, is that quality in humanity which is not only blind to the truth, but wilfully wicked with regard to it.

Next we have the sixth blind man, who can see a little. Here we have the first faint dawn of the spiritual understanding, or practical reason, the categorical imperative, felt in every mind. But it is very faint,—a “still, small voice.” Yet God has given

to every man a measure of grace to profit withal. But for that sixth blind man who can see a little, this drama would be a most unnatural thing.

It is necessary next to mention the island in the midst of the sea, rock-bound, save here and there where the sea encroaches upon it, which is the scene of the drama. This island is time, or our earthly life; brief, the scene of a few struggles and triumphs, and which is encroached upon, and ultimately must be washed away by, the unknown ocean.

On this island is an asylum, which is the church. This is the asylum which has been provided for the soul on the island of this temporal life, and which has been thought to be a safe retreat from all danger of doubt and unhappiness.

Within this asylum we have a priest. But, alas! he is nearly blind; and his blindness is increasing. This represents, of course, the priesthood of the church, and of the soul, which, in its dogmatic and authoritative capacity, has been growing blinder and blinder in spiritual things for centuries, so that Emerson said, over sixty years ago, that the church had lost its power.

Next, in the asylum on the island we have the three nuns who can see a little, and who represent the three degrees of spiritual perception which remain very faintly in the church.

The asylum has a dog. We need not stumble at the meaning of this with the words *dogma*, *dogmatism*, etc., before us. Let us call to mind Cerberus, a dog of Pluto, the fruit of Echidna's union with Typhon,—a dog with many heads, stationed at the entrance of hell to prevent the living from entering there and the lost from going out. A dog is a man, or that faculty in a man, that barks much about the things of the church and knows little concerning them. In a word, the dog is dogma, or doctrine.

Last of all, we have the watch-tower of the asylum. We shall mention this again. Here only that it means that lookout which those in authority keep against all intrusion or danger that would destroy or corrupt her institutions. And this, too, whether we consider the church at large or in the individual soul.

Such, then, are the characters and a few of the animate and

inanimate objects of the drama. What we have considered, however, is only one side of these,—the bad side. Each one of these characters and each one of these objects is balanced by an answering one on the good side, and the balance is perfect.

We have seen that the three blind men denote respectively the sensuous, or imaginative, thought, the scientific understanding, and the reason. Now each one of these degrees of the intellect has its answering affection, or love. Hence we have them matched by the three *women* who are born blind.

We have seen that the very old blind man is the hereditary quality of our thought. This of course has its answering affection, or love; and so we have also a very old blind woman. According to the text, these faculties once saw, a very long time ago; *i.e.* they are voluntary in our parents, but hereditary in ourselves,—a perception in them, only a tendency in us.

We have seen that the fifth blind man, who also is deaf, represents that quality of the mind which not only does not see, but will not obey the truth. Over against this we have the blind mad-woman. Here we come to something very interesting, demanding an extensive study. The higher light of the soul, from of old, has been called a species of madness. Thus Socrates had his demon, and obeyed it implicitly. Emerson also tells us that he never questioned his strong impressions, but always obeyed them. But this to the natural reason is madness, and is fitly represented by the blind mad-woman, because it is a love rather than a thought. As the fifth or blind and deaf man neither sees truth nor obeys it, the blind mad-woman obeys it implicitly without seeing it.

We saw next that the sixth blind man, who can see a little, is the faint dawn of the spiritual understanding, or practical reason. But this is the counterpart of the poetic faculty, and an assistant to it; and hence over against the sixth blind man we have the beautiful blind maiden, representing the poetic faculty. Observe that it is this sixth blind man who assists the beautiful blind girl to find the flowers,—asphodels, the pale flowers of *haidēs*, and the dead. For, until the higher light fully dawns, the poetic faculty, even aided by the perception, will not gather flowers of life.

Over against the island we have the sea. And, as the island is time, the sea is eternity, as every reference to it in the drama will confirm. This life is but an island in the unknown sea of eternity.

As on the island we have an asylum with its watch-tower, so on the sea we have a light-house. The object of a light-house is to discern the white sails which go flitting by, and guide them safely in. And so the object of our highest spiritual discernment is to welcome every thought, and every white speck of light, that is wafted to us from the unknown. We find Emerson and Carlyle and Whittier and Victor Hugo and all the good doing it. They do not affirm, they do not dogmatize; but they welcome, and try to guide safely in, every white thought that, spirit-like, comes to them out of the unknown.

The watch-tower is just the opposite. The light-house is to welcome friends: the watch-tower is to fear and dread the approach of foes. The light-house is to guide safely in: the watch-tower is for the purpose of seeing and driving away what comes. The light-house overlooks the unknown sea: the watch-tower overlooks a narrow, circumscribed region, where everything may be seen and known.

As the balance of the priest with his increasing and finally total blindness and death, we have that mysterious presence which, at the end of the drama, the child of the blind mad-woman, and the child alone, sees approach, and the atmosphere of whose presence envelopes all the characters like the morning mist. This is the presence of God, the only true Teacher and Deliverer.

The three nuns of the asylum, with their partial or total blindness and their perfunctory exercise, are balanced by the three old blind women who are continually praying, representing the several degrees of affection in the spiritual mind, which are continually crying out for light.

The dog of the asylum is balanced by the child of the blind mad-woman, who is the only one who sees, and who was the first and only one to discern the approach of the mysterious presence of God,—the Over-soul that is in us all.

For let us remember that it is the offspring of what seems madness to the natural man that enables us to discern the approach of the true light. Paul was called mad, and the apostles at Pentecost drunken; but the offspring, or child, of the mad-woman in them—the perception born of their spiritual “madness”—discerned the presence of God.

And how different the child of the blind mad-woman from the dog of the asylum! How different the perception of our highest rationality from the dogmatism of authority! When the dog of the asylum came to the blind people in the forest, he could only lead them to the dead priest; but the child of the blind mad-woman discerned the approach of the living presence.

Such, then, in general, is the other half,—the counterpart, or balance, of the characterization. And this is borne out by every particular of the drama.

Now observe the situation. These two halves are separated, the men at the right, the women at the left. This represents the separation of the intellect and the love in man, the love not doing even what the intellect knows. Note what separates them,—rocks; not gems of ornament, but common, basic truths,—truths in their crude form and without order. Another object that separates is an uprooted tree,—truth, which once had life and organization in it, but which is now uprooted, dead, and worn out. Those stones and that tree harmonize with the asylum from which the blind came out, and which they have outgrown, and to which they are never more to return.

The problem of the play is to have these two sides come together and be united into one,—to have the men and women find each other, to have all the loves of the soul obey the intellections of the soul, to bring all those blind people into one united company, so that the child of the blind mad-woman, who only can fully see, may see for them all, and guide and instruct aright, which is finally accomplished. If all our severed and discordant and blind psychological powers can be brought into harmony, and order induced upon them, there is a highest, innocent, childlike faculty in us that can see the divine presence, and make it known.

But first the priest must die. The natural man discerneth not the things of the spirit. The party have set forth from the asylum under the guidance of the half-blind priest, just as many congregations do every Sunday. They are still depending upon the priest, still awaiting his return to guide them, not realizing that he is dead. It is the dog of the asylum that finally guides them to the priest, and leads them to understand that he is dead. Let one follow dogma long enough, and, if he *thinks*, priestly authority for him will die.

Then it is that deliverance comes. The party come together. The beautiful, young blind girl seizes the blind mad-woman's child, and, guided by his sight and his cries of joy, goes toward the approaching footsteps until those stately, mysterious footsteps come among the company. God says, "Draw near to me, and I will draw near to you." What a picture! The beautiful blind girl has the blind mad-woman's child in her arms, and holds the little one high, and is guided by its sight and her own ears. The poetic faculty both follows and obeys that insight which is the offspring of what natural men term spiritual madness. Thus the soul comes into the presence of God, and the Divine overshadows and abides with it. Truly, "the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them." Glorious picture! Well has Maeterlinck builded.

The foregoing is not given in any dogmatic spirit, nor is it designed as a thorough treatment of the subject, but rather with the hope that it will be suggestive.

E. D. Daniels.



THE JULIUS CÆSAR OF SHAKESPEARE AND OF HISTORY.

THIS subject has two parts, of which the first is only interesting or important because of the second. The Cæsar that forms the title-rôle of the play, far from meriting on his own account any extended notice, is scarcely worth an epitaph. He

takes no active part, and only becomes noteworthy after his assassination ; and then his chief significance is gained from his bloody shirt — or mantle — which Mark Antony waves very effectively before the rabble in Rome. Subsequently his ghost appears once or twice to trouble the assassins. But the living and corporeal Cæsar has no reason for existence, so far as the play is concerned, except to become a sheath for the daggers of conspirators.

And the personality of the Cæsar of the play is as insignificant as his performance. In every way it is made to appear that the mighty Julius Cæsar is not at all mighty, the divine emperor not divine, but only raised by chance to eminence so that the smallness and weakness of his nature may be made obvious.

His bodily weaknesses are brought into prominence. He is heard to ask a friend to come to his right side to speak with him because he is deaf in the left ear. Thereafter we naturally picture him as bending forward and craning his neck to listen. Furthermore, he is afflicted with what Brutus calls "the falling sickness." He swoons before the populace of Rome because they applaud him at the wrong time ; and by this unfortunate attack of his malady his ambition and his timidity are at once disclosed. Cassius, when he hears of the incident, exclaims, with as much irony, it seems, as wonder, "What ! did Cæsar swoon ?" It was, indeed, grimly humorous that Cæsar, whose "word might stand against the world," and whose empire extended as far as the known limits of civilization itself, should tremble and fall before the cries of a Roman mob.

In the eyes of Cassius, Cæsar is a sorry sort of hero, indeed. For had he not come near drowning in a swimming match with Cassius himself, who bore him on his own shoulders from the water as Æneas had carried the senile Anchises out of burning Troy ? And, while he was in Spain, this mighty Cæsar had had a fever, and shaked and moaned piteously, like a sick girl. These are envious and malicious charges, and, if true, are not at all serious. But no indication is given that they are not strictly true ; and Cæsar appears, on the whole, to be in bodily presence unimposing and in physical strength deficient.

But these physical shortcomings would only make Cæsar the more illustrious if we were led to associate them with great intellectual power or with moral pre-eminence. There is a fascination in beholding Napoleon, who was little in stature, lead the armies of France from victory to victory until most of Europe lies prostrate at his feet. It is admirable to see how Paul, who in bodily presence was mean, could wield such mighty power over the early Christian Church, and shape its destiny forever afterwards. And the most remarkable phenomenon of the present time is the spectacle of Leo, the aged and infirm man in the Vatican, guiding the Roman Church as with a silken cord, and gently but effectively curbing his American priests when they seem to need restraint.

But such a contrast between bodily meanness and intellectual or moral greatness does not appear in Shakespeare's 'Julius Cæsar.' He is throughout a mediocre man, with some pleasant and some unpleasant traits, respectable, but not admirable, able, but not eminent.

One of his noteworthy shortcomings is his superstitiousness. It is true that, when he is warned by a soothsayer to beware of the ides of March, he contemptuously dismisses the fellow as a dreamer. Nevertheless, he remembers the warning; for, when he appears next morning before the Capitol, his first remark is, "The ides of March are come." Indeed, before leaving his home that fatal morning, he had ordered, —

"Go, bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success."

It is thus made apparent that Cæsar has been much disturbed by certain occurrences that seem to him supernatural, — of which the soothsayer's warning is one, — and that he wishes to avail himself of priestly augury to learn whether it will be safe for him to go to the Senate Chamber.

Then comes his wife, quite opportunely, and with affectionate solicitude insists, "You shall not stir out of your house to-day." What a splendid opportunity this gives Cæsar to show his manly superiority to fear, and then to yield gracefully to his wife's anx-

iety! It is so much nobler to remain indoors just because his wife is afraid than to stay inside on account of his own fears. For of course he is not one whit alarmed. He declares,—

“Cæsar shall forth : the things that threaten’d me
Ne’er looked but on my back ; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.”

We cannot doubt that, when Cæsar made this heroic little speech, he struck an imposing attitude, and looked so bold that even Fate would be likely to tremble before his face. He probably made the speech very impressive by grandly emphasizing the rhymes. For even in cold print these rhymes appear quite prominent ; and it must be borne in mind that Shakespeare was accustomed to use blank verse except for rhymed couplets at the ends of scenes or long speeches and when he wished to be unusually impressive.

Cæsar seems to be moved so much by his own eloquence and by natural and manly contempt for the fears of his wife that he becomes really brave for a little while, and makes an heroic speech that is probably sincere because there are no rhymes in it : —

“Cowards die many times before their deaths ;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear,
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.”

To us who are spectators and listeners it seems still more wonderful that Cæsar should forget how timid he himself was only a moment ago. But this *naïve* boasting is characteristic of Shakespeare’s Cæsar. He is sublime in his egotism and blind in his self-worship. It is not modesty, but inordinate self-glorification that causes him to avoid referring to himself in the first person. For the world and himself must be made to realize that “always I am Cæsar.”

It is necessary for Cæsar’s self-esteem that he should think himself pre-eminent in truthfulness as well as in bravery. But there is some difficulty in reconciling this estimate of himself

with the facts. For only yesterday he had refused a crown just because he wanted it. And then because the people did not compel him to take it, but applauded his refusal instead, he fainted away. And, when he came to himself, he pretended that it was only a malady of his, and not the demonstration of the people that had caused him to faint. But there was an "angry spot" that showed red on his forehead, proving that Cæsar was indeed honest — when he had to be.

But to return to the dialogue between Cæsar and his wife. She at length prevails on him to stay at home for her sake, and to send word to the Senate that he is sick. Of course, this deception is consented to at a time when he has forgotten that Cæsar is always Cæsar. But presently Decius, one of the senators, enters the room; and Cæsar once more becomes divine. The transformation is a little difficult, because Cæsar is arrayed in what Shakespeare calls a night-gown,—a garment, that is to say, to be worn about the house just before retiring or on rising,—a violent thunder-storm is raging outside, and it looks as if he had got up because he was afraid of the lightning. But now he becomes ostentatiously truthful, as becomes a god, but not frank; for deity is of course entitled to mental reservation. He says to Decius:—

"You are come in very happy time
To bear my greetings to the senators
And tell them that I will not come to-day:
Cannot is false, and that I dare not falser:
I will not come to-day; tell them so, Decius."

To this very gracious and dignified speech of Cæsar, Calpurnia, his wife, adds, "Say he is sick."

But Cæsar contemptuously spurns this dishonest suggestion of his wife. Nothing must be told the Senate except that he will not come. Cæsar, of course, is above courtesy. That was made for meaner souls. But, because he loves Decius, he will tell him in confidence his real reason for remaining indoors. It is not because he is afraid of lightning, not because he is superstitious, but merely at the request of his wife and to allay her fears.

Now Cæsar is not susceptible to flattery, and he loves to be told of the fact. That is one of the proofs of his greatness. But, curiously enough, this very quality makes him an easy prey to any one who assumes an ostentatious bluntness toward him. For the vainest of men is the one that prides himself on not being vain. And so to our eyes, as to those of Decius, Cæsar appears to be peculiarly sensitive to the opinions of his fellow-men, though to his own consciousness he is above concern for their approval. Decius shrewdly promises that the Senate will bestow a crown on Cæsar if he will be in attendance that day, and as shrewdly suggests that his reason for non-attendance might seem to baser minds than his own trivial or suspicious.

So Cæsar, who is above flattery and of course above being bribed, is persuaded to go to the Senate House. We need not enter into the details of that melancholy journey ; and, in view of the tragic fate that he is so soon to meet, it would be gracious to cover with charity and silence his defects. But Shakespeare has himself refused to be so gracious toward Cæsar, and has set his death at the close of the most extravagantly boastful of all his speeches, as if the daggers of the assassins pricked his assumption and showed how small was the man that had puffed himself out with arrogance and conceit :—

“ I could be well mov'd, if I were as you ;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me :
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks ;
They are all fire and every one doth shine ;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place :
So in the world ; 'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive ;
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion : and that I am he,

Let me a little show it even in this ;
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so."

It is, of course, eminently fitting that Cimber, who may or may not deserve his punishment, should remain under sentence of banishment for the sole purpose of proving that Cæsar is as "constant as the northern star." But the point of most interest is that a moment later this pole-star lies prostrate before his murderers. What a pity that this eulogy of himself could not be reserved for his funeral! Even Mark Antony could say nothing so fine of him.

But, as we have been merciless toward the shortcomings of Cæsar, let us be just to his virtues. Of negative goodness he possessed a fair share, and perhaps a little more. He does not seem to have broken any of the ten commandments. He did not smoke or drink or gamble, or beat his wife or neglect to pay his bills. He was a faithful and devoted husband, a loyal friend. He was ever ready to forgive his enemies, and seemed incapable alike of personal enmity and of malice. He was of a trustful nature, and found it hard to suspect other men. He was kind-hearted and lavishly generous. Even Brutus can find no fault in him except his ambition to be crowned king. Otherwise Cæsar appears to be a quite innocent person, whose judgment is in most instances not overborne by selfish interests. Indeed, innocent and even lovable he seems to us as we watch the play. We heartily regret his assassination; for even a dynasty of emperors or kings like himself could have done little harm, and would have caused a great saving in electioneering expenses.

We must think kindly, on the whole, of Cæsar; and this we ought to do even if he had not been assassinated. In spite of his eccentricities, he was a worthy man, and possessed some talent. He would have adorned a humbler place; but it was his misfortune to have been an emperor, and his error to have grasped at a crown. We bid him a tender and regretful farewell. May he rest in peace, free alike from his own ambitions and vagaries, and from the jealousy and enmity of others!

But it may be asked, if, like Mark Antony, 'I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him,' why I am so long about it? Now my purpose in going into this somewhat lengthy analysis is to show that Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar is not the Julius Cæsar of history, but differs from the real personage as much as a pug differs from a mastiff. The characters have, it is true, a little in common. Those humbler virtues which have been noted are, for the most part, to be found in both. But in other respects Shakespeare's portrayal of his mock hero is a wretched travesty of the career and personality of one of the grandest of men.

For a fair estimate of the character of Julius Cæsar and the value of his work the eleventh chapter in the fifth book of Mommsen's *History of Rome* will be found convenient and satisfactory. Mommsen, who speaks as sober historian and critic, is at a loss for words to praise Cæsar sufficiently. He exhibits him in almost every conceivable light, and has only encomiums for him. He sums up his praise by declaring that Cæsar was a perfect man, and that because he was perfect he cannot be described. And then he repeats and amplifies the assertion that Cæsar was perfect, and appears to regard him as peerless among men.

Of the shortcomings which Shakespeare attributes to Julius Cæsar, Mommsen knows nothing; and historians seem in general to be ignorant of them. Mommsen says that he never played the king. Excepting the gossipy Plutarch, historians are agreed that he was courteous, unassuming, and modest in both speech and manner. The turgid and boastful speeches that Shakespeare puts into his mouth are utterly unlike the real Cæsar; for no man was more simple and modest of speech than he, as every reader of his *Commentaries* can testify. And his avoidance of the personal pronoun in referring to himself, far from being caused, as Shakespeare would make it appear, from a desire to make his surname illustrious, is irrefragable and transparent proof of his modesty and good sense.

As to timidity, he is not known to have shown signs of weak fear either before perils of nature or before pirates, or before savages or before the Roman populace. He was always self-

possessed : he was too shrewd to be cajoled or flattered. He was of all men least subject to superstition, and was proof even against the common delusion of the great and the fortunate, that fate or supernatural power has granted them some special immunity. He accomplished many great and wonderful things both as general and as statesman ; but he never attempted things that were obviously impossible, and he turned back unhesitatingly from any enterprise that proved to be impracticable or not worth the effort. Far from being "constant as the northern star," his good sense and practical ability were in no way better shown than in his readiness to modify his plans or abandon an enterprise that proved to be unwise.

As to physical defects, Cæsar was not altogether free from them. He was of delicate physique, and had to guard his health with considerable care. His constitution, however, was not weakened by dissipation, but was the rather strengthened by discipline. While he was governor of Gaul, he was able to endure the utmost rigors of campaigns against savages ; and in these wars he displayed agility and energy of which savages themselves might well be proud.

Cæsar was nearly forty years of age (or perhaps a little over forty, for the date of his birth is uncertain), before he held an important military command ; and up to that time he had received practically no military training. But in his first campaign, which was conducted in Spain, he showed very high ability, achieved success, and would have gained a triumph at Rome if political complications had not prevented this honor being given him. A few years later he was appointed governor of Gaul, and began that series of wars that has placed him in the very first and almost solitary rank among the world's great military commanders. The boldness, comprehensiveness, and aptness of his plans at once suggest to the mind a comparison with Napoleon. He was like Napoleon, too, in the almost incredible swiftness of his movements. But, unlike Napoleon, he was practically a novice in the art of war, when he rose, almost at a bound, to the summit of his brilliant military achievements, and nearly to the top of his

fame. Moreover, he was always pre-eminently a statesman, and with him state-craft was never subordinated to military plans or the welfare of the body politic made secondary to soldierly ambitions.

His soldiers were passionately devoted to him, and could never be induced to mutiny, or, when captured, to turn their arms against him. And Cæsar deserved this loyalty. He never deserted his army, as Napoleon did in Egypt. He was not cruel except when he had to be, or treacherous except on one occasion, when he thought he was justified by the treachery of his foe. He was habitually merciful in conquest, and the pacified Gauls were proud to serve in his armies.

And the many-sided and well-rounded greatness of the man is shown in the fact that he wrote an account of these wars in a chronicle that will probably remain forever the highest model of sober, clear, and graphic prose narrative.

No one can deny that Cæsar was ambitious. From his entrance into public life until his death he was ever plotting for political preferment. For many years before he became Emperor of Rome his designs were revolutionary and monarchical. But the Roman republic was corrupt and moribund, and deserved to receive its death-blow. In principle the republic was oligarchical and imperial. Its citizens comprised, for the most part, a few aristocratic families, who ruled over a vast subject population of slaves, freedmen, and barbarians. Cæsar himself belonged to one of these aristocratic families; but he entered into politics as a democrat, and remained such throughout the rest of his life. It was in the interest of the people, as against the exclusive interest of the patrician families, that Cæsar made himself Emperor of Rome; and the empire that he founded was a democratic empire, as opposed to the former aristocratic republic. For a long time he seems to have plotted a bloodless revolution; but, when an appeal to arms seemed necessary, he made the Civil War as brief and as little sanguinary as was possible.

Cæsar was not a moral hero. He never made any great self-sacrifice. Perhaps he never had occasion to make one. He was

not altogether innocent of the vices and follies that disgraced his time. But, compared with the generality of his contemporaries, he was conspicuously virtuous. While he was, as has been admitted, ambitious, he believed his own preferment to be consistent with the public interest; and in this belief he seems not to have been mistaken. He was a sincere patriot. During his brief rule he did much for the power and prestige of the empire and for the welfare of his subjects, and he was full of great plans when his career was suddenly closed by assassination at the hands of desperate fanatics.

Now can you see any resemblance between this man, whose career will redound forever to the glory of our race, and the wretched clown whom Shakespeare has depicted for a likeness of him, thus dishonoring so illustrious a name? Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar is not even a caricature of the real man. It is amazingly and pitiably false.

Why has Shakespeare, whose own great and many-sided genius made him peculiarly fit to appreciate and to show to others a man of transcendent greatness, so defamed and libelled the character of Julius Cæsar? This has been, and is to-day, a problem which Shakespearian commentators and critics find extraordinarily perplexing. Several ingenious solutions have been offered,—solutions too ingenious, in fact, to be generally satisfactory. Gervinus (*'Shakespeare Commentaries,'* ed. 1863, vol. ii. pp. 350, f.) and Hudson (*'Shakespeare: His Life, Art, and Character,'* ed. 1872, vol. ii. pp. 228, f.) hold that Cæsar has to be vilified in the play in order that the interest may be centred, not on him, but on the conspirators. To this Gervinus adds that the poet aimed "to present that view of him which gave a reason for the conspiracy"; and Hudson conjectures a design to depict Cæsar "not as he was, indeed, but as he appeared to the conspirators," suggesting also that a subtle irony runs through the play, delicate hints being thrown out that the imperial braggart is not the real personage. Certain very strong objections can be urged against this line of theorizing. In the first place, to make over a character, so that a new and altogether

distinct personality is substituted for the man of history, is an act of violence we can hardly believe Shakespeare would voluntarily commit. Secondly, such a proceeding is not necessary for the dramatic purpose. The sympathy with the conspirators would be, if anything, heightened by a showing of the enormity of the crime or error they committed. Thirdly, Shakespeare is here using a plot that is borrowed from history, and which, therefore, cannot properly be treated with as much freedom as would be permissible if the story were merely imaginary. The main interest is in the problem why the noble-minded Brutus assassinated the noble-minded Cæsar, and it is only a silly evasion to profess to give a solution through representing Cæsar as an altogether different character from such as he was. And, in the fourth and last place, to give a dramatic representation of a real man, not as he really was in the conception of the dramatist, but as he appeared to some other character in the play, and to work into the portraiture an irony so delicate that it must be discovered through historical rather than internal evidence, would show an overstrained subtlety and obscurity of which even Browning would not be capable and Shakespeare could not dream.

Another theory, similar to these which have been stated, yet measurably distinct from them, is that Shakespeare is here expounding his philosophy of history, and dwarfing the personality of Julius Cæsar, in order that it may be seen that the real historical factors are the conditions of the time, particularly the Roman populace, of whom he as emperor is the creature and passing symbol, the spirit of the age being for a brief time represented in him. (Dowden, *'Shakespeare: His Mind and Art,'* New York, 1881, p. 285; Snider, *'The Shakespearian Drama: The Histories,'* p. 148; Wendell, *'William Shakespeare: A Study in Elizabethan Literature,'* p. 243.) This theory is very ingenious; but a philosophy of history that has to rest for its defence on distortion of fact is not a satisfactory one, and by no means creditable to the genius of Shakespeare.

A very different view is that one which is held by the keen and brilliant Danish critic, Georg Brandes (*'William Shake-*

speare: A Critical Study,' vol. i. ch. viii.). The theory that he propounds is so simple and so plausible that I was of course delighted when I read it to find that it confirmed me in my own prepossessions. It is to the effect that Shakespeare's travesty of Julius Cæsar is not due to design, but to ignorance. It is well known that Shakespeare was not a scholar. He must have been considerable of a reader, because he was so great a borrower. But in book-learning he was neither profound nor accurate. His plays never have much value from the historical point of view, except as regards the age and country in which they were written. His keen observation, wonderful imaginative power, sympathetic sensitiveness, and, above all, the sanity and many-sided completeness of his nature give a verisimilitude of truth to the creations of his mind. But not even he could construct history out of his own inner consciousness, or paint this wonderful man of a remote age with features drawn from his contemporaries.

Were it necessary to make a simple choice between this and the other theories that have been advanced, the view of Dr. Brandes would be far preferable to those other views of enthusiastic apologists, who in endeavoring to defend the genius of Shakespeare have really disparaged it. I for one, however, feel — and there may be others who will agree with me — that so simple a choice is not necessary, but that some allowance may be made for the methods and ideals of Shakespeare's art.

In various places, indications are to be found that Shakespeare possessed at least some vague sense of the greatness of Julius Cæsar. Even in the play which is named after him and which has defamed him so much, he is spoken of as "the noblest man that ever lived in the tide of times" (III. i. 257). This speech, however, is a partisan utterance from the lips of Mark Antony. It shows, nevertheless, that Shakespeare knew at least how warmly Cæsar was admired by some minds. In 'Antony and Cleopatra' (I. v. 29) the proud and voluptuous queen exclaims with boastful admiration, —

"Broad-fronted Cæsar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch."

The young son of Edward in 'King Richard III.' (III. i. 84) declares : —

"That Julius was a famous man ;
With what his valor did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valor line.
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror."

In 'Hamlet' (I. i. 114,) Horatio, the only character who throughout the play is perfectly sane and sober-minded, wise and good, speaks of "mightiest Julius."

These appreciative references to Julius Cæsar are all acknowledged by Dr. Brandes with great frankness ; but thereafter he goes on to develop his theory as if they did not exist. But, since they do exist, we have to ask, not merely why Shakespeare was inconsistent with history, but why he was inconsistent with himself.

Now, when we examine these laudatory phrases, we find them for the most part vague and unsatisfactory. Such words as "broad-fronted," "famous," "noblest," and "mightiest" are not graphic because they are not explicit. All that is definite among these fervid praises is the statement that Cæsar became famous by writing about himself. Surely, that is an inadequate conception of his greatness and of the sources of his fame.

We find, then, in Shakespeare's plays two conceptions of Julius Cæsar, the one laudatory and indefinite, showing about as much knowledge of the subject as is now possessed by the average school-boy, the other distinctly derogatory and made up of explicit misinformation. It is a fair inference, then, that the great dramatist and poet, whose genius largely consisted in extreme impressionability, was unduly and detrimentally influenced by some one author at the time he wrote his 'Julius Cæsar.' And this author, without doubt, was Plutarch, whom he has followed with almost literal exactness, sometimes in fact appropriating his very words. But even Plutarch, who is gossipy and a Greek, and therefore hardly fit to show forth this Roman hero in his true greatness, gives a far more favorable picture of the man than

Shakespeare has furnished us. The poet in writing this play borrowed copiously from the latter part of Plutarch's *Life of Cæsar*; but of the former part he made little direct use, and probably gave to it only a hasty reading. And it is this latter part of Plutarch's *Life* that tells of those foibles which Shakespeare has made so prominent in his play.

We must remember that Shakespeare, like every writer of his time, was a romanticist. Being such, he naturally gave to his characters a poetic consistency. The hero looked a hero, the villain looked a villain. Dwarfs, deformed persons, and those having physical defects were shown to have moral defects to match.

From Plutarch, Shakespeare learned that Cæsar was of a delicate frame and subject to epileptic fits. From the same writer he received the impression that the emperor was self-conceited and overbearing, foolishly ambitious, vain, and unable to conceal his personal feelings. These data, of which some are insignificant, some inaccurate, and the others false, are the basis on which he constructed the title-rôle of his play. Shall we blame Shakespeare for superficiality in thus fitting a character to those external appearances which, after all, as often conceal as they reveal the man? By no means. He did not know Cæsar, and had to use what data came to his hand. He was not writing history for instruction, but a play for amusement. He chose that conception of Cæsar which was picturesque in preference to that which was misty, without knowing which was the truer view; and the scattered references to the same character in other plays show that he was not convinced the portraiture in this instance was correct. Had he really known the greatness of the man, he would have concealed his external defects. As it was, he ascribed to him a soul appropriate to the frail and mean tenement in which it was housed.

We see, then, in this subject the limitations both of genius and of the dramatic art. The playwright, like the scene-painter, must use a large brush. Accuracy and subtle discrimination are not dramatic excellences, however desirable they may be

in literature and delightful in plays, when we read them in an easy-chair. It is only an evidence of Shakespeare's greatness that he instinctively obeyed the rule of seeking dramatic excellence first, and then with a delicate touch making his plays immortal as a literary classic. We see, too, how his genius was conditioned by the spirit of the time, and probably strengthened by its harmony with that spirit. He was a romanticist because it was an age of romanticism. Living, as he did, in the Elizabethan period, he pictured Elizabethans in his plays. Always they were Elizabethan heroes, villains, or clowns. It was unfortunate that Julius Cæsar would not fit into any of these categories.

Joseph C. Allen.



ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD: A CANADIAN POET.

IN reviewing the course of Canadian literature, or at any rate the English portion of it, a fact that at once strikes the attention is the high place attained by women, in verse as well as in fiction. Having in view its youth and sparse population, Canada has given birth to a larger proportion of genuine women of letters than perhaps any other country, ancient or modern. In fiction, which could hardly be said to exist in Canada prior to a year or two ago, women now divide the honors almost equally with men. Close on a score of Canadian women could be mentioned who are at present building up a solid reputation as writers of good fiction. In poetry the women of the Dominion have been equally active and successful. Among them, through her works, though now no longer in the flesh, is one who should rank as one of the sweetest and most genuine singers of her time, — Isabella Valancy Crawford. I say "should rank" advisedly; for her work has never yet received the recognition it deserved, and least of all in her native country. "A prophet," etc.

Miss Crawford only published one small book of verse, but that is instinct throughout with the very spirit of poetry. It is

impossible to help being impressed with the sincerity and high lyrical quality of her work, as well as its striking originality and versatility. The wonder grows when it is remembered that this was the first effort of a young and practically untrained intellect. Her book was published in Toronto in 1884, under the unfortunate title 'Old Spookses' Pass, Malcolm's Katie, and other Poems.' Whether the grotesque title frightened readers away from it or it fell upon evil times and into unsympathetic hands, the fact remains that it dropped almost lifeless from the press. The high-spirited and sensitive girl felt keenly the failure of her book. She had published it at her own expense, paying for it with hard-earned money. She was living with her mother in Toronto at the time, and supported both solely by her pen. Conscientious as she must have been of the high quality of her poetry, despite all casual imperfections, the disappointment imbibited the short remainder of her life. Her case furnishes one more example of the sad story of unrecognized genius. After her death a few copies of the book found their way to England (like her fellow-countryman Heavyside's 'Saul'), and received warmly appreciative notices in the *Athenæum*, *Spectator*, *Literary World*, *Saturday Review*, *Leisure Hour*, and several other literary and critical journals.

The poet was a daughter of the late Dr. Stephen Crawford, of Peterboro, Ontario, and was born near Dublin, Ireland. When about five years of age, she was brought to Canada by her parents; and there she spent the remainder of her life, with the exception of a year or two in France. Her father died of heart disease while she was still quite young, and her only sister soon followed him.

From early childhood she had amused herself by writing short stories and verses and after the death of her father she found it necessary to turn her gifts to practical account in the support of her family. At the age of fourteen she wrote stories for *Frank Leslie's Magazine*, and soon became a constant contributor to this and other periodicals. In 1873 she won a prize of \$600 from a firm of Montreal publishers in a story competition for their

magazine, but had to sue them for payment. She pleaded her own case in court so ably that the judge unhesitatingly pronounced in her favor. The publishers, however, failed; and she only received a small portion of the original prize.

Although her prose was of some merit, it was not the medium best suited to the peculiarly lyrical cast of her genius. In verse alone could she adequately express herself, and in verse she embodied the best fruits of her heart and mind.

'Old Spookses' Pass' is made up of a number of poems covering a surprisingly wide range of thought, and showing Miss Crawford's remarkable command over many of the most difficult forms of verse. Here we find, besides purely lyrical pieces, narrative, descriptive, dialect, and many other forms.

The poem into which she put her strongest and most ambitious work, and which, on the whole, may be taken as her most sustained effort, is 'Malcolm's Katie.' This is a love-story in blank verse, divided into seven parts, about thirteen or fourteen hundred lines in all, with lyrical interludes, in the manner of 'The Princess.'

Katie and her lover Max have pledged their troth secretly, and Max goes off into the wilderness to carve a home for little Kate. The poem follows him into the heart of the forest, and here we come upon some excellent descriptive passages:—

"The South Wind laid his moccasins aside,
Broke his gay calumet of flow'rs, and cast
His useless wampum, beaded with cool dew,
Far from him, northward; his long, ruddy spear
Flung sunward whence it came, and his soft locks
Of warm, fine haze grew silver as the birch.
His wigwam of green leaves began to shake;
The crackling rice-beds scolded harsh like squaws;
The small ponds pouted up their silver lips;
The great lakes ey'd the mountains, whisper'd, 'Ugh!
Are ye so tall, O Chiefs? Not taller than
Our plumes can reach.' And rose a little way,
As panthers stretch to try their velvet limbs,
And then retreat to purr and bide their time.

.

Brown rivers of deep waters sunless stole ;
 Small creeks sprang from its mosses, and amaz'd
 Slipp'd on soft feet, swift stealing through the gloom,
 Eager for light and for the frolic winds."

.

"The scouts of Winter ran
 From the ice-belted north, and whistling shafts
 Struck maple and struck sumach — and a blaze
 Ran swift from leaf to leaf, from bough to bough ;
 Till round the forest flash'd a belt of flame
 And inward lick'd its tongues of red and gold
 To the deep crannied inmost heart of all."

Throughout this portion of the poem there is a perfect riot of imagery. Metaphors and onomatopœia abound, and the poet reveals a talent for the choice of pregnant words. Here is introduced a love-song which can only be compared in sweetness and the delicacy of its form and thought to Ben Jonson's immortal lyric :—

"O, Love builds on the azure sea,
 And Love builds on the golden sand,
 And Love builds on the rose-wing'd cloud,
 And sometimes Love builds on the land.

"O, if Love build on sparkling sea,
 And if Love build on golden strand,
 And if Love build on rosy cloud,
 To Love these are the solid land.

"O, Love will build his lily walls,
 And Love his pearly roof will rear, —
 On cloud or sand, or mist or sea,
 Love's solid land is everywhere."

Max, in the forest solitudes, wields his sturdy axe, and dreams of the future.

" 'Bite deep and wide, O Axe, the tree,
 What doth thy bold voice promise me ?'

- “ ‘I promise thee all joyous things
That furnish forth the lives of kings.
“ ‘For every silver ringing blow,
Cities and palaces shall grow !’
“ ‘Bite deep and wide, O Axe, the tree,
Tell wider prophecies to me.’
“ ‘When rust hath gnaw’d me deep and red,
A nation strong shall lift his head !
“ ‘His crown the very Heavens shall smite,
Æons shall build him in his might !’
“ ‘Bite deep and wide, O Axe, the tree ;
Bright Seer, help on thy prophecy !’
“ Max smote the snow-weigh’d tree, and cried,
‘ My axe and I — we do immortal tasks —
We build up nations — this my axe and I ! ’ ”

But the tale does not always run smoothly. A second lover appears, and there is an intensely dramatic scene between him and Max in the forest. He tries to sow the seeds of jealousy in Max’s heart, but fails in the end to move him from his faith in Katie’s love, — that Katie whom he typifies as a spotless lily : —

- “ Mild soul of the unsalted wave !
White bosom holding golden fire !
Deep as some ocean-hidden cave
Are fix’d the roots of thy desire,
Thro’ limpid currents stealing up,
And rounding to the pearly cup
Thou dost desire,
With all thy trembling heart of sinless fire,
But to be fill’d
With dew distill’d
From clear fond skies, that in their gloom
Hold, floating high, thy sister moon,
Pale chalice of a sweet perfume,
Whiter-breasted than a dove —
To thee the dew is — Love ! ”

Max's rival, having failed to move him to jealousy, returns to Katie, and seeks with false tales to win her heart from Max; but here also he is foiled by the inherent purity and trustfulness of her nature.

“If he were traitor (she says), I must needs be false,
For long ago love melted our two hearts,
And time has moulded those two hearts in one,
And he is true since I am faithful still.”

In the secrecy of her chamber, in spite of her faith in Max, Katie is torn with cruel doubts and fears, so plausible had been the tale brought to her. Yet sorrow chastens her heart to a higher faith:—

“Who curseth Sorrow knows her not at all,
Dark matrix she, from which the human soul
Has its last birth; whence, with its misty thews,
Close-knitted in her blackness, issues out,
Strong for immortal toil up such great heights
As crown o'er crown rise through Eternity;
Without the loud, deep clamor of her wail,
The iron of her hands, the biting brine
Of her black tears, the Soul but lightly built
Of indeterminate spirit, like a mist
Would lapse to Chaos in soft, gilded dreams,
As mists fade in the gazing of the sun.”

In the end Max and Katie are brought happily together, and the poem ends as all love-stories should end.

Isabella Crawford's remarkable versatility is illustrated when we go from the above narrative poem to the ballad of 'old Spookses' Pass.' This is the most important of a number of poems in the book written in that form of narrative dialogue which Lowell, John Hay, Bret Harte, and others have made so familiar. The incidents of 'Old Spookses' Pass' are the night stampede of a drove of cattle in the Rockies, and the intervention of a superhuman agency at the crucial moment to save them from destruction over a precipice.

The narrative is vigorous, spirited, precise, and strikingly true to nature, — indeed, extraordinarily so, coming from the pen of a young writer, and a woman who had never travelled west of Ontario. The speaker says :—

“ Ever see’d a herd ring’d in at night ?
Wal, it’s sort of cur’us, — the watchin’ sky,
The howl of coyotes, a great black mass,
With here and thar the gleam of an eye
An’ the white of a horn, — an’, now an’ then,
An old bull liftin’ his shaggy head,
With a beller like a broke-up thunder growl —
An’ the summer lightnin’, quick and red,
Twistin’ and turnin’ amid the stars,
Silent as snakes at play in the grass,
An’ plungin’ their fangs in the bare old skulls
Of the mountains, frownin’ above the Pass.

.
The moonshine swept, a white river down
The black of the mighty mountain’s side,
Lappin’ over an’ over the stuns and brush
In whirls and swirls of leapin’ light.”

Then he comes to the stampede :—

“ The herd wus up ! —Not one at a time,
That ain’t the style in a midnight run,—
They wus up an’ off like as all thair minds
Wus roll’d in the hide of only one ! ”

Then follow several lines quite Kiplingesque in their essentially masculine tone and vivid imagery :—

“ I’ve fit in a battle, an’ heerd the guns
Blasphem’in’ God with their devils’ yell ;
Heerd the stuns of a fort like thunder crash
In front of the scream of a red-hot shell ;
But thet thar poundin’ of iron hoofs,
The clatter of horns, the peltin’ sweep
Of three thousand head of a running herd,
Made all of them noises kind of cheap.”

Interspersed through the narrative are passages of shrewd, homely soliloquy, showing much keenness of perception and knowledge of human nature : —

“ I reckon (says the cowboy) thar’s no sech time
Fer dwind’lin a chap in his own conceit,
Es when them mountains an’ awful stars
Jest hark to the tramp of his mustang’s feet.

“ It ’pears to me thet them solemn hills
Beckin’ them stars so big an’ calm —
An’ whisper, ‘ Make tracks this way, my friends,
We’ve ring’d in here a specimen man.’

“ An’ them mountains talk tew a chap this way :
‘ Climb, if ye can, ye degenerate cuss ! ’
An’ the stars smile down on a man, an’ say,
‘ Come higher, pore critter, come up tew us ! ’

“ An’ I reckon, pard, thar is One above
The highest old star thet a chap can see,
An’ He says, in a solid, eternal way,
‘ Ye never can stop tell ye get to Me ! ’ ”

The dramatic vigor of the poet’s style, already seen in ‘ Malcolm’s Katie,’ is further revealed in ‘ The Helot,’ here combined with passion, intensity, and brilliant color. The Spartan, restrained, cold-blooded, and unsympathetic, teaches his child a lesson in self-control — the supreme virtue of his race — by forcing his slave to drink himself into a state of absolute brutality. He plies the Helot with fiery wine, until, maddened with its fumes, enraged by the contemptuous scorn of the Spartan, and smarting under the consciousness of the wrongs of his race, the slave rises in his physical might, and strikes the cold Spartan in his one vulnerable spot,— the life of his only child.

“ Low the sun beat on the land,
Red on vine and plain and wood ;

With the wine-cup in his hand,
Vast the Helot herdsman stood.

.
“ Day was at her high unrest ;
Fever'd with the wine of light,
Loosing all her golden vest,
Reel'd she towards the coming night.

“ Fierce and full her pulses beat ;
Bacchic throbs the dry earth shook ;
Stirred the hot air wild and sweet ;
Madden'd every vine-dark brook.”

Here is a richness and mature dignity that give promise of the very highest type of verse,—a promise unhappily only partly fulfilled, owing to the early death of the poet. She already possessed a grasp of lyrical form and language rarely surpassed in modern verse. But to return to the poem :—

“ Flow'd the vat and roar'd the beam,
Laughed the must ; while far and shrill,
Sweet as notes in Pan-born dreams,
Loud pipes sang by vale and hill.”

Says the Spartan :—

“ Flesh and sinews, slave, are mine,
Now I claim thy Helot soul.

.
“ Helot clay ! Gods ! what's it's worth,
Balanc'd with proud Sparta's rock ?
Ours — its force to till the earth !
Ours — its soul to gyve and mock !

.
“ Who may quench the God-born fire,
Pulsing at the soul's deep root ?
Tyrants grind it in the mire,
Lo, it vivifies the brute !

.
“ Under despot heel is bred
The white anger of the Gods ! ”

The Helot seizes the Spartan's child, and, lifting him high aloft, hurls him to the earth.

“Thunders inarticulate :
Wordless curses, deep and wild ;
Reach'd the long pois'd sword of fate,
To the Spartan thro' his child.”

Love is a very frequent theme in Miss Crawford's poems. The 'Roman Rose-seller' a poem appropriately clothed in blank verse, has these fine lines :—

“Love's of a color — be it that
Which ladders Heaven and lives among the Gods ;
Or like the daffodil blows all about the earth ;
Or, Hesperus-like, is one sole star upon
The solemn sky which bridges some sad life.

“Be thou as pure
As Dian's tears iced on her silver cheek,
And know no quality of love, thou art
A sorrow to the Gods !”

We turn from this to a charming little lullaby :—

“I saw a fairy twine
Of star-white Jessamine
A dainty seat shaped like an airy swing ;
With two round yellow stars,
Against the misty bars
Of Night ; she nailed it high
In the pansy-purple sky,
With four taps of her little rainbow wing.
To and fro
That swing I'll blow,
And the baby moon in the amethyst sky
Will laugh at us as we float and fly,
And stretch her silver arms, and try
To catch the earth-babe swinging by.”

Constantly in this book one comes across striking lines, pregnant with thought and enriched with brilliant imagery and color:—

“Viewless the cord which draws from far
To the round sun some mighty star;
Viewless the strong-knit soul-chords are!”

“Thoughts white as daisies snow’d upon the lawn.”

“In space’s ocean Suns were spray.”

“Long sway’d the grasses like a rowing wave
Above an undertow.”

... “ancient billows, that have torn the roots
Of cliffs, and bitten at the golden lips
Of firm, sleek beaches, till they conquer’d all,
And sow’d the reeling earth with salted waves.”

These passages are taken almost at random from poems which space will not permit me to deal with otherwise. I give them to illustrate the almost uniform high quality of the poet’s verse. Here is a remarkably vivid picture of Time:—

“Her vast hand reared her towers, her shrines, her thrones;
The ceaseless sweep of her tremendous wings
Still beat them down and swept their dust abroad;
Her iron finger wrote on mountain sides
Her deeds and prowess—and her own soft plume
Wore down the hills.”

‘The City Tree’ is one of the few poems in this book that have received the questionable honor of inclusion in Canadian anthologies:—

“I stand within the stony, arid town,
I gaze forever on the narrow street;
I hear forever passing up and down,
The ceaseless tramp of feet.

"I know no brotherhood with far-lock'd woods,
Where branches bourgeon from a kindred sap;
Where o'er mossed roots, in cool, green solitudes,
Small silver brooklets lap.

"No violets look up, but shy and grave,
The children pause and lift their crystal eyes
To where my emerald branches call and wave —
As to the mystic skies."

It would be possible to add many additional selections to those given, showing the exceptionally wide and catholic range of Miss Crawford's thought, and its maturity, as well as her originality, precision, sincerity, and the high lyrical quality of her verse. It is not too much to say that these gifts, so seldom found together in the same writer, justly entitle her, especially if we credit her with the promise of even better work held out by that which she did perform, to a high place, not alone among those who were her contemporaries, but among the intellectual leaders of the century. Had she lived for another ten or fifteen years, she would have outgrown the slight faults which occasionally appear in her work, nearly always faults of inexperience; and there is every reason to believe that she would have produced even finer and more polished, though hardly truer, verse than she did in her short lifetime. The world lost in her a genuine poet, one of those rare singers who, like Chatterton, are taken away before they have more than begun their life's work.

Lawrence J. Burpee.



SCHOOL OF LITERATURE.

SHAKESPEARE'S 'RICHARD II.'

ACT I. BOLINGBROKE IS BANISHED.

Topic for Paper, Classwork, or Private Study: A Question of Treason.

Queries for Discussion.—Was Richard wise in exiling Boling-

broke? Had he reason to consider him insincere? If so, would any course he could take prove politic?

ACT II. BOLINGBROKE'S INHERITANCE IS SEIZED AND RECLAIMED.

Topic: A Question of Loyalty.

Query for Discussion.—Does York glorify the duty of loyalty or render it despicable?

ACT III. "RICHARD'S NIGHT IS BOLINGBROKE'S FAIR DAY."

Topic: A Question of Justice.

Query for Discussion.—Is the "divine right" of kings upheld in the play?

ACT IV. THE NEW KING CROWNED.

Topic: A Question for the Future.

Queries for Discussion.—Is unbroken lineal descent the safest policy for a kingdom? or is it better that the fittest man should rule? Was the success of the fitter man here good or bad for England? Is Carlisle only a prophet or also a moralist?

ACT V. THE OLD KING SLAIN.

Topic: A Question of Responsibility.

Queries for Discussion.—Was Exton or Bolingbroke responsible for Richard's blood? Does Shakespeare confuse or illumine the moral implications of the Aumerle incident by making us admire York and applaud his Duchess for taking precisely opposite positions?

Does Richard grow better and Bolingbroke worse in the course of the play, or do they only seem to do so? Is the nature of the development shown in each the real result of their changed conditions or an effect of Shakespeare's dramatic art?

VI. THE CHARACTERS.

Topic: The two Kings, their Partisans, and the neutral Characters.

Queries for Discussion.—Is this a play which the characters

shape or does the play shape them? Why are the two women represented as neutral?

VII. THE HISTORICAL BACKGROUND.

Topic: Shakespeare in the light of modern historical accounts of Richard.

Queries for Discussion.—Has Shakespeare so colored the play that his own point of view may be discerned? Did he believe in the “divine right” of kings, as he makes Richard describe it? Does he satirize such a faith?

VIII. THE ART OF THE PLAY.

Topic: Holinshed, and Shakespeare’s remodelling of history.

Query.—To what is the greater sense of life-likeness you get from Shakespeare than from Holinshed due, in your opinion? Is truth to life separable from truth to history?

Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke.



‘THE IDYLLS OF THE KING’: A TENNYSON STUDY.

‘Shadowing Sense at war with Soul,
Rather than that gray king whose name, a ghost,
Streams like a cloud, man-shaped, from mountain peak,
And cleaves to cairn and cromlech still; or him
Of Geoffrey’s book, or him of Malleor’s.’

Epilogue of the Idylls.

‘They have explained some things too allegorically, although there is an allegorical, or perhaps, rather, a parabolic, drift in the poem. Yet there is no single fact or incident in the “Idylls,” however seemingly mystical, which cannot be explained as without any mystery or allegory whatever. . . . I hate to be tied down to say, “This means that,” because the thought within the image is much more than any one interpretation. . . . Poetry is like shot silk with many glancing colors.’—*Alfred Tennyson.*

THE Memoir, and all the Tennyson books, have their 'Idylls' chapter. Brooke's is more than a hundred charming pages long. Of books, Littledale's 'Essays on the Idylls' seems to be the one most quoted. See, too, Maccallum's 'Tennyson's Idylls and Arthurian Story.' Rolfe, as usual, hives much honey in his 'Cambridge edition' notes. For hints of the Allegory, the Nemesis, the inner unities and connections, in Tennyson's intent, see, besides, what the Memoir says, the *Contemporary Review* for January, 1870, and May, 1873, and Elsdale's 'Studies in the Idylls.' To watch Tennyson at work, recasting Malory's material, adding and condensing as he pleased, and touch by touch making his poem perfect, see R. Jones's 'Growth of the Idylls,' J. C. Collins's 'Illustrations of Tennyson,' and Nichols and Wise's 'Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century,' vol. ii.

For the Holy Grail, see Nutt's 'Studies' on that legend, and Newell's articles in the *Journal of American Folk-lore* (Nos. 37, 38, 39, 40, 46, 47); and, among pictures, Watts's 'Sir Galahad' and Abbey's paintings in the Boston Public Library (the latter in the 'Copley Prints,' Curtis & Cameron, Boston, or in book form by R. H. Russell & Son, New York). For a comparative study of Guinevere, see an article in *Poet-lore*, vol. ix., 'The Disloyal Wife in Literature,' and William Morris's earliest poem, 'The Defence of Guenevere,' sharply contrasting with Tennyson's.

For the Arthur Land, see 'An Arthurian Journey,' in the *Atlantic* for June, 1890, and W. H. Frost's interesting child-books, 'The Court of King Arthur' and 'Knights of the Round Table.' Bulfinch's 'Age of Chivalry' also tells the tales for children. Krehbiel's 'Studies in the Wagnerian Drama' hint how music has used some of the Arthur themes.

For the origins of the King Arthur legends we must all read in Sir Thomas Malory's 'Morte d'Arthur,' the fifteenth-century source from which Tennyson drew most of his material. (Get the 1899 edition, with Strachey's introductory essays, \$1.50. He refers to Dr. Sommer's three-volume 'Malory,' especially to the essays in vol. iii., as a great illumination of the Arthur legends.)

For specimens of the much larger twelfth- and thirteenth-century sources back of Malory — in France, see Newell's 'King Arthur and the Table Round,' a fine translation, in main, of Crestien of Troyes's poems (this, also, with a valuable introduction, \$3.15), and Evans's 'High History of the Holy Graal' (two little 'Temple Classic' volumes, 80 cents); in Germany, Miss Weston's translation of Wolfram von Eschenbach's 'Parzival,' on which Wagner based his music-drama: and in Wales, a little later, Lanier's 'Boys' Mabinogion.' Back of all these, again, lie the dim Celtic folk-tales and myth-lands, towards which John Rhys's 'Studies in Arthurian Legend' try to lead us.

I. 1. Sir Thomas Malory's 'Morte d'Arthur,' and the Older Sources of the Idylls.

2. Tennyson's Transfigurations. Dedication, and 'Idylls' i, ii.

II. 1. The Landscape and the Pageant and the Music of the 'Idylls.'

2. The Knights of the Round Table: the Realities, and the Idealization of Chivalry. Idylls III, IV, V, VI.

III. 1. Types of Woman in the 'Idylls.'

2. The Allegory in the Distance. 'Idylls' VII, VIII, IX.

IV. 1. The Legend of the Holy Grail.

2. The Ideal Man: King Arthur and Sir Galahad. Idylls x, XI, XII, with Dedication and Epilogue.

William Channing Gannett.



COURTHOPE'S LAST CONTRIBUTION TO POETICAL CRITICISM.

PART I. LIFE IN POETRY.

ALMOST every department of literature has books to show for the past year which carry with them some especial distinction or charm. Romance nor thought has been completely overtopped by the frenzy of conquest which has seized upon a large portion of the world's society. The brain of the great social organism

has continued to be active in spite of the aberrations of its muscles, and let us hope it may be augured from this that brain is on the way to triumph altogether.

In the quiet purlieus of Oxford, far from the turmoil and excitement of the war-intoxicated throng, the Oxford student has had the privilege of listening to Professor Courthope's discourses upon the gentle art of poetry, his two principal themes being 'Life in Poetry' and 'Law in Taste.' These have now been published in book form, and make a substantial volume of about four hundred and fifty pages, filled with weighty matter.

In his inaugural address Professor Courthope poses the question as to whether judgment in literary matters should depend upon personal taste or upon some standard of authority. After the manner of the latter-day philosophers, he tries to hit the happy mean, with result like that of the darky who, when asked which of her new twins was the most like Andrew Jackson, not being able to come to a definite decision, finally exclaimed in triumph, "But dey's bof angels." An authoritative standard and individual judgment are both necessary, declares Professor Courthope, as he temperately points out the advantages and disadvantages in both elements of criticism.

To the school that clamors for individual judgment he says: "You have asserted the claims of individual liberty, and up to a certain point I agree with you. I do not deny that spiritual liberty is founded on consciousness, and hence the self-consciousness of the age is part of the problem we are considering. I do not deny that the prevailing rage for novelty must also be taken into account. Liberty, variety, novelty, are all necessary to the development of art. Without novelty there can be no invention, without variety there can be no character, without liberty there can be no life. Life, character, invention,—these are of the essence of poetry. But, while you have defended with energy the freedom of the individual, you have said nothing of the authority of society." His claim for the authority of society is that "a nation which has a just sense of its own greatness and liberty must also have a sense of what is ideally noble and beautiful, and must

not be afraid to condemn any departure from this standard; and, indeed, all experience shows that the instinct of every society impels it to assert its authority in questions relating to imagination and art." He sketches the various means by which society has sought to make its authority felt,—the French Academy, the Coterie, the anonymous press, the spontaneous judgments of spectators at the theatre,—all of them good, yet all found wanting in some particular, and finally sums up: "Every critic who attempts to decide a disputed point of taste must satisfy two conditions. In the first place, he must judge judicially,—that is to say, he must strive to regard the object of his criticism scientifically, and apart from prejudice: in the second place, he must verify his own conclusions by reference to some recognized standard of authority." Alas that this fair structure, built upon so broad-minded a basis, should tumble about his ears when he attempts to decide what that authoritative standard should be! To use Mrs. Browning's pat phrase, he "trundles back his soul five hundred years,"—ay, fifteen hundred years.

"In every art the standard is the example of the great artist, the practice of those who are acknowledged to be masters in the art. . . . The works of those who have stood the test of ages have a claim to that respect and veneration to which no modern can pretend. The duration and stability of their fame is sufficient to evince that it has not been suspended upon the slender thread of fashion and caprice, but bound to the human heart by every tie of sympathetic approbation."

What becomes of the liberty, variety, novelty, "necessary to the development of art" in the light of this decision? Where would Hauptmann or Maeterlinck or Ibsen be if they had to be judged by the standard of Homer or Sophocles, or even that of Milton and Shakespeare? The greatness of the genius consists in the very fact that he has departed from the standard of all other geniuses. He is the spontaneous variation in the evolution of literary life; and, having once been recognized and set up as a standard, those who follow him are but the shimmering, evanescent tail of the comet, while he shines on for all time.

Probably Professor Courthope is right when he says that by close attention to great works of art,—of the past, of course,—it may be possible to create a consciousness of what is truly beautiful, and so to form a canon of taste which shall impose itself on the individual judgment, provided that means a taste which recognizes the beautiful in whatever form it may appear, and does not demand the same standard of beauty in all things. This demand for the same standard would be as if a person, seeing an orchid for the first time, was unable to see its beauty because it did not conform to the rose's standard of beauty. Furthermore, there may be those whose sense of beauty in poetry is first aroused by the contemporary poet, whom those who judge by the standards of the past have not recognized, and whose awakened sense is carried back to the appreciation of the beauties of the past by means of the beauty of the present.

In stating a fundamental principle upon which poetic judgment should be based, Professor Courthope, however, takes broader ground than his devotion to the standards set by the classic poets would seem to warrant. He declares that the "secret of enduring poetical life lies in individualizing the universal, not in universalizing the individual."

To understand the full drift of this phrase, it is necessary to know just what Professor Courthope means by the universal and the individual in poetry. He says: "By the universal element I mean what we often call by the name Nature: whatever is furnished naturally to the poet's conception by forces outside himself,—the sources of inspiration springing from religion, tradition, civilization, education, of the country to which he belongs; the general mental atmosphere of the age in which he lives; the common law of the language in which he composes. By the individual element I mean what we usually call art, including all that is contributed by the genius of the poet, and that helps to constitute the characteristic form or mould in which the universal idea is expressed." As a matter of fact, then, each new age has its appropriate form of the universal, and each genius has his special form of the individual; and, while we may derive from this principle a tolerably

definite standard by which to judge subject-matter, the moment the *individual* is admitted as important, the way is opened for as many standards as to treatment as there are individual geniuses who can gain a following. Armed with this principle, however, Professor Courthope proceeds to analyze the latter-day movements in literature, art, and music, and finds them degenerate because of their over-emphasis of the *individual*, to which we are at once constrained to reply "that it is a matter of taste." We and others like us find the symbolism of a Maeterlinck, a Hauptmann, an Ibsen, in which human life stands first for human life and then for symbols, with infinite meanings opening a never-ending vista upon the universal, not a decadent form of art, but the blossoming of an element in art only before hinted at here and there among earlier poets,—a form of art that seems to be the outcome of a new consciousness, and can only be understood by those who possess the same sort of consciousness,—perhaps more truly a consciousness of the universal than poets have ever before possessed, just as in the eighteenth century some poets waked up to the consciousness of outdoor nature, and were regarded as impertinent innovators by many. The truth is, a poetical hypothesis is much like a scientific hypothesis. There is always some imperfection in it which causes it to fail to account for all the facts in the case; and, while it may be used to advantage as a working hypothesis, it is not safe to put too implicit confidence in it. Professor Courthope himself furnishes a shining example of this; for, by his rule, he finds Euripides decadent. But some power of judgment within him, which he does not explain by rule, exclaims, "Still, when all is said, Euripides was a great poet," to which we respond with enthusiasm, while his careful analysis of his degeneracy falls upon deaf ears.

Professor Courthope takes exception to the modern tendency of the arts to trench upon one another's grounds, music trying to enter the realm of poetry and *vice versa*,—a criticism which seems to us just enough, if he means by it the attempt of one art to borrow the concrete forms of another art: for example, of music to imitate the mewing of a cat so exactly that you will

know it means cat as certainly as if you saw the word written, or of poetry to build its stanzas in such a shape that they will imitate the construction of a harmonic phrase. These devices bring each art down by trying to make it do the thing it can be made to do, but does not do supremely well; but if each art, using its means of expression in its own way, can induce the mood which the other art induces,—for example, as Strauss's symphonic poem to 'Faust' interprets the soul elements of Faust's character as poetry might, or as Maeterlinck's 'Les Aveugles' suggests the unattainable absolute as music might. It is enlarging the range of its powers of expression without limiting its own legitimate power for beauty of form.

Helen A. Clarke.



SELECT BOOKS.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.'s publications include a number of new books by writers already famous as well as new editions of the standard poets. A new edition of Richard Grant White's 'Shakespeare' heads the list under poetry. To their admirable Cambridge editions they have added a Shelley. George E. Woodberry, who was the editor of their Centenary edition of Shelley issued a few years ago, is the editor of this one-volume edition, for which he has supplied a biographical sketch and notes. Professor Woodberry's fitness for the task is unquestioned; and his Shelley will be a welcome addition to the choice library of poets, including Longfellow, Tennyson, Whittier, and others already collected in these Cambridge volumes. Not their least important quality is their cheapness. 'Shelley' complete—poetic and dramatic works—in one volume, with numbered lines, indexes to titles and first lines, a portrait and an engraved title-page with vignette—and all for \$2.

There is also a new issue of Bayard Taylor in the 'Household Edition.'

Among notable new volumes of essays, those of special interest to *Poet-lore* are Arlo Bates's 'Talks on Writing English'; 'The Teachings of Dante,' by Rev. Charles A. Dinsmore, wherein he discusses Dante's place in history, his message, his vision of sin, his quest of liberty, and traces the course of the poet's vision until it culminates in the vision of God, finding in Dante a corrective to some present tendencies in religious thought, and a source of permanent inspiration to faith; and 'Essays Theological and Literary,' by Charles Carroll Everett, reviewed in number preceding this. A special interest will attach to this volume, and also to John Fiske's 'Life Everlasting,' because of their representing the mature and final convictions of these two earnest men, so long the upholders of rational and liberal views upon religious philosophy.

T. Y. CROWELL & Co.'s 'Flowers from a Persian Garden' is edited by Nathan Haskell Dole and Belle M. Walker. The aim in this selection is to give a general idea of Persian poetry. The text has been chosen from the best available translations; and the editors have supplied introductions, giving many biographical and explanatory details.

To their 'What is Worth While' Series, many additions have been made. Many of these volumes deal with ethical subjects; but there are a few which touch upon vital literary questions, such as 'The Meaning and Value of Poetry,' by W. H. Hudson, who takes the high attitude toward this highest exponent of literature that "poetry interprets life in all its beauty and spiritual significance, but its interpretations are profound and lasting in proportion as you are able to feel and realize them for yourself." Another book which proves to be most suggestive is a comparative study of Ecclesiastes and Omar Kháyýám, by Professor John F. Genung.

To Professor Genung is owing also an admirable "Appreciation" of Stevenson, entitled 'Stevenson's Attitude toward Life.' The matter of this slender volume fits the subject of its enthusiasm. It carries with it an atmosphere that is at once cheering and artistic in quality; and the beautiful typography and binding look as if it were begotten to suit the same happy and dainty spirit.

The little library of 'Colonial Prose and Poetry,' issued by the Crowells at 75 cents each volume, is well planned by its editors, Professors W. P. Trent and B. W. Wells. It consists of a set of three books, in an appropriate blue and gold binding, of colonial design, grouping together representative and rare selections from the earliest American writers, in illustration of three important phases of our literary development and national life: I. The Transplanting of Culture, 1607-1650; II. The Beginnings of Americanism, 1650-1710; III. The Growth of the National Spirit, 1710-1775. From crude yet not altogether unwholesome expressions of the Muse, from the learned childishness of the theologians one passes, for instance, in the second volume to sprightly and picturesque portrayals of the actual life of to-day. Let three extracts bear witness to the curious riches of these selections. First, Peter Folger, the Nantucket poet, and relative of Franklin's, denounces war in this perennially timely strain:—

"But if that we a-smiting go of fellow-servants so,
No marvel if our wars increase and things so heavy go.

"'Tis like that some may think and say our war would not remain,
If so be that a thousand more of natives were but slain.

"Alas! these are but foolish thoughts. God can make more arise;
And, if that there were none at all, he can make war with flies.

"It is the presence of the Lord must make our foes to shake,
Or else it's like he will ere long know how to make us quake."

Of the gloomy superstition of Cotton Mather these few words can here tell the tale:—

"That there is a devil, is a thing doubted by none but such as are under the influence of the devil. For any one to deny," etc.

This vivid description from Sarah Kemble Knight's journal of a journey on horseback from Boston to New York in 1704 is not very far from Mary Wilkins or Howells or Sara Jewett:—

"Being at a merchant's house, in comes a tall country fellow, with his alfogeos full of tobacco, for they seldom lose their cud. . . . He gave a scrape with his shovel-like shoe, leaving a small shovelful of dirt on the floor; made a full stop, hugging his own

pretty body with his hands under his arms ; stood staring round him like a cat let out of a basket. At last, like the creature Baalam rode on, he opened his mouth and said, 'Have you any ribinen for hat-bands to sell, I pray?' The ribbon is brought and opened. Bumpkin Simperts cries, 'It's confounded gay, I vow'; and, beckoning to the door, in comes Joan Tawdry, dropping about fifty courtesies. 'Law, you,' says she, 'it's right gent. Do you take it? 'Tis dreadful pretty.' . . . They generally stand after they come in a great while speechless."

AMONG the books pouring generously from the Macmillan house, we are disposed to give special prominence to an American product of literary criticism which is of the highest order of interest and suggestiveness. Informed by scientific investigation of origins, and evidencing a capacity to make such data cohere and constitute an adequate explanation of poetry as a social phenomenon of the deepest significance, Professor Francis B. Gummere's substantial volume on 'The Beginnings of Poetry' is an achievement of moment. We shall speak later of it more fully.

A reissue, revised and enlarged, of Mayor's 'English Metre,' one of the most valuable of the treatises on versification, and Beeching's pointedly written lectures on 'The Study of Poetry,' compressing in little more than fifty pages suggestions on various leading questions in criticism, are both outputs of the Cambridge Press, brought out here under the auspices of the Macmillan Company.

Professor L. A. Sherman's new book on Shakespeare, which treats prominently of 'Cymbeline,' 'The Winter's Tale,' and 'Romeo and Juliet,' and in an original manner, is to be issued by the Macmillans. And Stephen Phillips's latest poem, 'Ulysses,' a play which will be enacted in London by Mr. Tree in February, will be published by Macmillan.

Professor Downer's volume on Frédéric Mistral gathers together biographical fact and language study, and adds delicate poetical appreciation upon the genius of this neo-Provençal troubadour.

(The Columbia University Press, Macmillan Company, Agents.
1901. \$1.50.)

'FALSTAFF and Equity' is an exhaustive discussion of a very minute theme; namely, what Shakespeare meant when he wrote, "An the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no *equity* stirring."

According to Judge Phelps, there are four meanings involved: (1) The ordinary one, of equity as a synonym for justice; (2) of equity as a phase of law administered by the courts; (3) of equity in the narrower sense of "ground for specific equitable relief"; and (4) of something to be understood only "by Shakespeare himself, his friends, and his Stratford neighbors."

This book, in the midst of our busy world, charmingly recalls the age of the Schoolmen, with whom ingenuity of argument was in inverse ratio to the importance of the theme. (Falstaff and Equity: An Interpretation, by Charles E. Phelps. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1901.)



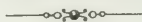
— THE first impression that one gets in looking over Professor Wilmot B. Mitchell's 'School and College Speaker' is that of an exceedingly up-to-date book. It contains selections from speeches made as recently as 1900. There is a notable absence of the old stock pieces that have done valiant service for several generations of aspiring young Americans. Their place is acceptably filled by selections that give utterance, in singularly happy fashion, to the many voices of this very day. Here, for instance, is Senator Lodge lauding the sea-fight off Santiago and beating his war-drum up and down the land. Here, too, is Senator Hoar telling us that "the results of a great war are due to the policy of the king and the noble and the tyrant, not the policy of the people," and that the glory of a nation stands not in its conquests, but "in its humble homes." "The voice of the American people," he says, "does not come from the ground. It comes from the sky. It comes from the free air. It comes from the mountains, where liberty dwells."

Other notable contrasts there are in this book. If Dr. Hillis is here with a eulogy of the Bible, here also is Colonel Ingersoll, but speaking on other themes. Dr. Hale is represented by 'The Man without a Country'; and the South is heard through Thomas Nelson Page and Henry W. Grady and Maurice Thompson, poet and advocate of archery, who loosed his last shaft and snapped his bow-string since this book went to press. Here, pathetically enough, stands William McKinley by the bier of Grant, and tells us how he died, saying, "If it is God's providence that I shall go now, I am ready to obey his will without a murmur." Here, too, Booker Washington, guide, philosopher, and friend, reconciler of races, is heard in some of his wisest and noblest utterances.

Not less characteristically human are the poems collected in this volume. Here are Walt Whitman, with his 'Captain'; and Charles Reade, with his prose-poem, 'The Lark'; and John Hay, with his 'Jim Bludso'; and Robert Browning with such thrilling things as 'Hervé Riel' and 'Pheidippides.'

In short, this is much more than a collection of "pieces" for declamation. It is a true book, vital, holding up the mirror to the age, breathing the spirit of the times, uttering through a hundred tongues, mostly of living men and women, the very thoughts and feelings of the American people.

The selections are preceded by an Introduction, setting forth the philosophy of expression in the same natural and vital way, with appropriate directions. (School and College Speaker, by Wilmot P. Mitchell. Henry Holt & Co.) *W. H. J.*



LIFE AND LETTERS.

—MR. BLISS PERRY of the *Atlantic* threw down the gauntlet recently at the Boston Authors' Club by expressing himself to the effect that the fame of Edgar Allan Poe was more secure than that of any ten living American authors, and at the same time touched feelingly upon the struggles Poe had had with pov-

erty. Colonel Higginson took up the gauntlet in favor of what he called "the respectable poets," and upon statistics of the most called-for poets in England deduced the conclusion that the world would eventually accord fame only to those poets who combined with their poetic genius moral integrity. The fact that Tennyson, Browning, Longfellow, Lowell, and Whittier head the list of the most read poets leaves in Colonel Higginson's mind the conviction that a poet may, after all, be an honest man and pay his debts.

Remarking upon this, the *Literary World* says:—

It is to be hoped that Mr. Higginson is accurately reported in the above words, and that so sane a critic is to be added to the slowly growing company of people who cannot help believing that there is some proper relationship between good literature and good morals. It is refreshing and encouraging to find a man of Mr. Higginson's stature and standing administering such a tonic to a whole authors' club at one time. Happily, in his own life and work he illustrates his own wholesome ideas. The habit of garnishing the sepulchres of disreputable literary prophets with the flowers of modern adulation is likely sooner or later to be discontinued.

When men are fitted for just that one calling,—namely, of creating beauty in imaginative forms,—and when an unappreciative world is not willing to pay them for their choice gifts sufficient money to live, it is more fitting that we should mourn the fact that they were obliged to be so disreputable as not to pay their bills than to discount their genius because of their misfortunes. And, even if they were the "mud and scum" of humanity morally, if there be something within them that "always, always sings," as Emerson declares there is, in the mud and scum of all things, let us accept joyfully the beauty they have given us, which is the best blossom of their natures, and, at least, be charitable to their shortcomings.

That we do not have more great poetry to-day is probably largely due to the desire to be "respectable" abroad in the world, for poetry seldom gives a man to-day no more than in the past his living; and, with the fear of not being respectable, the genius

must needs turn his attention to some money-getting occupation, with the result that his power for creation is deadened, if not killed altogether. If the world demands that its poets shall be respectable, then let it demand of itself that it pay the poet a just equivalent for the beauty created,—not the wholly fictitious value given a volume by the work the printer puts into it and the number of editions sold.

It is a curious comment upon the animadversions against a poverty-stricken poet to read that at a recent sale of the library of the late Thomas J. McKee, Poe's 'Tamerlane,' described as "the most important book, indeed the most valuable first edition of American poetry," brought \$2,050. If Poe himself had been paid for his manuscripts in some such ratio as this, he would assuredly have been respectable as well as a great poet. Furthermore, there is a sort of inverse justice connected with the work of any great poet. If he isn't able to pay his own bills by means of his poems, he is able to pay the bills of many publishers and editors of posterity, so that his own little personal debts are wiped out many times; and from a sufficiently universal social point of view he would become very nearly respectable enough to associate with John D. Rockefeller, who doubtless pays his own bills, but frequently makes it impossible for others to pay theirs in the process of crushing out the small manufacturers,—the process recently described by his son as akin to the florist's nipping many buds in order to produce "The American Beauty Rose," or "The Standard Oil Trust."



—ANOTHER service the wicked poet does, which might offset some of his wickedness, is to inspire the imaginations of his cousins in art, the painter or the musician, to the creation of great works of art.

In Tschaikowski's wonderful symphony to Byron's 'Manfred,' recently played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, we have such an example. Doubtless the editor of the *Literary World* might take exception to Byron's poetry on the score of the poet's lack of respectability in some directions, and even this particular

poem might come under the bann. But, when the good and evil moods of the human soul are translated into the region of abstract musical thought, all melts into harmonious beauty,—the evil becomes naught or merely silence, implying sound, and a vision of the everlasting triumph of the good in all souls is opened unto us,—and it seems trivial to the last degree to hound dead men who have given us great gifts because of their weaknesses.



— SOME extremely interesting evidences hitherto undiscovered and unpublished, going to show that the origin of the English drama must be sought among the tradespeople rather than in the monasteries, is brought out by Mr. Arthur E. Leach in the 'English Miscellany,' issued in honor of Dr. Furnivall and on his birthday.

In 1410 a digest of the laws of Beverly was ordered made, whose scope included the recording of the customs and precedents of the town as far back as 1220; and from these records it appears that the craftsmen of Beverly — the mercers, tanners, masons, goldsmiths, porters, and so on — were each expected, in turn, to have their plays and pageants ready on every Corpus Christi day. Many details are cited concerning the plays brought out by these mediæval trade guilds; and, as it appears from the guild returns to Richard II., that there were more guilds from Lincolnshire, Beverly, and East Anglia, which, like London, were in close connection with Flanders and North-eastern France, than from all the rest of England put together, Mr. Leach considers that the facts bear out a conclusion he thus states: "I suspect and suggest that the origin of the Corpus Christi plays in England is to be sought in the development of the great town democracies and the crafts guilds of Flanders, whether French or Teutonic."



— MR. BLISS CARMAN was one of the "Present-day Poets" of whom we meant to give a "glimpse" in this number of *Poet-love*.

Unfortunately for us, our first letter failed to reach him; and his reply to our queries recently received must be postponed to a second instalment of our "Glimpses of Present-day Poets."



— REFERRING to the query and answer in our No. 2, 1901, p. 315, upon 'By the Fireside,' Dr. Gannett writes: "'Wide wings strained to a bell,' in Browning's 'Fireside,' I had supposed referred to the flat arching bell-form of outstretched wings. In a mountain wilderness would a tame hunting falcon—and 'a pair' of them—be likely to be around, and 'from the wood,' too?" Now let the frequenters of the place itself in Browning's Italy enlighten us on the probabilities.



— "GERHARDT HAUPTMANN, the young German dramatist," says Miss Gilder, in the *Critic*, "has just completed a fantastic residence at Blasewitz on the Elbe, not far from Dresden. The ornamental features of this new structure are all inspired by motifs from 'The Sunken Bell.' On the capitals, in the tympani, and dotted about the roof are carved figures of Nickelmann, Rautendelein, and the wood sprites who gave such color to the most poetic and profoundly symbolical drama since 'Peer Gynt.'"



— GEORGE ELIOT was appealed to by Mr. Frederic Harrison, as he tells us in his recent article in *Harper's*, for "some equivalent for family prayer" for his Positivist children. She replied that she was "unequal to the construction of a liturgy." Liberal parents have frequently expressed such a wish,—to find some suitable form of outlet for the aspiring and socially consecrated mood they would inculcate in their children, without coupling it with sectarian ideas, in the liberal mind, unnecessary to it.

Mr. Charles James recently responded to such a request from

a woman of liberal ideas by writing the following little night prayer for a child :—

“ Now I lie down to sleep :
Softly may slumber creep
Over my eyes.
May I be true and pure,
May I of love be sure
When I arise.”



— ONE of the best ways to illustrate the peculiar quality of American humor seems to be to contrast with it some peculiar quality of denseness in the British or the Teutonic mind. A good example is the story about a German who claimed that he had the real New England sense of humor. His American friend thereupon asked, “ Did you ever hear the joke about the guide in Rome who showed some travellers two skulls of Saint Paul, one as a boy and the other as a man ? ” “ No,” said the German, beginning to anticipate a good story. “ Tell me at once, mein friend, dat joke.”



— OUT of the mouths of babes struggling with their examination papers comes all this wisdom :—

“ A Cæsura (in verse) is when a foot has more than two halves.”

“ One semibreve equals two minions, and one crocket four semiskews.”

“ A palimpsest is a disease among cattle in South Africa.”

“ An optimist is a man who looks after your eyes, and a pessimist is a man who looks after your feet.”



A COMPLAINT OF THE TIMES.

A WEARINESS in recent books doth lurk.

They will not walk ; they want the vital breath.

I'd rather be a Murderer in “ Macbeth ”

Than wear the spurs in any modern work.

Willard Dillman.

— A CURIOUS anecdote of Shakespeare is given in the *Academy* by Mr. Edmund H. Hardcastle. He found it in an old number of *The Annual Register*, A.D. 1770, under the heading ‘Anecdote of Shakespeare Never Printed in his Works’: —

“The following letter was written by G. Peel, a Fellow of Ch. Ch. College, Oxford, and a Dramatic Poet, who belonged to the Club, to one Marle, an intimate of his: —

‘Friend Marle, —

‘I must desyre that my Syster hyr watche and the Cookerie book you promysed may be sente bye the man. I never longed for thy company more than last night: we were all very merrye at the Globe when Ned Alleyn did not scruple to affyme pleasauntely to thy friend Will that he had stolen his speeche about the qualities of an Actor’s excellencye in Hamlet hys Trajedye from conversations manyfold whych had passed betweene them, and opinyons given by Alleyn touchinge the subjecte. Shakespeare did not take this talke in good forte; but Johnson put an end to the strife with wittylve remarkinge ‘This affair needeth no contentione; you stole it from Ned no doubt’; do not marvel: “Have you not seen him act tymes out of number?”

Believe me most syncerilie,

‘Yours,

‘G. PEEL.’”



— Is Tolstoy, whose realism in the smallest details is overpoweringly exact as regards persons, their coat-buttons and their mannerisms, more than commonly wild as to outdoor affairs? Mr. W. H. White has called attention in the *Athenæum* to the vagaries of his astronomy. In a description in ‘Anna Karénin’ of snipe-shooting on a spring evening, Tolstoy writes: “Venus, bright and silvery, shone with her soft light low down in the west behind the birch-trees, and high up in the east twinkled the red lights of Arcturus. . . . Levin resolved to stay a little

longer, till Venus, which he saw below a branch of birch, should be above it. . . . Venus had risen above the branch."

"Something might be said," comments Mr. White, "about the red Arcturus high up in the east; but I will pass that by. The printer is not at fault in putting west for east, because Venus could not be in the east at sunset. I have asked an authority in Russian if this extraordinary astronomy is to be found in the original of 'Anna Karénin,' and it appears that the translation is literal. It is a pity that Mrs. Garnett did not append a note explaining that the mistake was not hers. The list of blunders made by literary people when they describe the sky at night would be a long one, and they do but reflect the general ignorance. It is strange and sad that few persons nowadays can recognize the constellations and the planets."



— MRS. BROWNING'S "Flush" is given speech in this fashion by a contributor,—perhaps a little extravagant, yet not altogether unwarranted from a dog's point of view:—

WHAT FLUSH MIGHT HAVE SAID.

HAVE other dogs such mistresses as mine?
White-handed, gentle-voiced, so kind of touch
That I who love the outdoor world so much,
Where nothing seeks my freedom to confine,
Would rather crouch within, nor think to pine,
If I may make a smile hunt down a tear,
Or, true in vigil, offer my dumb cheer
As a dog may before a human shrine.

But, while I kept her door, a stranger's hand
Beckoned her sudden mandate hard to dare.
I did my best, but could not understand.
And yet I think if dogs men's joy could share
That, as I listened for her word's command,
So did she wait the footstep on the stair.

Isabella Fiske.

AFTER READING THE NOTES IN THE FURNESS VARIORUM
'MACBETH.'

Was Lady Macbeth fain to faint
Or did she fainting feign?
Was Banquo dull, or very saint?
Was his slayer the noble thane—
The murderer third, himself attaint
Shares he with the hireling twain?
Were the "gory locks" of Macbeth's complaint
But a figment of his brain?
Went Shakespeare ever in Scotland quaint
From Birnam to Dunsinane?
Is the local color original paint
Or a pigment that won't stand rain?
Is the Porter Scene on the play a taint,—
An interpolated strain,—
Or writ from a heart too well acquaint
With the "primrose path" to pain?

O sweetest bard! thy "native wood notes wild,"
Poured forth in unpremeditated "careless rapture,"
Are yet set down. About them foot-notes piled
Strive their deep inward meaning to recapture.
Read'st thou these incubrations sad,
Thou of the myriad brain,
Thou'lt question, not, "Is Hamlet mad?"
But, "Are my critics sane?"

Julia B. Anthony.

PN

Poet lore

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